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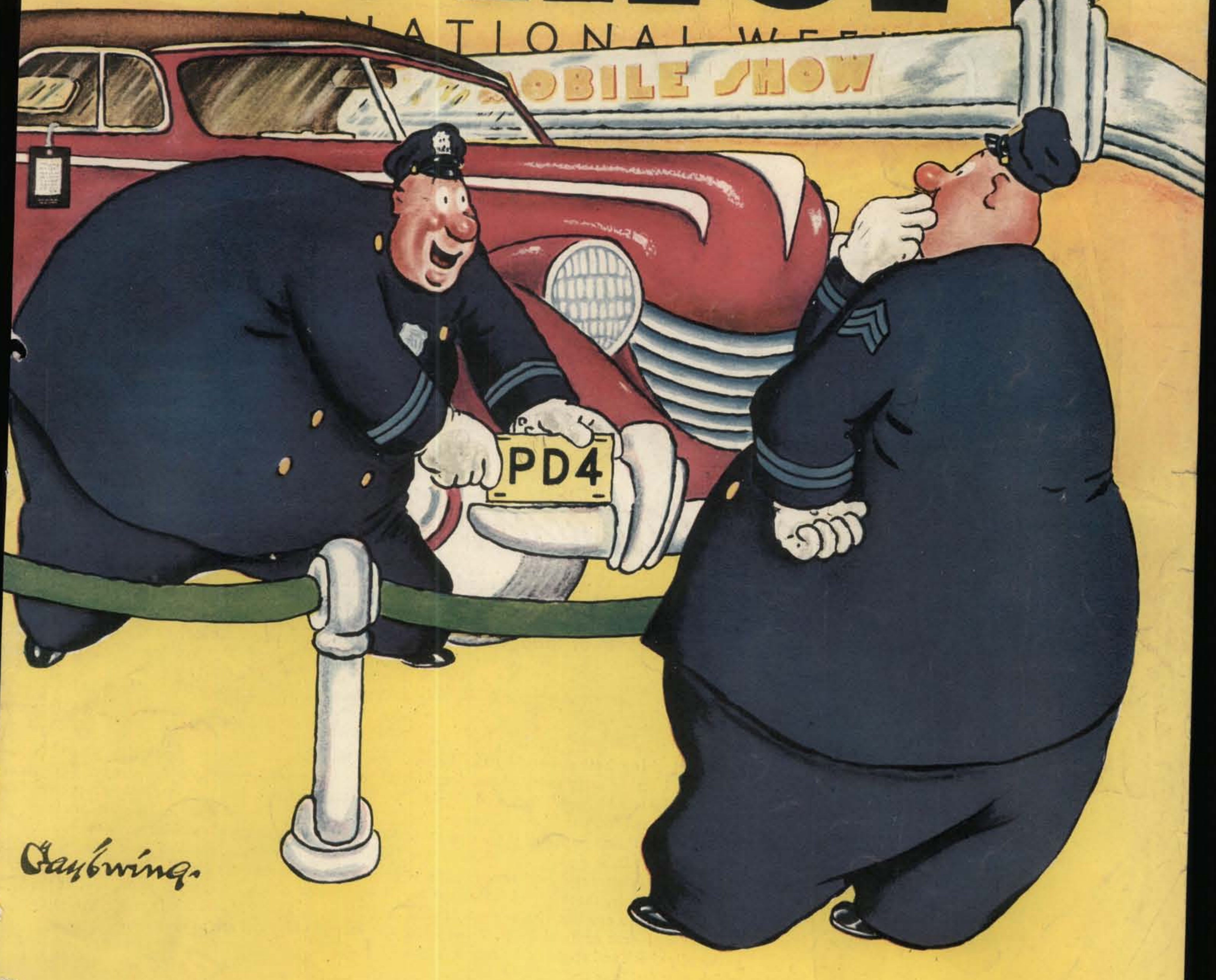
Collier's

A NATIONAL WEE



Every Car Has One

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

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Oct. 21, 1939

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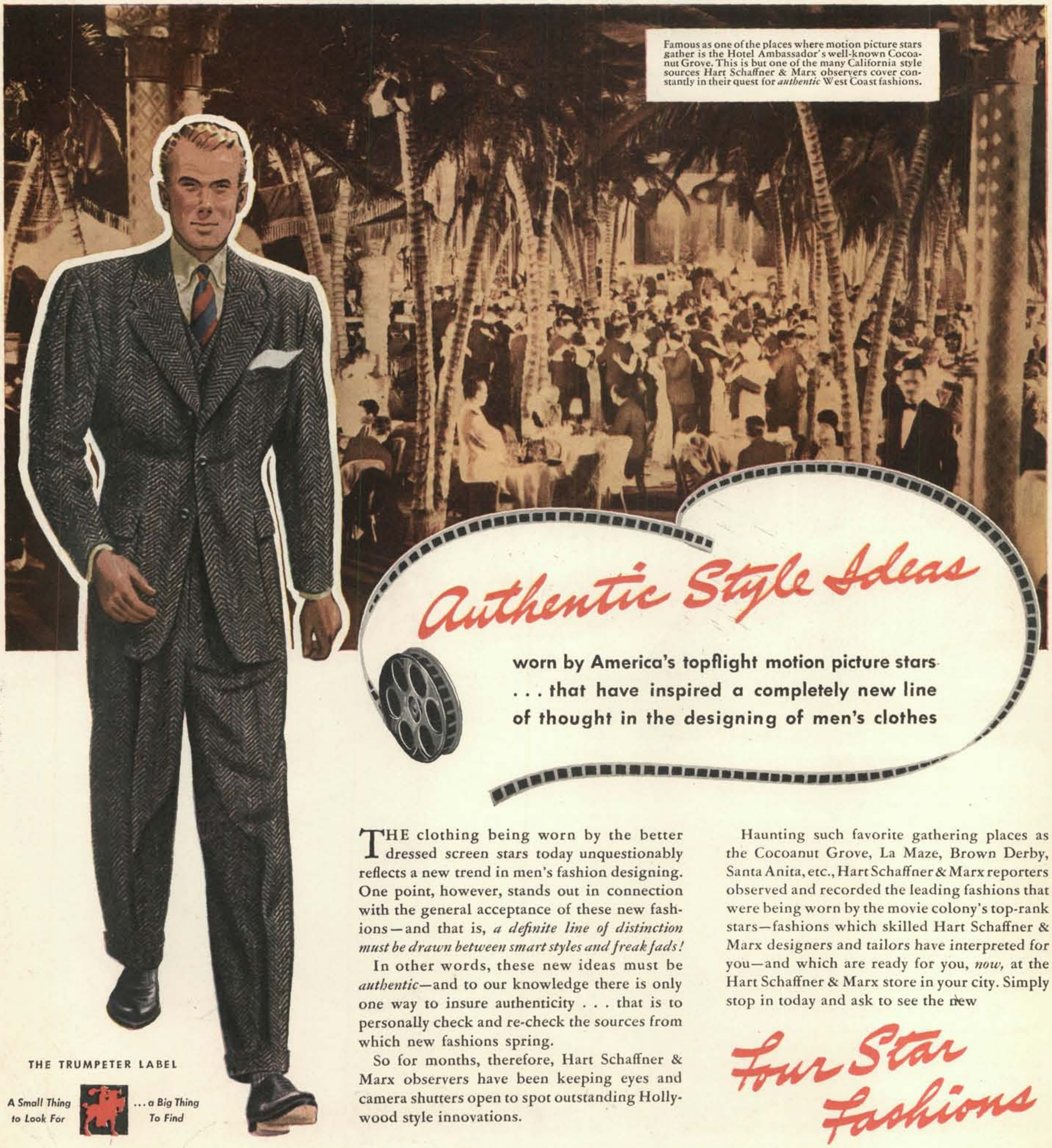
Spotted AT THE FILM CAPITAL'S FAVORITE HAUNTS!



Famous as one of the places where motion picture stars gather is the Hotel Ambassador's well-known Cocoanut Grove. This is but one of the many California style sources Hart Schaffner & Marx observers cover constantly in their quest for *authentic* West Coast fashions.

Authentic Style Ideas

worn by America's topflight motion picture stars . . . that have inspired a completely new line of thought in the designing of men's clothes

THE clothing being worn by the better dressed screen stars today unquestionably reflects a new trend in men's fashion designing. One point, however, stands out in connection with the general acceptance of these new fashions—and that is, *a definite line of distinction must be drawn between smart styles and freak fads!*

In other words, these new ideas must be *authentic*—and to our knowledge there is only one way to insure authenticity . . . that is to personally check and re-check the sources from which new fashions spring.

So for months, therefore, Hart Schaffner & Marx observers have been keeping eyes and camera shutters open to spot outstanding Hollywood style innovations.

Haunting such favorite gathering places as the Cocoanut Grove, La Maze, Brown Derby, Santa Anita, etc., Hart Schaffner & Marx reporters observed and recorded the leading fashions that were being worn by the movie colony's top-rank stars—fashions which skilled Hart Schaffner & Marx designers and tailors have interpreted for you—and which are ready for you, *now,* at the Hart Schaffner & Marx store in your city. Simply stop in today and ask to see the new

Four Star Fashions

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look For . . . a Big Thing To Find

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

TAKE HEED!

NO CAR IS COMPLETELY SAFE WITHOUT...

GOODYEAR LIFEGUARDS

LIFEGUARD is a trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

You Owe this Protection to
YOURSELF
YOUR FAMILY
YOUR CAR!

As Necessary As 4-WHEEL BRAKES... ALL-STEEL BODY SAFETY GLASS

At the Auto Show... finer cars... safer cars ... yet for complete motoring safety, every one needs LifeGuards!

Thousands of lives have been lost in blowout accidents! Tens of thousands of people maimed and crippled! Millions upon millions of dollars of property damage!

Is any further proof needed to demonstrate that no car is completely safe without LifeGuards?

LifeGuards could have saved those lives . . . could have prevented that suffering . . . could have saved that wasted money . . . *because LifeGuards prevent accidents.*

A Safety Tire Within Your Tire

LifeGuard is the modern successor to the conventional inner tube. It is a 2-ply safety tire built inside an extra-sturdy tube. Should outer casing and tube blow out, LifeGuard remains inflated, enabling you to bring your car to a smooth, safe stop . . . no matter whether the blowout is on a front or rear wheel!

In New Tires . . . In Old Tires

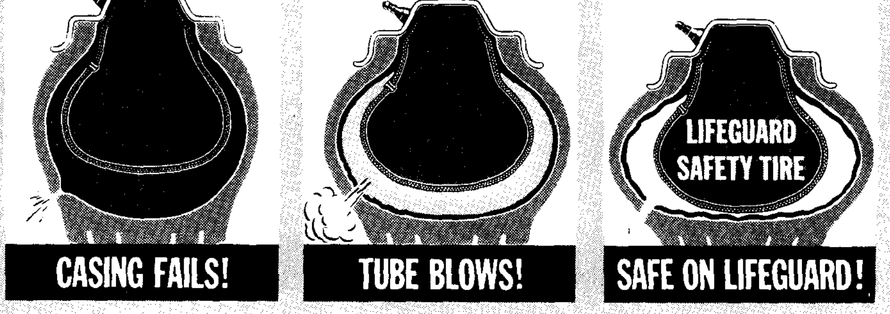
You don't have to wait until you get new casings to have LifeGuard protection. In sizes available, LifeGuards fit any make of tire, new or now in service . . . and will give the same sure protection the last mile as the first.

Only Goodyear makes LifeGuards. Don't confuse them with what are known as "puncture-proof" tubes, which offer no protection in case of a blowout!

Investigate LifeGuards today. Learn from your car dealer or your Goodyear dealer how readily LifeGuards can fit into your new car plans. Their slight extra cost can be handled on an Easy Pay Plan, or added to your car financing plan.

LifeGuards prevent accidents! *You can't get better protection to save your life!*

LIFEGUARDS PREVENT ACCIDENTS



NOT A TIRE... NOT A TUBE... BUT AN ENTIRELY NEW SAFETY INVENTION!

Modern successor to the inner tube, the LifeGuard replaces the conventional tube. It is a 2-ply *safety tire* inside a tube... both inflated through the same valve. If casing and tube fail, front or rear, the inner tire holds air to support the car until it can be brought to a smooth, safe stop. *A LifeGuard-equipped car may be readily identified by the yellow and blue valve stems.*

THIS COUPON MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!

Check proper square and mail today to Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Dept. L, Akron, Ohio.

☐ I want LifeGuard protection. Have salesman call.

☐ Send me complete information about LifeGuards.

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ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________

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Collier's

October 21, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

IF YOU were as tough as your 1940 car you'd be a menace. We know. In Detroit we saw the destruction engineers take the automobiles the construction engineers had made for you and do everything short of bomb them. They wrenched them, slugged them, twisted, crashed, froze, baked and boiled them. And still they ran. We rode with engineers over trick roads that they *hoped no car could endure*. We sat beside drivers when tires blew out at 75 miles an hour. We skidded until our wheels turned inside out. Of course it did those guinea-pig cars no good. But it didn't put them out of action, either. You'll see why you'll get your money's worth in your new car when you read Walter Davenport's "The Car Killers."

ANGIE had it all neatly figured out: a Park Avenue penthouse was a poor substitute for Charlie. No Charlie, no penthouse. It was as simple as that. Angie made a date with Reno and got halfway to the station before she found out that it wasn't so simple after all. And what happened after that is set forth interestingly in George Bradshaw's short story, "Ready for Reno."

IF YOU'VE got the cash you can buy Sweden's excellent armaments no matter what war you're in or which side you're on. You can also buy all you can carry of her high-grade iron—the iron that is the backbone of Europe's war and of Sweden's incredible prosperity. The natural resources of Sweden are the envy—and the despair—of every country in Europe, and what's going to come of that is something for thoughtful Swedes to worry about. Meanwhile, the guns roll out and the money rolls in and the champagne flows. Arno Dosch-Fleurot takes you for a joyride through a nation jittery with prosperity.

THERE are easier ways than drilling to get oil. One of them is to let your rival drill for you in the mistaken notion that he's on his own lease. When Slim Franklin found himself doing that he decided it was time to match skulduggery with skulduggery. The results are entertainingly told by Hugh Wiley in "The Oily Bird."

SKIMMING the high spots, there is additional short fiction by George F. Worts, Octavus Roy Cohen and Duane Decker. There's an article by Pop Warner, football's grand old man, telling what's wrong with the game today. And there's Kathleen Norris and John and Ward Hawkins carrying on faithfully. A week to remember.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

JOHN AUGUST
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A Respectable Woman. Daisy was a lady, all right. Page 12

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Living on Liver. Why anemia won't kill you now. Page 29

WENDALL BRENNER
A Sandhog's Life. High-pressure stuff from a tunnel worker. Page 32

●

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Keep Up with the World. Tiny truths. Page 6

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Treat Yourself to a Baby. Page 98

COVER JAY IRVING

Any Week

AMONG the casualties of modern warfare is war correspondence. At the almost peremptory command of Colonel J. Newsom Vanderslice, U.S.A., retired, of San Diego, California, we've been digging back into memoirs, histories and newspaper files. And we're about prepared to agree with the colonel that "things are not what they used to be." The colonel, a veteran of China, the Philippines and Cuba, has turned off his radio and is refusing to read the newspapers. And little wonder.

In the old days the war correspondent was not a person to be waved off with official communiqués. At Port Arthur and Mukden, in the Balkans, in Africa north and Africa south, in Cuba and even so long, long ago as Antietam, generals hesitated to attack or retreat without consulting the gentlemen of the press who were always nigh with binoculars, maps, compasses, cameras and brandy. Usually, having their picture taken.

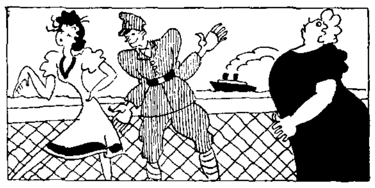
We've been reading old dispatches of the Richard Harding Davises, the James Creelmans, the Winston Churchills, the James Partons and particularly those of Mr. Hamilton Peltz. "We have planted firmly on the citadel of El Caney," wrote Mr. Peltz, "Old Glory. The world is making obeisance. Tomorrow we shall carry on to even more magnificent triumphs and the world shall know anew of the might of American arms."

But those were days when military genius could concentrate upon the earth and did not look forward with one eye on yonder pillbox and the other scanning the heavens, admittedly a somewhat difficult feat.

"War," laments Colonel Vanderslice, "was a game for gallant gentlemen. Battles were fought where battles should be fought, on the surface of the earth."

WE PROPOSE to say no more about war except to notify you that we are forwarding to the War Department all such letters as Mr. Paul F. Euhler's. From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Mr. Euhler notifies us that he has perfected a device that will end any war in three weeks. Mr. Euhler is understandably reticent about his secret. "To whom can I send my patent?" he asks. "How do I know it won't be stolen? I am neutral and will sell it to the French, English, Germans or Poles."

BUT we have domestic problems to solve. A gentleman in Dallas, Texas, informs us that he is ready to lead a movement to end congressional junkets. Not only do the legislators themselves take these expansive and expensive excursions, he assures us, but they take their wives, mothers, sisters, children, nieces and nephews. Recently, he goes on, an Army transport out of Honolulu was so crowded by these congressional clans that there was no room for Army personnel being transferred to continental United States. "Officers and their families," he tells us, "had to sleep on cots on deck. A colonel's wife had to surrender her cabin to the nephew of a congressman. When the colonel complained, the congressman warned him that his words would be remembered when Army appropriations came up in Congress. And the wife of a congressman protested to the ship's commander that an enlisted man tried to date her daughter. I was the enlisted man. I was only trying to give the tomato a break."



WHICH is typical of the gallantry of the American soldier. In times like these, says Miss Gerry Lathring of Washington, D. C., the way has got to be made clear for practical people. All others should be set aside. "The Administration is doing a bit of evacuating just as London and Paris have," she reports. "But instead of us women and children it is the brain-trusters who are being moved out to safer parts. This is no time for experiments. The bright boys are being wrapped up and sent to refrigerating plants. We're going to play this government game straight for a while. Between you and me, we'd better."

MR. GEORGE W. MALBURY of Denver, Colorado, is going to Washington to insist that "a seventy per cent tax be levied on all war profits on goods and munitions of all kinds exported to Europe during hostilities." This levy would be earmarked for "(a) pro-rata pensions for all over sixty; (b) sixty dollars a month over and above all present grants to widows and orphans; (c) relief of the unemployed; (d) promotion of peace."

POOR old Peace. W. D.

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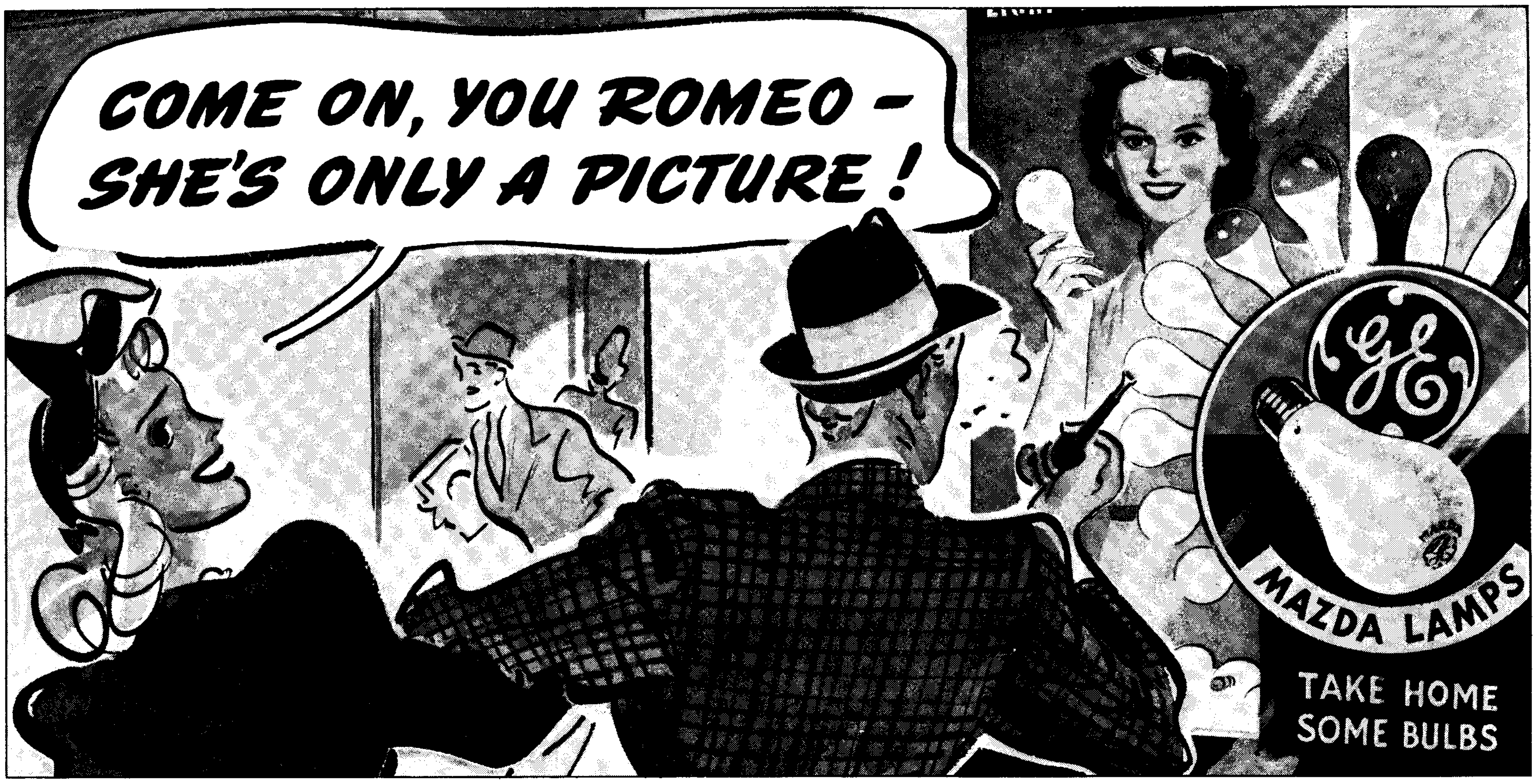
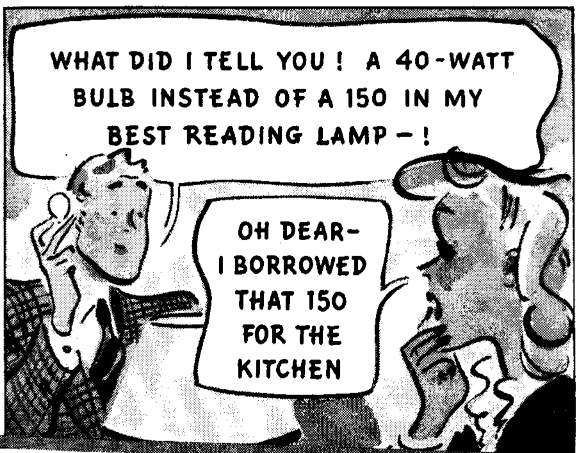
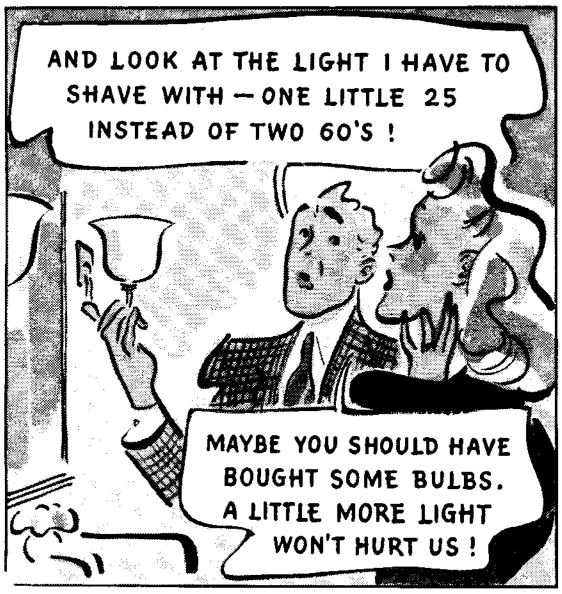
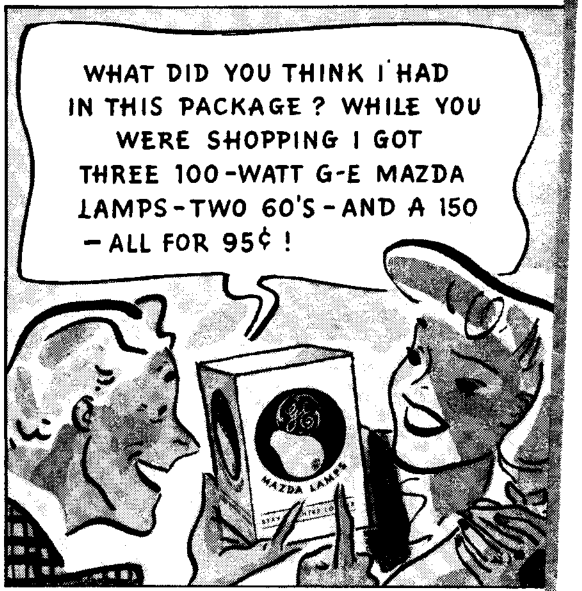

COME ON, YOU ROMEO - SHE'S ONLY A PICTURE!
G E
MAZDA LAMPS
TAKE HOME SOME BULBS

BUT I WASN'T LOOKING AT HER - I WAS LOOKING AT THOSE BULBS - WE NEED 'EM!

WE NEED BULBS LIKE BARNUM NEEDS ELEPHANTS
YOU THINK SO? JUST WAIT 'TIL WE GET HOME!


WHAT DID I TELL YOU! A 40-WATT BULB INSTEAD OF A 150 IN MY BEST READING LAMP -!
OH DEAR - I BORROWED THAT 150 FOR THE KITCHEN


AND LOOK AT THE LIGHT I HAVE TO SHAVE WITH - ONE LITTLE 25 INSTEAD OF TWO 60'S!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT SOME BULBS. A LITTLE MORE LIGHT WON'T HURT US!


WHAT DID YOU THINK I HAD IN THIS PACKAGE? WHILE YOU WERE SHOPPING I GOT THREE 100-WATT G-E MAZDA LAMPS - TWO 60'S - AND A 150 - ALL FOR 95¢!
MAZDA LAMPS

Make a date with this girl today!

You'll find her in thousands of store windows this month...with this important message for you... To avoid the eyestrain and headaches that come from bad light, buy the new brighter G-E MAZDA lamps in the right sizes for Light-Conditioning. Even the 100 watt size is down to 15¢, and a penny or two lights one all evening!

Check your bulbs now with these right sizes

I. E. S. BETTER SIGHT TABLE, END TABLE, JUNIOR FLOOR LAMPS, LAUNDRY, GARAGE	100 WATT	15¢
LARGER I. E. S. TABLE AND FLOOR LAMPS, KITCHEN, HOME WORKSHOP AND GAME ROOM	150 WATT	20¢
2-SOCKET READING LAMPS AND PIN-TO-WALL LAMPS WITHOUT DIFFUSING BOWL	75 WATT	15¢
BATHROOM — WALL BRACKETS BESIDE MIRROR	40 OR 60 WATT	15¢
I. E. S. THREE-LIGHT FLOOR LAMPS AND FIXTURES DESIGNED FOR 3-LITE BULB	100-200-300 WATT	60¢

Did you know G. E. also makes a line of lamps for . . . 10¢ In 7½, 15, 30 and 60 watt sizes... marked GE

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

They stay brighter longer

How do you rate with women?

What do they say when you're not around? Are you thoughtful or thoughtless? Your personal rating will be high or low on this basis. If you would please, remember the little things. A simple compliment. A little gift that is good in itself . . . that is better because you *gave it.*

• • •

From the first glance at the beautiful package to the last bite of the delicious contents, Whitman's Chocolates are the gift of good taste that every woman appreciates. Here is quality guarded so closely that only three places in all the world grow cocoa beans good enough for us. Here is flavor protected with such care that even the tender mint leaves used are grown specially to our order.

There is a quality to Whitman's . . . a distinctive mouth-watering flavor to each piece . . . that makes each box a pleasure to give, an honor to receive. Your Whitman dealer is ready to deliver, *anywhere!*

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS
THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

Whitman's Sampler
Whitman's Sampler
Cleland Barclay
Whitman's FAIRHILL CHOCOLATES

FAIRHILL, $1.00 A superb box of candy at $1 a lb. Delightful variety. Also 2, 3, 5-lb. sizes.

SAMPLER, $1.50 World-famous box of favorite confections—100 enticing pieces.. 35 different kinds, in the 17-oz. Sampler at $1.50. There are also 2, 3 and 5-lb. Samplers for that *special* gift.

GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES

. . . it's the thoughtful thing to do!

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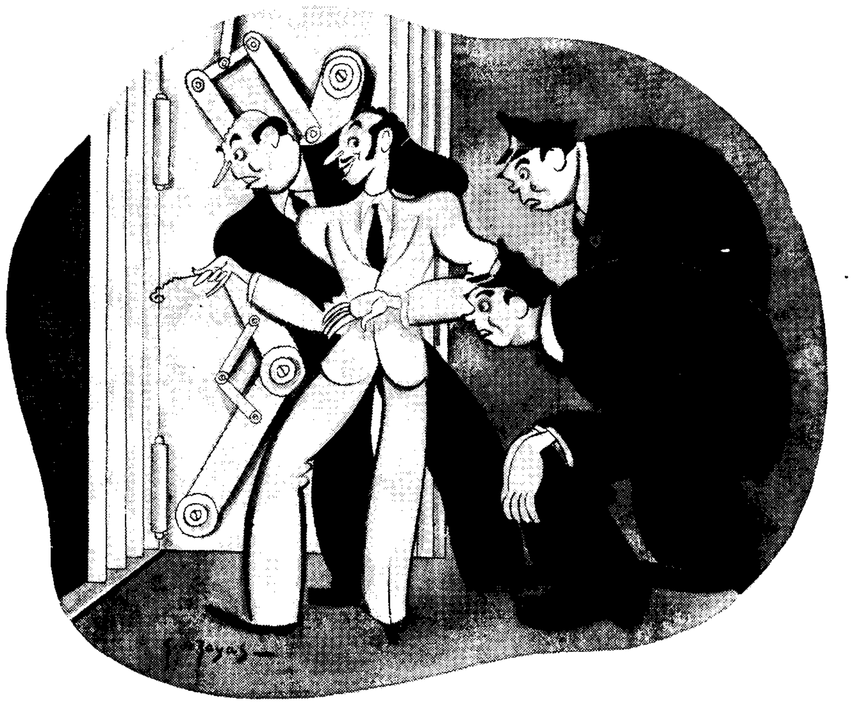


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Every kind of key-operated lock in existence has been picked by at least one expert.

The captain of one New Yorker's private yacht draws a larger salary than the master of the Queen Mary, the colored manager of a Harlem dance hall is paid more than the governor of Pennsylvania, and a Midwesterner received more money as the president of a local musicians' union in 1938 than Mr. Roosevelt received as President of the United States.

The most widely held security in America today is the United States Savings Bond. Between March 1, 1935, and February 1, 1939, more than 1,500,000 persons purchased 8,150,000 of these bonds with a maturity value in excess of $2,260,000,000, or an average of $1,750,000 every business day during this period.—*By Mrs. Mason Moore, Dallas, Texas.*

Several large American firms, one of which is the F. W. Woolworth Company, pay their chief executives only once a year.—*By Lela Downs, Warren, Ohio.*

The ant has the largest brain, in proportion to its size, in the animal kingdom.—*By Ruby Gerard, New York, New York.*

There is no federal or state law in this country for the punishment of a stowaway discovered on an ocean vessel.

For a number of years, at least three quarters of all "antiques" imported into this country have been fakes.

More Europeans are employed in a certain large industrial plant in Detroit than there were Americans employed in all the industrial plants in Europe before the outbreak of the present European war. —*By Mabel Clayton, New York, New York.*

Although trees and other green plants require light to develop, virtually all of their growth takes place at night. Those in dark or shaded places grow faster than those exposed to brighter light.—*By Earle Wilcox, Seattle, Washington.*

During its comparatively short existence of 163 years, the United States has sent soldiers to foreign lands more than a hundred times.

The largest single insurance risk in the world is the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge. Two of its policies, covering property damage and use and occupancy, amount to $44,000,000.

Because it handles only large accounts, the First National Bank of New York City has fewer depositors than stockholders.

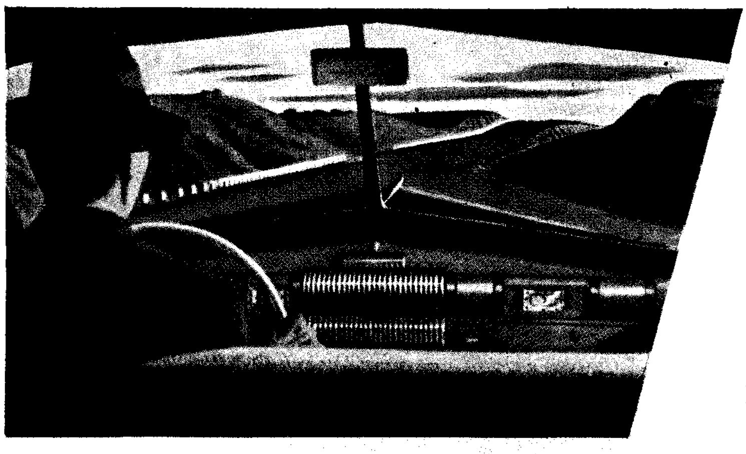
Certain domestic animals, notably cattle, have recently been found to give birth to identical as well as fraternal twins.

The three volleys fired into the air at military funerals were originally intended to frighten away evil spirits and, therefore, prevent them from entering the mourners' hearts, which stood ajar at the burial of a comrade.—*By Edwin Richards, Wilmington, California.*

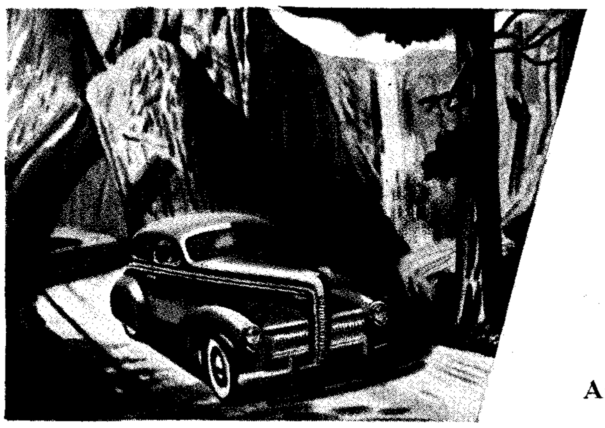
Out of every hundred American families, only ten have three or more children, thirty have one or two and the remaining sixty couples have none.

Laboratory tests have shown that the smoking of a cigar, a couple of cigarettes or a pipeful of tobacco kills about one third of the live bacteria in the mouth.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



GUN IT! Here's new flashing pick-up—from 15 to 50 MPH in less than 13 seconds flat, high gear. Ride without coats, even in zero weather; new Nash Weather Eye gives you *automatically* fresh conditioned air.



FARAWAY PLACES are easy trips with Nash's Arrow-Flight Ride. You never felt such gliding ease—it's a *new* exclusive combination of individual front wheel springs with giant shock absorbers in back.

Some Sweet Day

SOMETHING tells you that day has come at last.

For up to your house silently glides the most beautiful car you ever laid eyes on . . . long and lithe and radiant as a sixteen-year-old in her swim suit!

Your hands fairly itch to get at the wheel. But *hold on tight*—you're going on a Nash Arrow-Flight ride! And nothing you know now can prepare you for it.

A tap on the throttle . . . three flicks of your finger—and your tail-light winks good-bye to a dull and boring life.

Then things happen—*fast.* A click—a swoop that trades your wheels for wings, and you're ghosting down the road.

It's a Fourth Speed Forward, with something new . . . the Nash Automatic Overtake. Nudge that throttle and *whoosh,* you get terrific new passing power!

And now for a new thrill! A bumpy stretch of road makes you grab for the wheel. But—your Nash dances over without a questioning quiver from below.

Smooth and straight, without weaving or hesitation, you shoot forward on your way like an arrow from an archer's bow.

Perhaps you wonder why you don't hear or feel the cold blustery wind lashing the trees outside.

Then you discover those annoyances can't happen here. For that new Weather Eye system delivers weather "as you like it" . . . and cold, noise, dust and drafts can be forever shut out.

So you aim that proud hood into the setting sun. Turn on the Sealed Beam lights.

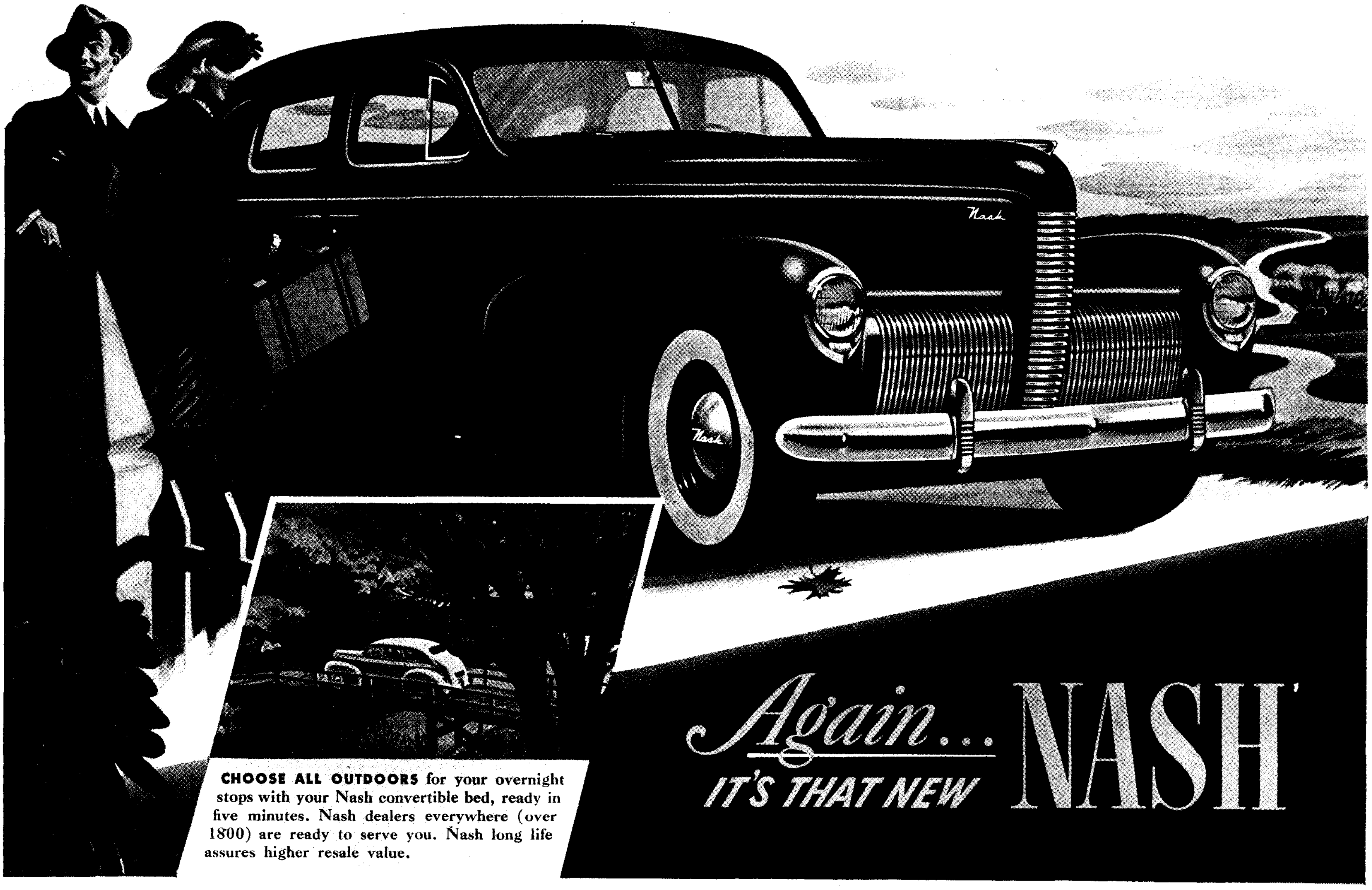
From now on, you're traveling in a perpetual springtime . . . sleeping at night in your Nash convertible bed . . . seeing all, doing all there is to be done.

• • •

Never was the fare to the Seven Seas of Adventure as low as it is today.

Many Nash models are priced next to the lowest . . . powered by the exclusive Nash engine that won Gilmore-Yosemite economy honors in its class with 21.25 miles per gallon.

So why wait forever for that "sweet day"? Trade in your old car on a new Nash now—be out of town tonight!



CHOOSE ALL OUTDOORS for your overnight stops with your Nash convertible bed, ready in five minutes. Nash dealers everywhere (over 1800) are ready to serve you. Nash long life assures higher resale value.

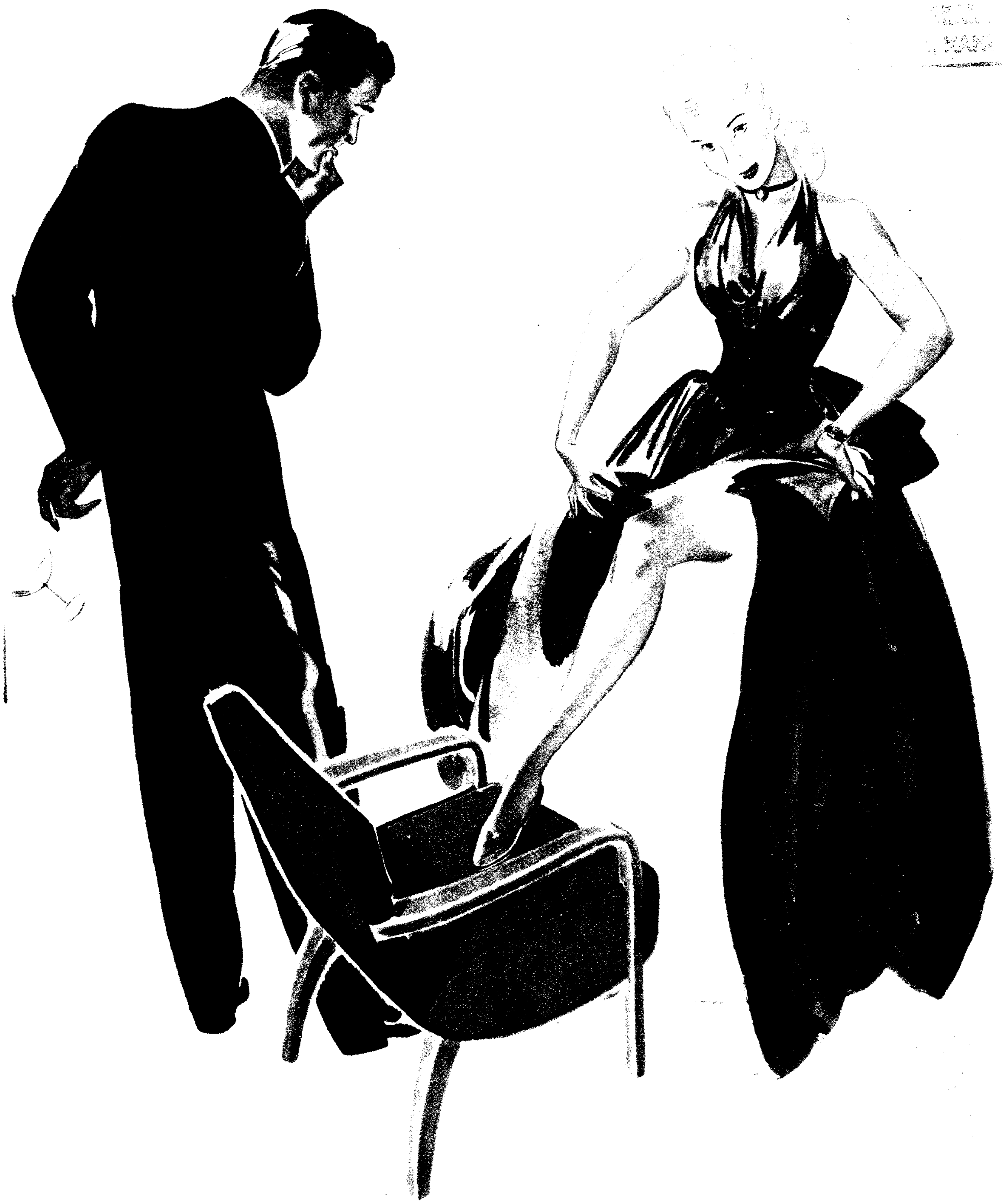
Check your business from every angle by *Long Distance*

Why are sales sagging in the Southeast? Is the factory really rolling on that new number? How's the market survey in Chicago coming? Has Houston signed that jobber?

Whether your business covers *one* state or *forty-eight,* Long Distance literally lets you study it *from every angle.* You can visit a score of different cities in a day, *without leaving your desk.* You can reach the *right* man at the *right* time—*get* information—*give* instructions—discuss and decide as if you were there in person.

Long Distance is tailor-made for modern executives. And it pays its way many times over at today's low rates. Use it and *see!*

Collier's The National Weekly for October 21, 1939



She put one foot on a chair, gravely pulled up yards of skirt and a froth of petticoats till the greater part of a bewitching leg was in view

The Sound of Silk

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Dan Bagby had the habit of heartbreak. It took one woman and a lie to jolt him

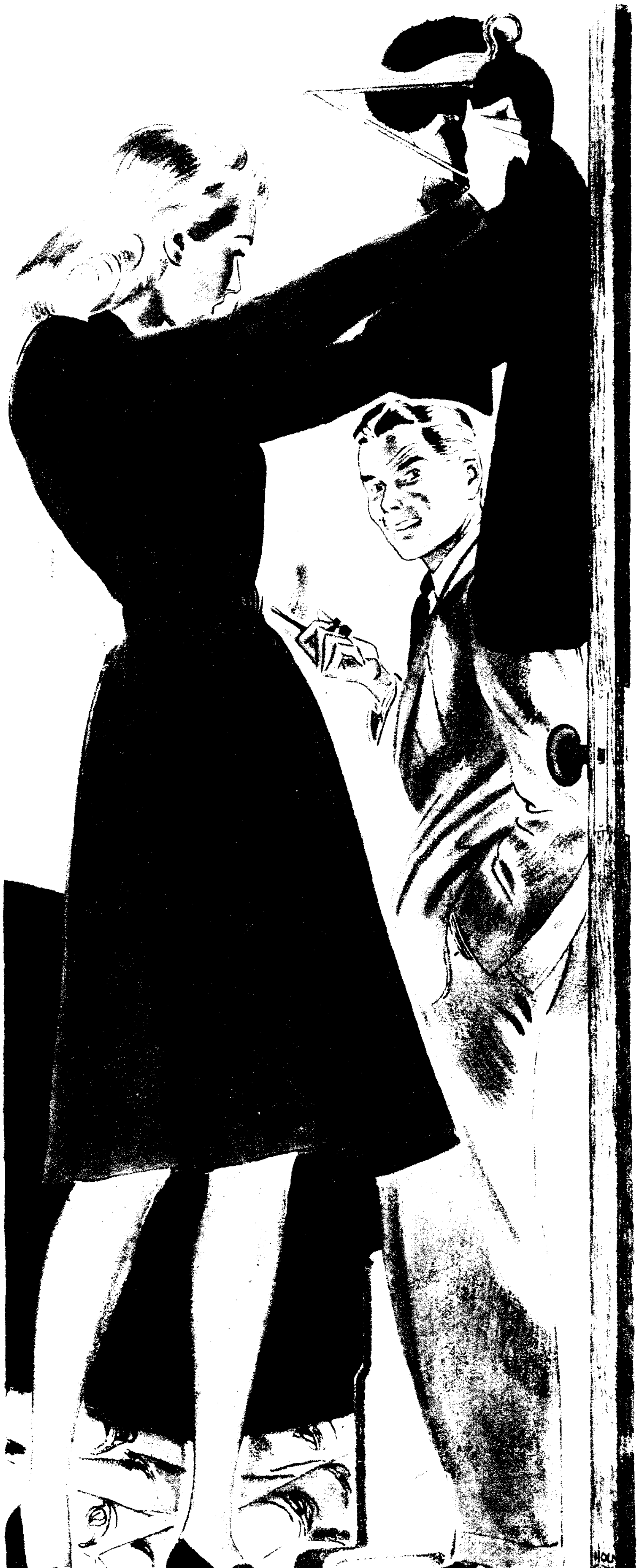
SURE, you're home for good this time—you are every time," Murray Brown said. "For two months New York will be your candy Easter egg, too beautiful for words. But a month after that you'll hate us all and be hell-bent to get back to the wars. Let's save time—let's admit all that in advance and make money for both of us."

Back from another two years on the far edges of the map, Dan Bagby was referring to himself as the foreign correspondent who wasn't going to write a book. He had given up his job on the Globe to write one, of course, and Murray Brown, who was head of the Monmouth Publications, wanted to send him to Europe as soon as it was finished, for the E. & E. Syndicate Monmouth had just bought. That would transform Dan from a minor celebrity to a big shot. But Dan's point was simple: he was through with strain and diplomatic intrigue and the dangers of war forever. He wanted peace, a home town and a desk job to go to every morning.

"I want to have the Giants on my mind, not the *Gestapo*. I want to be with men who have a good time and women who can dress for a party without dreading the sound of bombs. I want to fill my ears with the sound of silk."

Murray said sure, he knew, and Dan could always run the E. & E. Syndicate for Monmouth. That was humoring Dan. . . . But somehow the city didn't sing and sparkle the way it ought, even though his friends were having a good time, even though every woman in New York seemed to be dressed for a party. Skirts were agreeably short in the afternoon and wonderfully feminine in the evening, and all the women you knew seemed to be wearing Great-Aunt Harriet's clothes. Doris Sutton wore them in her show, which still had a few weeks more to run. It was Doris' second star part in these two years. Doris was getting onward and upward fast, like all this little group of old friends. And Dan was getting, with Doris, just where he had always got for years and years.

"I never marry anybody when Max Hurwitt is going to get me the new Kraske play. I never marry you anyway, darling. You're the adoration a girl can count on, but passion just isn't the part they wrote for you." Doris drew away and there were Parma violets in her eyes, and she was sculptured ice in



There was a photograph of an ensign, in uniform, very handsome. "That's Bob," Joana said

Great-Aunt Harriet's crinoline. Well, through two years of remembering her across the seven seas, had he really expected anything else? His big trouble, he thought dourly, was that he knew his limitations—and accepted them.

He was a dour guy. They said so at Foley's, the bar off Times Square where half the newspaper business and half the show business wasted time. Nick van Nuys, who had got to be a gossip columnist, printed a barbed remark about the correspondent who never missed on Mussolini but never guessed right about Goldilocks. Doris, drinking an abstemious vermouth cassis at Foley's after her matinee, said that Nick didn't appreciate old-fashioned chivalry, and laughed the silver chime that was her principal asset in the theater, and reminded both Nick and Dan that Sweet Marjoram was going to be the biggest ever. "It's going to make them start paging me in Hollywood, and don't think I won't answer the call. You're practically Bill Meriden's brother, aren't you, darling? How convenient!" Sure, Dan and Bill Meriden had once been leg-men on the Globe, and now Bill was forty per cent of Hollywood. Very convenient indeed, and a big chance for chivalry.

But Murray Brown swore wildly. "You've been through all this before, Dan—can't you skip the heartbreak this time? For once I'd like to see that blond mimic's barn door without your skin on it."

That was at a literary cocktail party and Dan was looking at a girl whom he thought he remembered—slimmer than Doris, not violet eyes but blue, not yellow-gold hair but a lighter gold. She walked nicely in a sweet-girl-graduate shirtwaist and suit from 1905. A few days later at an advance showing in the Maycock Gallery he noticed her again. Nick van Nuys was being urgent and Dan heard her laugh and say, "No, never, my husband is a Virginian." Later he was talking with Murray and she came by with Nick, and Dan said, "Who is she, Murray? And why isn't she under glass or on Meriden's pay roll?" Murray squinted and said, "Joana Marsh. Used to work on Fashion. Dunno where she is now. I could use her." Dan said, "She's married," and Murray grunted and said he heard that was a career nowadays.

GRANT & GRANT gave a reception for their star English novelist at George Grant's house on Washington Square. Doris was to join him there after the theater but didn't. The evening went sour at the exact moment when a couple of Russians were finishing a song and New York's cleverest lady poet was consenting to do that monologue. Dan went down one stairway fast and met Joana Marsh coming down the other one. Her smile recognized him and she said, "You'd think more nerves would flinch when that wench gets started."

Dan said, "We could try bracing our nerves," stopped a waiter for champagne, and drew her into an empty room.

Joana's face got thoughtful, then determined. "I can't afford to pass up an opportunity. You haven't identified me, have you?"

"Sure. Joana Marsh. You used to work for Fashion. You're married to a Virginian with a jealous disposition. Your nerves aren't too sensitive to take Nick van Nuys."

"But not the rest of it? . . . Well, look!" She threw back her head, crooked an elbow and looked disdainful. "From the waist up, I mean. That was McCafferty's Tweeds. No? Well—" She put one foot on a chair, gravely pulled up yards of indigo skirt and a froth of petticoats till the greater part of a bewitching leg was on view, and smiled into the distance. "Sampson's Service Sheers . . . Not yet?" She dropped Great-Aunt Harriet's petticoats and said resentfully, "There was also the College Girl Girdle campaign, but you'll have to take my word for that."

"Very exhilarating," Dan said, "but just what is the point?"

"I've done some modeling for ads this year. Two years writing copy for Fashion till it folded up. Before that I helped on layouts for Stowe. Doesn't that add up to this vacancy there's supposed to be on Monmouth's Magazine?"

DAN understood now. "You must think I'm Murray Brown."

"Oh!" She blushed to the eyes. "Nick said you were when I saw you at the Maycock Gallery."

"I was talking to Murray. My name's Bagby, Dan Bagby—"

"Doris Sutton's corsage—I mean, I've read your stuff." Embarrassed, she turned away, murmuring, "A graceful way out would be to remark that it was a nice leg."

"Wait a minute! Why do you want that job? I thought modeling meant a big surtax."

"Only if you can get enough of it. I can't." Mirth came into her eyes. "You've no idea how the Virginia proprieties can get into the way."

"Why does a Virginian's wife want a job?"

"Haven't you heard how much the Navy pays its ensigns?"

Oh. That explained why the Virginian wasn't around. "Well," Dan said, "Murray probably remembers those poses. He said he could use you. He's upstairs now."

"Honest? Then goodby, Mr. Bagby, I've got to see a man about a job."

Three days later he met her walking down Fifth Avenue, after five. She seized his arm. "You're the man who gets jobs for women. I'm out of the ads, I'm on a salary, I don't have to wear any man's corset ever again. I want to buy you the gratefulest drink."

Dan said, "Not while I'm in the money," and took her to Foley's, where she belonged now that she was with Monmouth. Then he took her home. A two-room-and-kitchenette place, a little pathetic in its gayety. Her mailbox said "Joana Marsh," but a model would have to use her own name, and there was a framed photograph of an ensign, young, in uniform, very handsome. "That's Bob," Joana said, and added something about China Station.

It could be pretty awful, being married to Joana and separated by half the world. Dan felt sorry for Bob, then sorry for Joana, and then realized that a February rain had begun outside and felt sorry for himself. "Within a block," he said, "there must certainly be one of those little French places people haven't discovered yet, and after dinner we can talk." Joana said, "New York is lonesome in the rain." She glanced at the photograph and Dan said, dryly, "I remember the Navy," and she said, "Some don't."

A month later he could date from that night the return of zest and sparkle to New York. A charming, friendly girl who neither made nor suffered demands—the formula was that simple. The town's capacity for delight was just any movie, or Foley's, or a night club, or a little French place, or walking across Brooklyn Bridge, or stopping at a shooting gallery to knock over some iron ducks, or buying a gardenia from a street peddler on your way to Hell's Kitchen.

(Continued on page 89)

Wade Down South

By Jake Wade

EUGENE SMITH

Wallace Wade, Duke's stormy gridiron coach, with part of the squad he hopes will win new honors this fall

Make 'em hate you and the game is in the bag—well, at least that's Wallace Wade's theory and so far it has paid out for Duke

IF THE Duke football team should be invited to the Rose Bowl again this year, the trip west will probably be made in an armored train. This will be due almost entirely to Mr. Wallace Wade, coach of Duke and a stern and rockbound character. Mr. Wade can do two things superbly: (1) turn out football teams and (2) make everybody in nine states mad as all get out.

After more than twenty years of ferocious zeal in his profession, Wallace Wade looks like a Hindu mystic who considers his bed of spikes a feather mattress. He is lean and hard and his eyes are both flinty and a bit tortured. Football to Mr. Wade is a combination of battle royal and Methodist camp meeting. When he started for Pasadena last winter with the Duke outfit, he found the intervening country filled with amiable maniacs who wanted to do honor to his young men. His response to this was to smack all such welcomers smartly on the knuckles. Duke's purpose in taking the long journey, quoth Mr. Wade, was to knock hell out of Southern Cal and all free hamburgers en route were so much ground meat to him.

Out of this junket came a series of charges, shrill cries of "liar" and a defeat for Duke in the last forty seconds of the game. It was a heartbreaker and when Wade broke down and wept in the dressing room thereafter, he was doing nothing more than symbolizing the feeling throughout the South, which took the defeat as another Appomattox.

Having been in the Bowl three times previously with his Alabama team, Wade contends that he was not anxious to go again. In truth the omens were not propitious, for although Duke had gone through an undefeated, unscored-on season it possessed an attack that suffered grievously from hookworm. Los Angeles newspapers were loud in their opinion that the honor should have gone to the spectacular and air-minded gentlemen from Texas Christian. To this Wade answered quite simply and bluntly that the coast scribes had most obviously been bought off in the intensive campaign waged by influential Texas Christian alumni.

Combined with this almost magic ability to make the writing gentry frantic, Mr. Wade has a passion for secrecy and a suspicion of enemy motives that amounts to a phobia. He insisted on the last few days of practice being secret, with even the press barred. Jones, who had his Trojans behind closed gates, escaped criticism, but they fell on Wade with lead pipes. He was not only violating the sanctity of the Constitution but personally he was a rather low grade of schtoonk.

"That's the way they are out here," said Wade with a shrug, knowing his hecklers from previous visits and wasting no love on them.

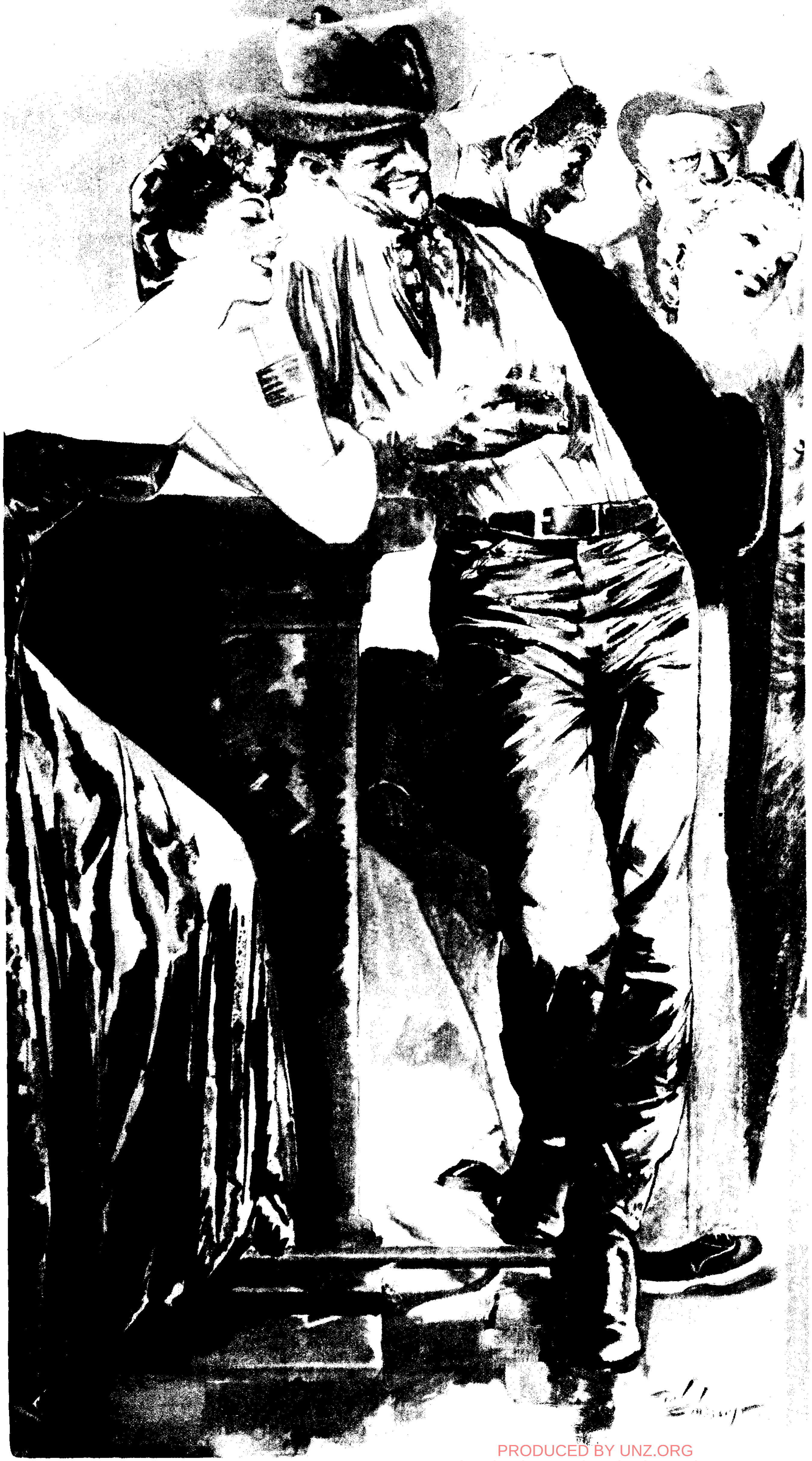
It was a great big jolly shambles from first to last, with Wade hating the reporters and the writing folk responding with boisterous welts of their own concoction. In the hilarious welter of big-mouthing that accompanied the playing of the game, charges flew about furiously, to wit: (a) Ray Wolf, coach of the University of North Carolina, had supplied Howard Jones of Southern California with pictures of the Duke-North Carolina game; (b) Ossie Solem of Syracuse had turned over the Duke-Syracuse movies to Jones; (c) Spies with long-range telescopes had scouted the Duke secret practices; (d) Wade had refused to shake hands with Doyle Nave, whose passes to Al Kreuger had brought Southern Cal a 7-3 victory in the last few seconds.

Wade denied that he had made the charges about the movies and added that he knew Wolf wouldn't desecrate the honor of old North Carolina in such scurvy fashion. About Solem he wasn't so sure because Jones had once coached at Syracuse, but Solem answered in stentorian tones that he had never given the flickers to Jones. Furthermore, he added, such charges were probably only part of the time-worn psychological trick to fire the Duke players for next October's game with Syracuse. The Duke adherents pointed out in return that it was a little significant that although Ossie replied with many heated expressions, he did not, in so many words, deny that the Duke-Syracuse pictures had been used by the Trojans.

As for the telescope business, Wade, against his usual policy of keeping his trap closed after a defeat, remarked sourly and in his usual matter-of-fact voice that he was confident his team had been scouted during the "secret" workouts. He pointed out that certain plays his team had never used except during these workouts had been blocked by defenses he felt certain were especially prepared for them.

That added to the flame and it was a pretty blaze by the time they had appended the hullabaloo about Nave. By the time Duke had reached El Paso on the retreat from Pasadena, the handshaking incident had been fashioned into a saga. All that was required to make it a perfect scandal was the additional charge that Wade had not only

(Continued on page 96)



A Respectable Woman

By Frank Fenton

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

They couldn't do that to the girl Orlie loved

ORLIE SIDERS never could sleep at night unless his back was scratched. For three years Daisy Siders, his lawful wife, performed this nocturnal ritual. Then quite suddenly one day she left him and moved all the way to the San Fernando Valley in southern California. There her brother, Tom Hennick, lived with his three motherless children.

Daisy left no farewell note behind her, and not once in the ensuing two years did Orlie hear from her. It was from his mother-in-law that Orlie learned how far his wife had removed herself from his vicinity.

"And you deserve every mile of it," his mother-in-law said, beaming with pleasure. "I'm proud that Daisy finally seen fit to leave your bed and board, such as it is."

"She didn't move no farther from me than she did from you," Orlie observed. But his sarcasm was wasted.

"You're a bum, Orlie Siders," his mother-in-law said. "You was born a bum and a no-good and I thank the livin' Lord that Daisy seen through you in time."

"In time fer what?" Orlie asked.

"In time to save her soul from the perdition of bein' a drunken wastrel's wife!"

His mother-in-law began to amplify this harsh analysis of his character, but Orlie walked away. He said to himself that neither his mother-in-law nor Daisy understood that he was not so much a bum as he was a dreamer. Once Sheriff Bleecker had run him in off the street and said, "Orlie, everybody in Bent Spoon here calls you a lot of things, like you being a tramp and a loafer and a drunk, which you pretty much live up to, only you're somethin' else too, Orlie. You're a dreamer." And Orlie cogitated: You can be a poetic bum or a bum poet, but you can't be poetic and be just nothing but a bum.

Now far into the nights he wrote her long love-anguished letters. His neck muscles yearned for her skillful fingers and his eyes grew bloodshot from insomnia and beer. No longer did he spend endless evenings in the beer parlors of Bent Spoon, crouching over his old guitar and giving music to the hundred songs of his own composition. His voice no longer resounded along the midnight streets as he strode along, tanked to the gills. Once he had always ended his songs in the dawn's early light of Sheriff Bleecker's office, for the sheriff loved music as he loved the law, and hauling Orlie in was killing two birds with one stone.

But now his golden voice was stilled and the sheriff threw him into the drunk tank. Lost were his fabulous legends and no one hailed with delight the approach of this man who passed his time in silence. And as his prestige as taleteller and troubadour waned, his reputation as a bum became inflated even out of proportion to the melancholy facts. Here was a broken man.

"Orlie," the sheriff said one morning, "liquor and women and music is just human nature ordained by the Lord, but plain unadulterated booze is nuthin' but vice. You ain't ever gonna git Daisy back the life yer livin' fer yerself, so mebbe you had better go on out there in California and git her."

Orlie thought it over as he stretched out in the drunk tank. He thought about it all night because liquor no longer cured his insomnia. When the turnkey opened the door at six he said to Orlie: "How come you don't kill nobody so we can get you hung and outa your misery?" Orlie walked past him in silence and went into the sheriff's office. "Sam," he said to Bleecker, "I figured it out and you're right about what you said last night. I'm goin' out there and get Daisy back."

Even as he said it out loud something inside him began to sing.

"Orlie," the sheriff said, "here's ten bucks you kin owe me."

PASSING his mother-in-law's house on the way out of town Orlie began to sing, his first creative effort in many months: it was a fresh beginning, the forerunner of a dozen new songs, all dedicated to Daisy and the new deal he had mapped out for both of them. Out of Ohio, into Indiana, westward by the compass in his vest pocket, Orlie traveled. For six hundred miles he rode with a shoe salesman who drove far beyond his territory just so he could listen to some more of Orlie's songs.

From beer hall to barroom Orlie crossed Wyoming. He sang for his hamburgers, caught a freight across Nevada, hitchhiked across the mountains into California, south to San Fernando, counting the miles to Daisy.

Twenty-eight days on the road and Orlie was as brown as a leaf of tobacco when he knocked at the door of Tom Hennick's little white ranch house.

Daisy stood in the doorway. She was wearing a tight-fitting blue jersey and loose flannel slacks. She was more beautiful than Orlie had ever dreamed her any night for two years, drunk or sober.

"Daisy!" he gasped.

She was startled a moment, then she recovered herself and gazed at him critically from head to foot.

"Daisy," he said, "I come a helluva long way to see you and you sure look beautiful!"

"It took you a long time," she said. "Now that you're here you might as well come in—for a while."

ORLIE walked in humming. He wanted to kiss her right away but something in her attitude made him decide to stall for a little while. When she handed him a glass of cold milk and a chicken sandwich he put his feet up on the table and looked around. Sun came in onto the bright Indian rugs. It gleamed on the pottery that was all the colors of the earth. "This is sure a wonderful nest," Orlie said. "No wonder you took and run off."

"That ain't why," Daisy answered calmly. "And Mother wrote me all about you back home."

Orlie gazed at her and sighed. "Your old woman never had much understanding of me," he said, "but I got to admit that I wasn't worth a lead slug without you, Daisy."

"You wasn't worth one with me," Daisy said. "I thought if I left you on your own you might try to amount to something. But you didn't. You even quit singin' your pomes. Orlie, you had the power to throw a spell over me with your music, but otherwise you're no good for man or beast."

"I guess I ain't," Orlie said sadly.

He gazed at her in the blue jersey and took a long drink of the milk. "Daisy," he said, "I just walked across the white man's half of the earth, and it sure looks like I drug that doghouse after me."

Daisy said, "It ain't that I'm not glad to see you again, Orlie, or that I don't care for you, because even after two years I just can't help myself. But you're a good-for-nothin' and I got to learn to get over you, that's all."

"I come after you, Daisy," Orlie said firmly. "I ain't slept a full night in two years."

"So you come here to get some sleep?"

Orlie said, still firmly:

"Daisy, I ain't the man you knowed back home. I'm reforming, which is why I come here."

"Well," Daisy said, "Tom ain't the man to tolerate a loafer. When he gets back from Sacramento you better either be gone from here or workin'."

"Ain't there no work around the place here?" Orlie asked mildly.

Daisy's eyes narrowed dangerously. "No, you don't!" she exclaimed. "If you aim to work for a livin' you can just move on into town and line up with the rest of the country. But you ain't goin' to insinuate yourself in here."

Orlie rose with some dignity. "I ain't even rested," he said, "but just as you say."

He walked toward the door. At the doorway Daisy stopped him and planted a kiss full on his mouth. There were big tears in her eyes as Orlie stared at her with joy and amazement.

"Now get out of here!" she cried, and shoved him out the door.

As Orlie walked down the highway toward Los Angeles he was happy. Daisy's kiss ignited the coals of his ambitions and the resolution to live a laborious, fruitful existence brimmed within him. He would find a job and ultimately save enough to buy a chicken ranch like Tom Hennick's with Indian rugs on the floor and Daisy in the kitchen.

FOR five days Orlie sat on a bench in Pershing Square and dreamed in the sun. He was in love with Daisy just the way he had loved in the first blush of their romance. It was as breathless and lovely again, and again it inspired him to create poems and songs, but not to work. It was like springtime in Ohio and Orlie was in love. He had never been able to work in springtime or when he was in love. He lolled on the bench, his guitar on his lap, dreaming of the open season on black bass and the first dogwood blossoms, Daisy's favorite flowers. But behind his dreaming there still lingered the memory of her last admonition, so one afternoon he turned to the man on the other end of the bench and said, "Where could a man go get himself a job, friend?"

"No place."

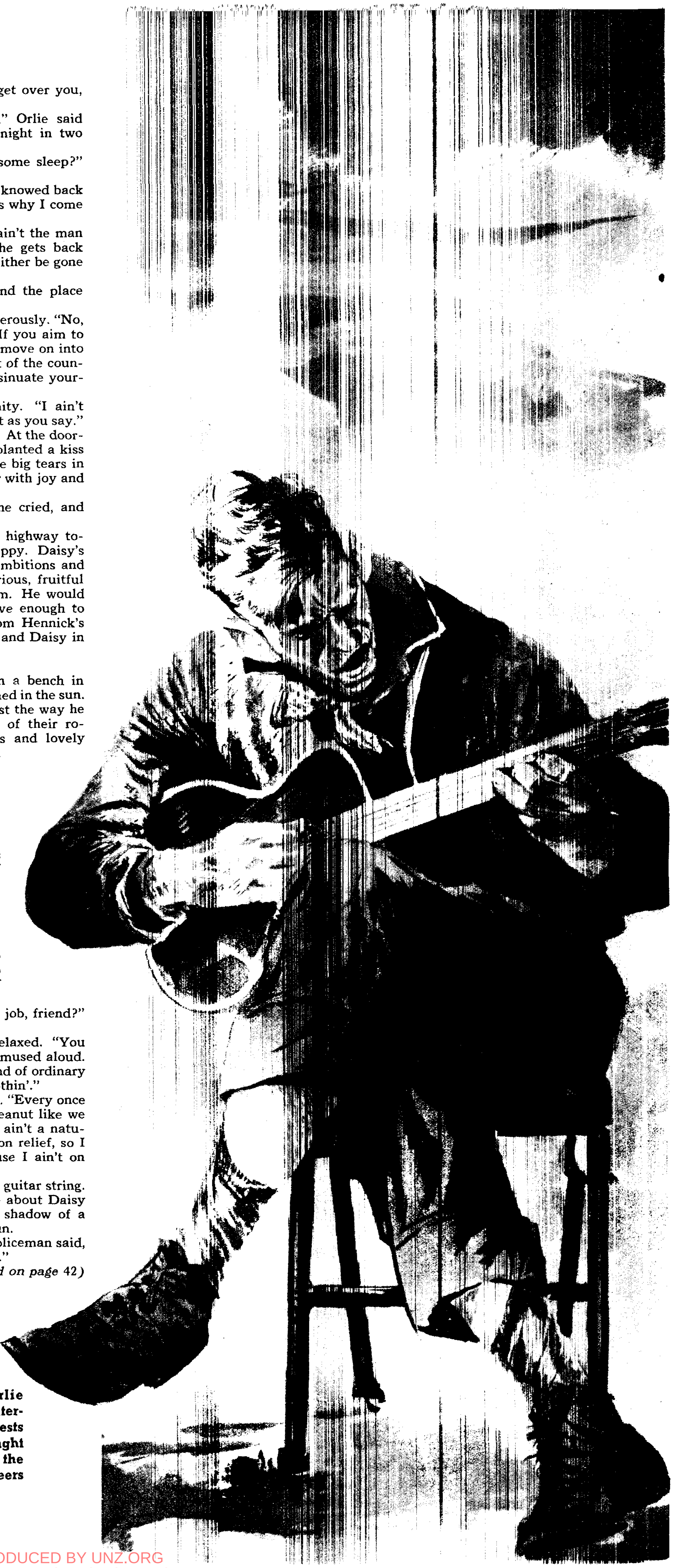
Orlie sat back again and relaxed. "You go to work and take me," he mused aloud. "I can pretty much do any kind of ordinary labor, yet here I set, doin' nothin'."

"It's politics," the man said. "Every once in a while they chuck us a peanut like we was squirrels. Look at me, I ain't a naturalized citizen so I can't get on relief, so I can't get on the WPA because I ain't on relief."

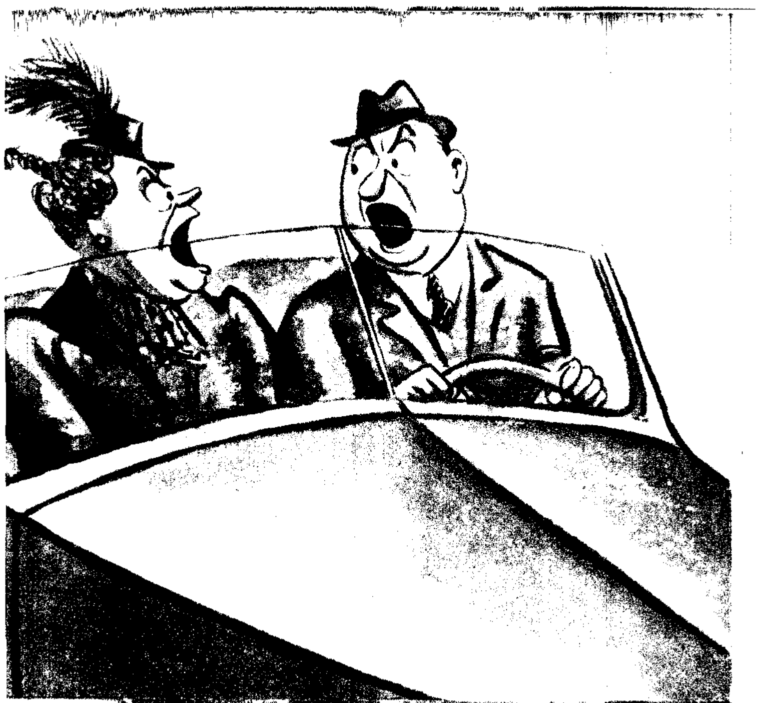
Orlie sighed and twitched a guitar string. He was working out a theme about Daisy and the WPA when the big shadow of a policeman blocked out the sun.

"Cut out the racket," the policeman said, "or go on down to Hollywood."

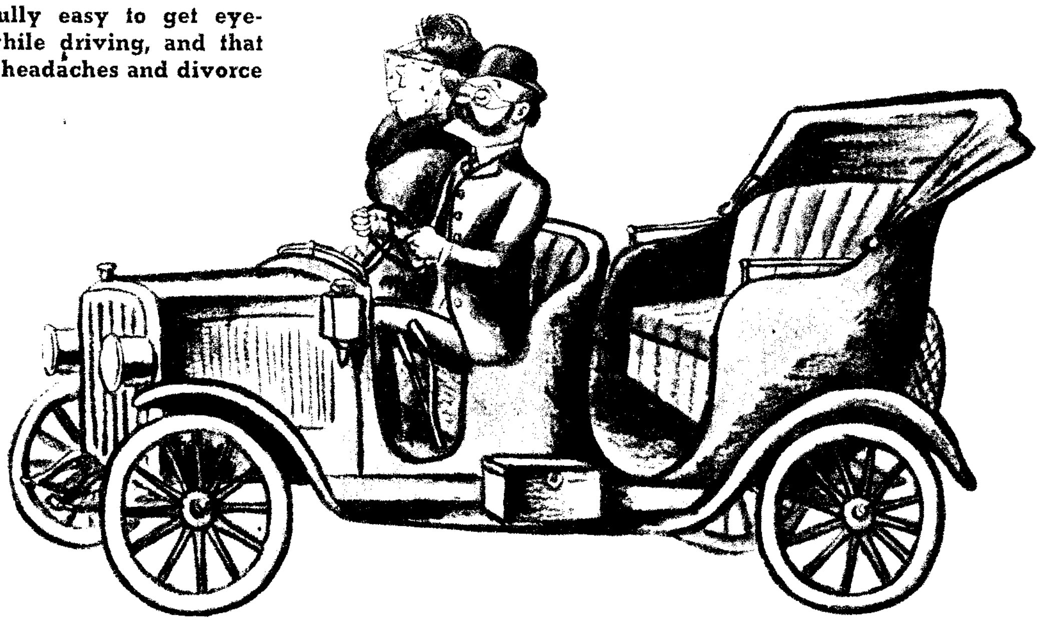
The cop walked *(Continued on page 42)*



For half an hour Orlie played and sang, interrupted only by tempests of applause. He brought down the house and the waiters brought him beers



It's awfully easy to get eye-strain while driving, and that leads to headaches and divorce



Bad driving habits started away back with Grandpa and Grandma

Every Car Has One

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

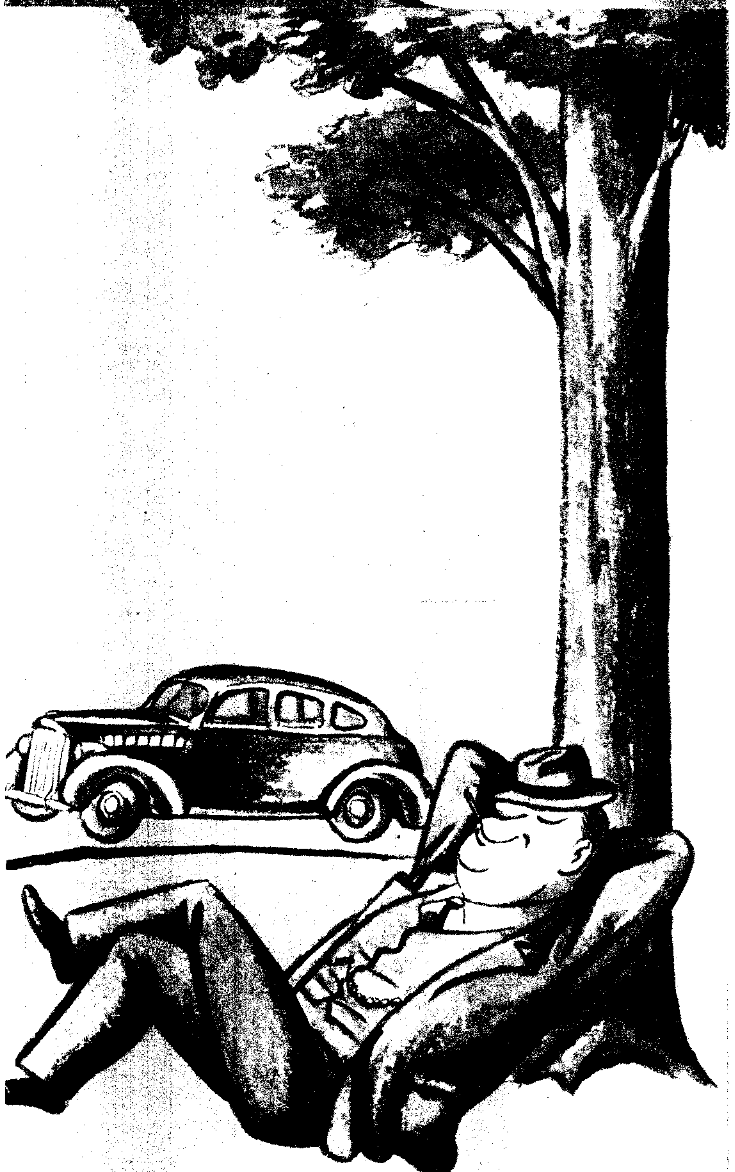
Are you getting maximum pleasure out of your motoring? You are if you know the simple rules for comfortable driving—and that's another way of saying safe driving. Ask the professionals who do it for a living

THE automobile engineers of the country are considered in a class by themselves when it comes to solving the mechanical, structural and face-lifting difficulties that arise in the building of a car. Each year they perform new miracles, but to date none of them has done anything about a rather shapeless, poorly made, ill-tempered gadget used on all cars, called The Driver.

They have given the automobile four-wheel brakes and knee action; gears that move as easily and with as much precision as a 37-jewel watch, and they've streamlined it. They haven't even given The Driver a new coat of paint. It was back in 1892, on the streets of Springfield, Massachusetts, that an automobile first made its appearance on a city street. The car of that day bears the same resemblance to the car of today as a ferry boat bears to a new luxury liner, but The Driver is the same old inept, ill-tempered, careless fellow that he was then.

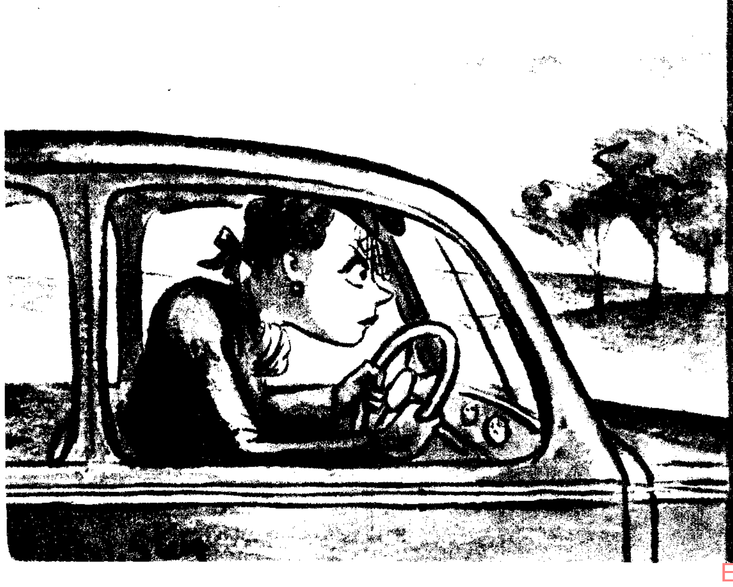
No, he hasn't improved much in thirty years; in fact, records show that he not only grows more careless each year but that he even ignores the safeguards and the comfort devices conceived by the nimble-witted engineers. They have given him handy armrests; ash trays at his elbows, radios in front of him; comfortable and in most cases adjustable seats. In short, they have given him what practically amounts to a foolproof car which is as easy to handle as is the razor he wields in the morning. But the average driver just gets into his chariot, yells, "Here we go," presses his foot on the gas and aims for the moon.

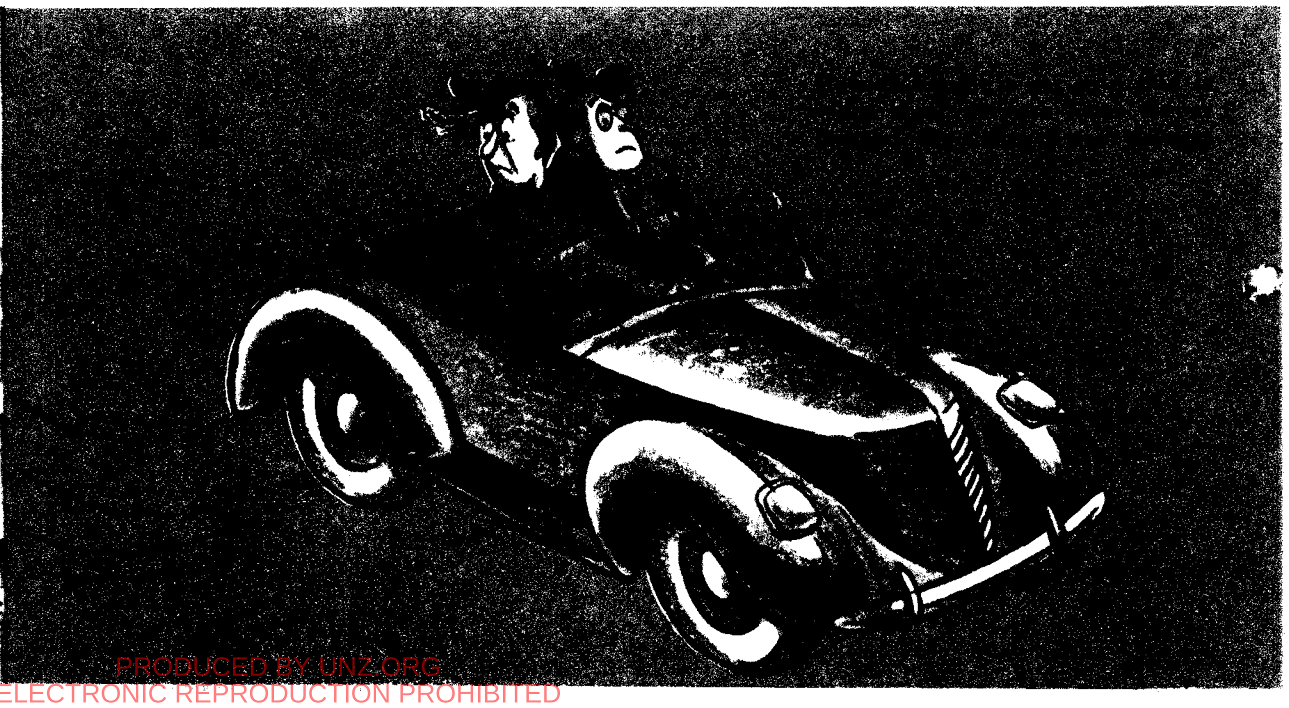
He winds up after a few hours nervous, even more shapeless than he was in the beginning when he entered the car, his eyes smarting from the glare of sun or of headlights and his temper as frayed as

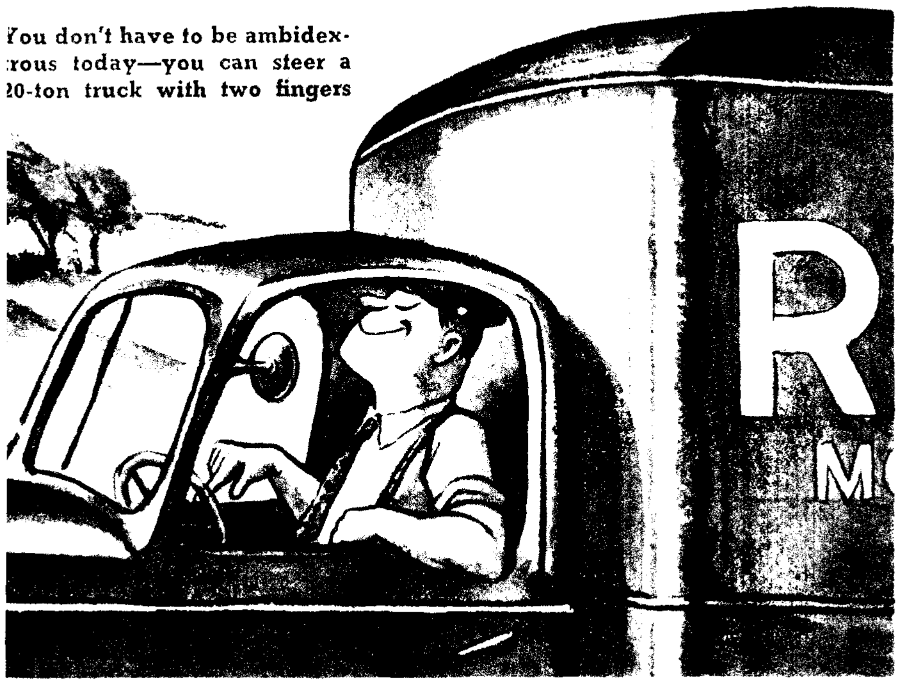


A short rest between long periods of driving will do wonders toward elimination of fatigue

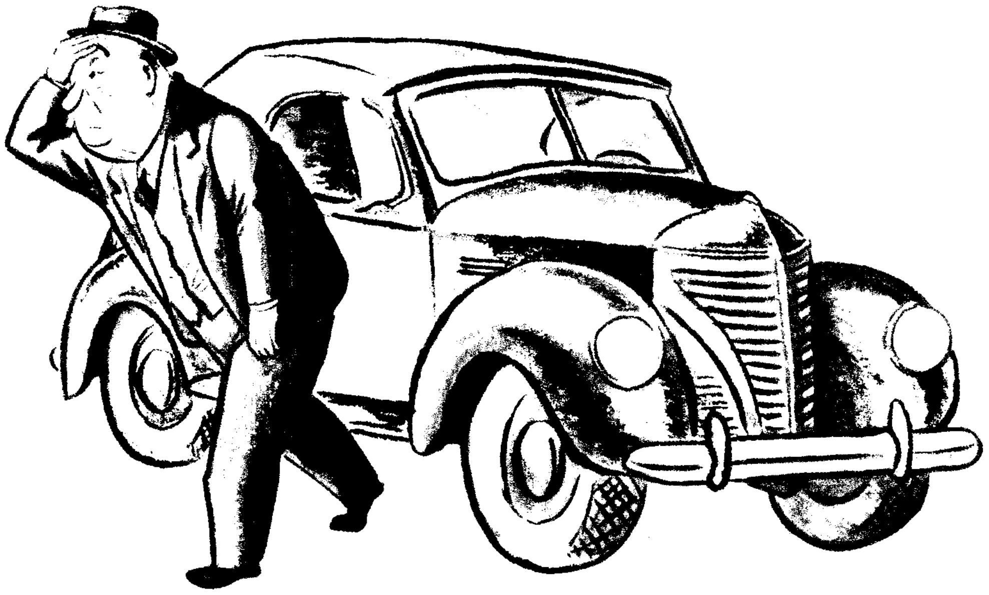
Most people, especially when driving fast, have a tendency to clutch the steering wheel tightly







You don't have to be ambidextrous today—you can steer a 20-ton truck with two fingers



Ten hours on the high road will leave most of us tired, nervous and fed up

the lapels on a secondhand coat. The engineers moan in despair, crying that there is no need for drivers to suffer either physical or mental disturbance even after a ten-hour stretch. The professional drivers, men who earn their living by driving automobiles, say the same thing. We might go to them and ask for a few hints on why it is that they can push a car around for ten hours a day and then do a rumba at night. We'll ask the bus drivers, the cab drivers, the racing drivers, the truck drivers and the police for a few pointers on how to drive an automobile intelligently and maybe we'll learn something we can use on the next trip to the Grand Canyon.

First, let's ask the driver of one of those huge Greyhound busses that span the continent. The records of his company (and records of other bus companies are comparable) show that these busses average one accident per 214,000 miles, and one fatal accident per million miles. Now take Bert Bass. He's been driving a big bus for twelve years on the rather difficult New York to Boston route. It's difficult because you pass through a lot of fair-sized towns with narrow streets. But after that nine-hour binge, Bass is never tired.

"I've often come back from that trip and then hopped into my own car with the family," he laughs. "No reason for a man to tire himself out any more driving. Automobiles are too good now, if only drivers know how to get the most out of them. If a man drives intelligently he can go eight or nine hours a day without tiring himself. First of all he has to get well adjusted in his seat. The seat may be too high or too low. He's got to find out what position will fit him best. Sometimes the back is sloping. We professionals like a seat-back that is almost straight. That way there's no strain on your spine. That way you're well balanced.

"Most people off on a long drive," he went on, "start early and try to get in a lot of mileage the first few hours. That's a mistake. You burn up your energy that way. It's best to start slowly even if you're on an open road with no traffic. Stick around forty for the first couple of hours. By then your position in your seat and your eyes will be adjusted to the job of driving. You can't pop out of bed and expect to drive seventy miles an hour in the glare of the sun without hurting your eyes and ending up maybe with a headache. You got to warm up for it, like a runner warms up for a race.

Sunsets Are Lovely, But—

"Then around sundown," Bass went on, "drivers, realizing perhaps that they haven't made as much mileage as they had anticipated, put on further steam. Smart drivers would do well to take an hour off around sundown because that's the most tiring time of the day to drive. Here's why. It's just beginning to get dark and half the cars have their headlights on. The other half haven't got them lighted. Their drivers have either forgotten or don't think it's dark enough. So when you drive along you are constantly adjusting your vision from headlights that glare at you to cars with no headlights. If a man off on a long trip would just relax in some roadway inn for an hour until it's so dark that all cars have headlights on, he'd do a lot better and he'd sleep better that night. Once you are accustomed to night driving it's as restful as day driving but that in-between time just after sundown is no fun—even for professionals."

Just then Tommy Heller, another ten-year man, drove his enormous bus into the terminal, hopped down cheerfully and listened to our conversation. He had just come in from a nine-hour stretch and he didn't look a bit tired.

"No reason to be tired," he laughed. "I'm going to get my own car now and drive out to the Fair. People get tired only because they don't know how to take advantage of the comfort devices they have on all cars now. Or they get tired because they've never learned to drive properly. Take the little matter of night driving, for instance. The ordinary driver spends half his time swearing at oncoming cars with glaring headlights. Me? I don't see those glaring headlights and there's no reason why anyone should see them.

"First of all you shouldn't look at them. Look down to your right at the edge of the road. Keep that in sight and you can't go wrong. Sure, now and then glance at the cluck who's coming toward you with his lights blazing but don't look into his lights. Look over them or under them so you'll know he isn't driving in the middle of the road. Or stop your car. Amateur drivers have a lot of false pride. We professionals haven't. I've stopped my bus or my car many a time when lights coming at me were too strong to ignore. But once you get used to watching the side of the road instead of oncoming headlights you'll find night driving easy. Many amateur drivers get so mad at those glaring lights that in sheer anger they'll switch their own bright lights on. That's the worst thing a driver can do. If a fellow coming at you has his high-powered lights on, it's a cinch he's a bum driver. Your lights gleaming into his eyes will only make him a worse driver and anything is likely to happen.

"The ordinary driver," Heller went on, "is completely lost when he's driving on ice. On icy days I've seen car after car piled up on the side of the road after skidding. There's no excuse for skidding. We have a trick we call 'sanding' the car. That is, when we want to slow down we don't jam our brakes on. We press both brake pedal and accelerator at once. The only way I can explain that is to say that the braking pulls the car back and the foot on the gas pulls it forward. This keeps the back wheels from locking and keeps the car from skidding.

Fancy Stuff on Ice

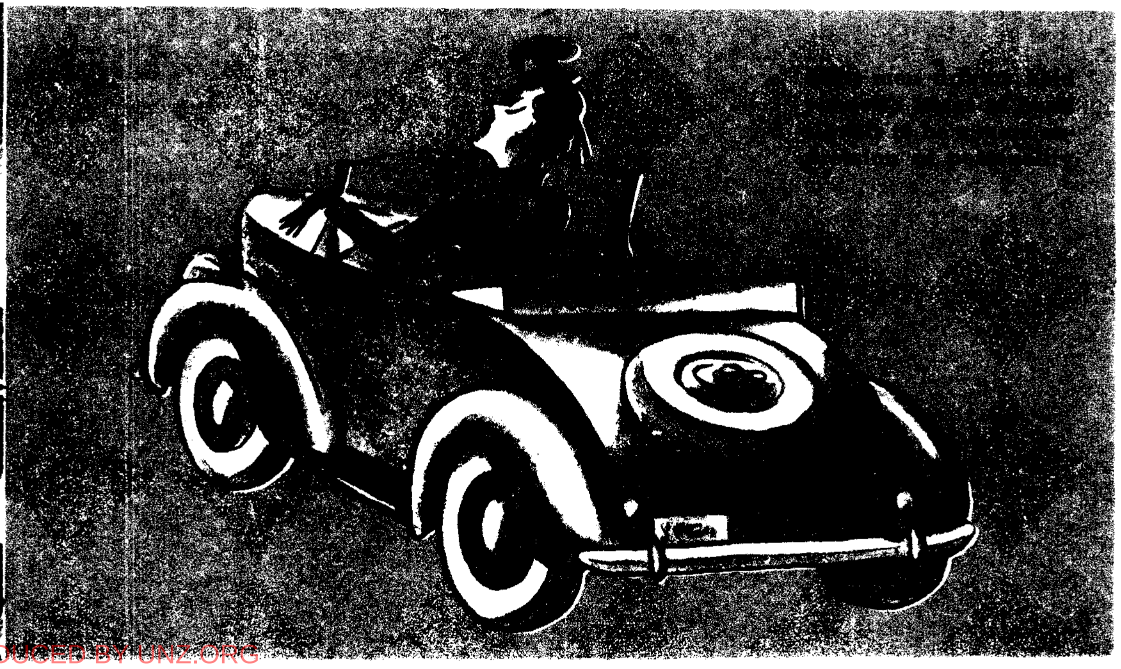
"Then there's another trick ordinary drivers never use. As soon as you hit ice on a road you ought to stop and let about a third of the air out of your tires. This gives you a broader tire surface and increases traction. Driving on icy roads will exhaust anyone within an hour unless he does it intelligently. When winter comes a smart driver will have his front brakes loosened. The back ones should be about sixty per cent tighter than the front ones. That'll give you a firmer hold on ice and snow. If your front wheels skid, there is a good chance that your back wheels will pull you out of it."

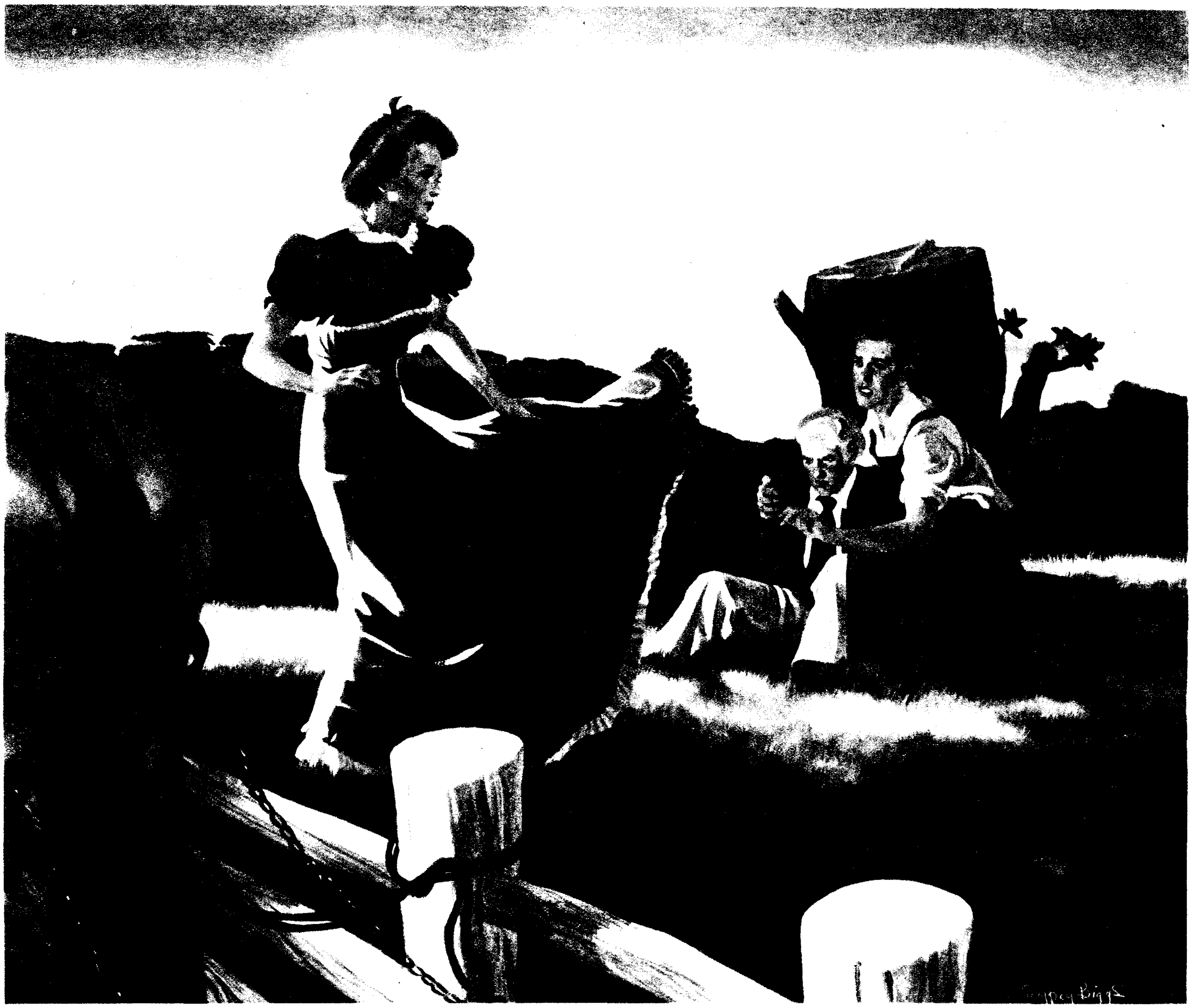
For many years the taxicab drivers of New York City have been the butt of jokes and the subject of scorn and vituperation from the rest of us. It is sad to report and disheartening to know that actually the cab drivers of New York are (on the records) probably the safest and best drivers in the country.

Now here's David Goodman, for instance. If you go back as far as 1915, you'll remember him as Kid Goodman, a very good featherweight fighter. He was very fast in those days, and once he fought four men

(Continued on page 53)

The guy [illegible] makes fifteen [illegible] light may be having fun but he's going to be all worn out at the day's end





"You take the team up to the barn," Grant told Miriam. "Here, take my arm," he said to Bart

The Leopards' Mountains

By Helen Hedrick

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Old John Tyler had a dream for his two sons, Grant and Bart. This story will show you how a girl helped one to realize it

THIS is the story of a question and the answer to a dream. The dream John Tyler had for his two sons, Grant and Bart, and for a young girl, Miriam, who wasn't Tyler blood. . . .

It began back in the eighties, when John Tyler came with his foreign wife and two young sons and the child Miriam who wasn't of their own blood.

Marble, teakwood, crystal and mahogany, rugs from the old country, rare things for his house—strange things for this wild country he had chosen. All of it shipped up to the mouth of the Umpqua, by river boat to Scottsburg and then over the mountains by mule teams.

That was a trip then—corduroy roads—where there were roads.

Miriam, John Tyler found one night along the last mountain trail, her father a wandering peddler dying in his camp and the child thin and pinched and very small with brave dark eyes that were never to change all down the coming years.

John Tyler took her away when it was over and put her down beside his own campfire.

"Here," he said to his two boys, "here is a little sister for you. I want you two to love her and be kind."

The children stood in the firelight staring with the instant hostility and strange wistfulness of the young. And then Bart, the younger boy, swiftly crossed to Miriam and took her hand

and stood so facing Grant, his older brother.

An old fear was at John Tyler's heart. He saw the look Bart had, the young hawk look he wore looking at Grant, cruel and arrogant. And suddenly John Tyler knew the urgency behind his dream, remembering his own father who had worn hurting cruelty to mask his weakness from the world. He looked quickly at his wife to know if she had seen the dark shadow of his blood line fall upon their son, but she was smiling at the children and he put the fear back once more.

He had his dream, built his house. But at eighteen Bart ran away to sea and then John Tyler's wife died, and after years they laid him on the mountainside by the same stone. That was the day Bart came home from wandering. A hard and bitter time. Grant had never been away except to school and it was up to him to tell Bart how things stood.

GRANT turned the papers on the desk again and glanced at his brother standing with a careless arm along the mantel, fire flames splotching his white shirt front like blood and moving on his watching face. Last of all, and longer, Grant looked at Miriam.

She seemed to smile, it may have been fire shadows crossing her dark eyes. He felt her calmness flow out against him, her beauty like a heart against his body.

"This is the way it is left," Grant said, met squarely Bart's mocking look, "there is nothing beyond this house and land left to us. No more than is needed to hire the necessary hands and run the place. But that doesn't mean we can't live, and well, here. There isn't better land, or better stocked, anywhere in the country."

"Very nice," Bart said. "Pleasant." The whip curl was on his mouth. "You propose, I take it, that we live here, dear Grant, the three of us—" He stretched away from the mantel, smooth as a mountain cougar moving; light shot amber-orange through the brandy splashing to his glass. He drank his drink before he spoke again, laughed, dragged in his breath and pushed it out.

"Can't you two smell it?" he demanded. "Decay, dullness, respectability. The pride stinks too. The precious Tyler pride," Bart said as if he wondered at the words. "But meanwhile we'll grow old and rot. Dying—oh, very slowly, of course—quite properly—and burning to murder one another—our feelings very well cloaked, of course."

For just a flash Grant thought that he could put it into words for Bart: it seemed so close just then, the question and the answer to all of living; almost he had it framed in words, then it was gone again.

"Well, Bart," he said, a stranger's voice, "for once face something: the hard business of living."

BART came almost to the desk before he stopped, and he was smiling, a flame far back in his dark eyes.

"If I reached out and touched you," he said, "I know what you'd be like. Stone. Gray as the outside of this house inside. I never used to feel sorry for you. But now I do. Because you've been dead for a long time. Maybe always."

Grant watched Miriam walk across the room, put out her hand and turn the lamp flame higher. The constant wonder was upon him that in the years he'd never watched her half enough; he couldn't say when he had known that she was changed from child to woman; or when, by a look, or only coming in a room, she'd first drawn all the blood out from his heart and sent it back at will. Such little things to shake him as a storm; the shadow of her hair against her throat, the way her hands had with the Bible by her chair, the sweet, rich curve of her mouth.

"Your mother, Bart," she said, "had reading at this hour. And afterward," she waited for a breath, "and afterward your father had me—"

"Why, Miriam." Bart laughed, turned to her swiftly.

Grant pressed his hands down hard against the cold black marble of the desk and waited.

"Now, Miriam," Bart said, "don't be a fool. I'm sorry, dear," he whispered, and took the Bible from her, searching through it quickly; the firelight made a band across his face.

"Here," he said, "this is what I want you to read, my sweet:

" 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' "

His voice had a singing quality, wild and pagan, deep as gypsy music, and Grant felt blind anger like a knife against his throat.

" 'Come with me,' " Bart read, " 'from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana—' " his eyes were on her face—" 'from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' den,' O Miriam, 'from the mountains of the leopards.' "

He closed the Book and held it between his agile hands. "Don't you see, my dear? You're like that girl, Miriam, you're the Shulamite, and you've got to get out of here to know—"

Grant thought, I've never really seen her, looking at her now. The soft and lifting curve of her young breast, the deep compassion of her face.

"Sweet," Bart said softly, as if they were alone, "are you afraid?"

"No," she said, "I'm not afraid. I don't think I've ever been less afraid."

GRANT stood to watch the lines her silk dress made there against the fire, listened to the whisper as she moved across the room, and caught the faint, disturbing perfume as she passed.

"Good night," she said, beside the door; the lamp she held threw upward shadows to her eyes. "I think we'll all see things more clearly in the morning."

When she had gone, Grant sat again beside the desk and Bart poured the last brandy into his glass.

"All right," Bart said, at last, "you can stay here. You're admirably fitted for grubbing and feeling concern for the price of hogs."

He lifted his glass. "A fine way to spend a life!"

The fire made a hushing sound, the room seemed to listen.

"What are you now?" Bart asked, and answered himself, "twenty-eight," as if the fact perplexed him. "You might have fifty years," he said, "fifty years left. It's quite a sentence."

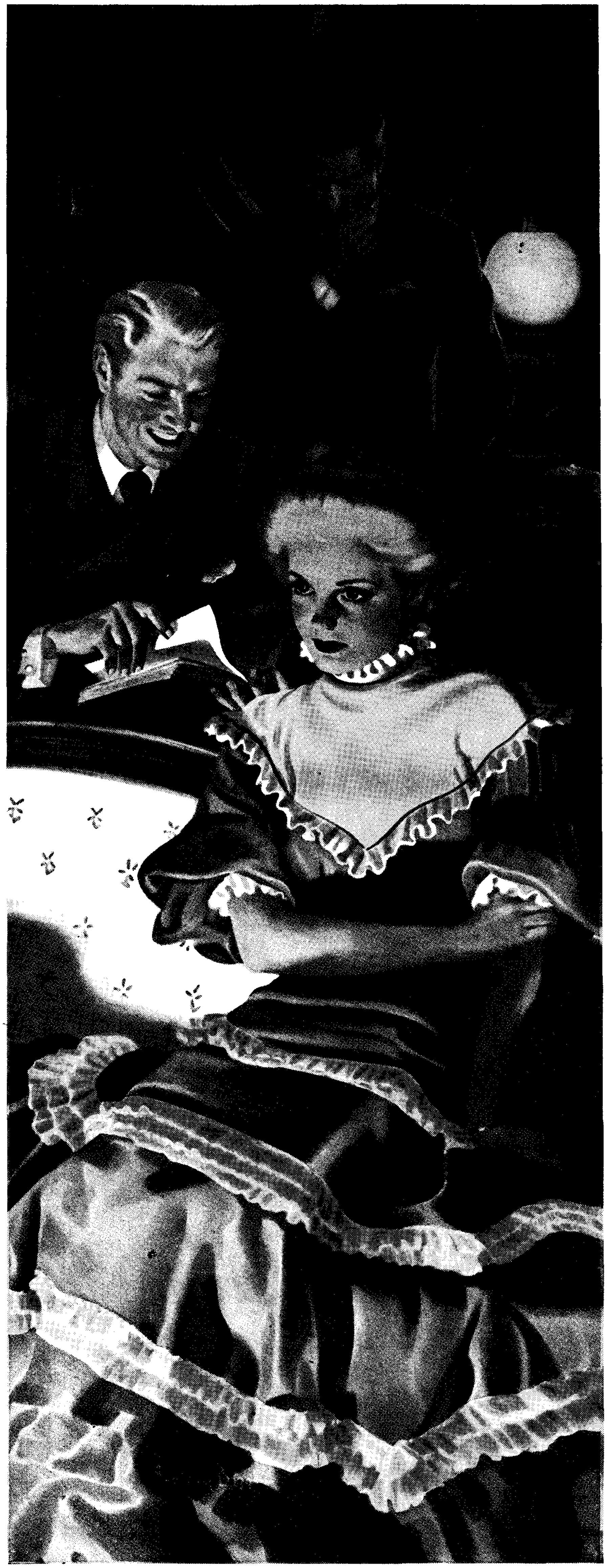
The sound of his glass on the table was brittle-sharp. "Fifty years, and I'm twenty-five and Miriam's twenty."

Grant watched the hawk look claim his brother's face, watched him cross the room and yank the heavy Persian drapes back from the tall window.

"And out there there's money," Bart said. "Gold for the getting—or the taking. And people alive. Music and laughter, and the sound of the sea—all the mountains of the leopards."

He dropped the curtains and turned back to Grant. "Well, stay here," Bart said with deep intensity, "but I'll not." The whip curl was on his mouth. "I shouldn't wonder if you can't borrow money and buy out my share of this precious place. I saw old Marsh Ennstron in the town today—by the look he hates me as much as he did years ago." Bart put back his head and laughed. "Remember how I used to call him 'Old Scrooge' to his face? He'll be glad to

(Continued on page 37)



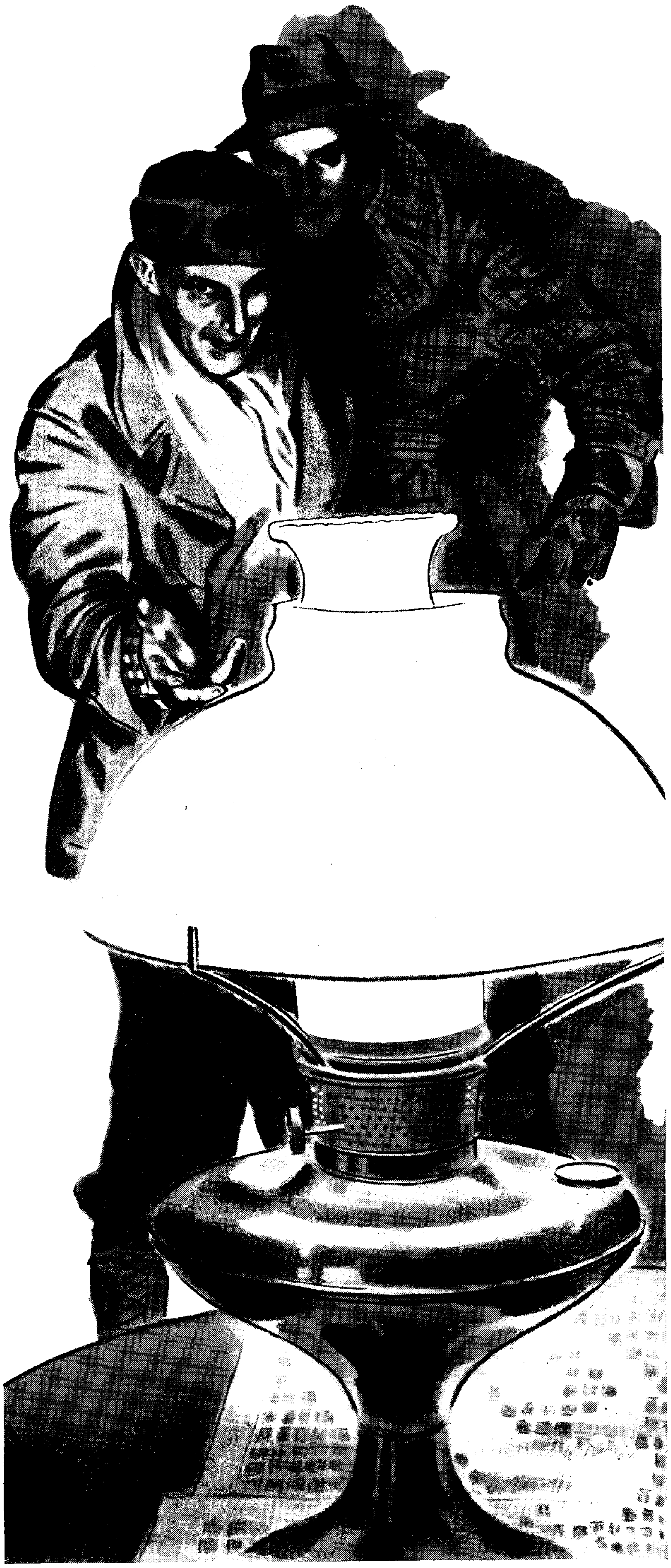
"Here," he said, "this is what I want you to read, my sweet"

Extinguisher

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"Always strikes me sort of com'cal, finding out how many things a real smart man like you can be dumb about," Andy said. "Like that coal-oil lamp"

AT FIRST Ed Blaine had been wary about coming back to the cabin, but he was beginning to feel safe, and he was in a hurry to get indoors, out of the frozen dusk and the snarling wind, boisterous and savage at his back. It jerked the lift latch from his numb, mittened fingers and shouldered the door open, roaring into the cabin before him, scattering the week-old newspapers from the table and rattling the windows in their loose frames. He needed both hands to shut the door against the jostling thrust of it, but they wouldn't have been much use, even if they'd been free; that gun would have been jammed against the small of his back long before he could have reached for the one in his mackinaw pocket.

"Hold it, wise guy."

Blaine held it. He knew the voice. Coelho's. Scarliti's pet torpedo. It was queer, when you knew you were going to get a slug through your kidneys in a little while, that you should try to put it off as long as you could. He held his breath while a hand took his gun, expertly patted hips and pockets and felt for an armpit holster.

"Okay. Slide along the wall, now." The voice snickered. "Standing in a corner is what you rate, Blaine. You made it nice and soft for us, hiding out this far up in the sticks."

Blaine could see that. Trying to hide here in his own fishing camp, instead of staying in the big hotel down yonder with the other witnesses against the racket, had only made it easier and safer for Scarliti to shut his mouth. He wondered, as he sidled over to the corner, why Coelho was waiting. He didn't have to wonder very long.

"Okay. You can turn around now. Behave and you'll be alive when the Big Boy gets here."

Of course. Scarliti wouldn't be satisfied with having him killed. He'd want to see it done. He'd want to have some fun, too, before it was done. His kind of fun, and Coelho's.

"That's good. Hold it."

Coelho was sitting in the chair beside the table, the gun resting on the razory crease of his trousers. It didn't make sense, hanging on to life this way, hoping, when there was nothing to hope for except a clean, quick death. Better get it over with; make Coelho shoot; take a chance on—Blaine froze suddenly. Somebody was outside. Somebody—

"Hi, Ed."

Blaine almost laughed at himself for that silly stab of hope. Andy Webb, big and clumsy and dumb; no more of a match for Coelho's brains and gun than an ox would have been! He ought to be praying for Andy's sake, that he'd go away, ought to have been sorry when the latch clicked and the wind came jostling, shouting into the room, instead of hoping against hope that the huge, awkward man who came in with it might somehow help him.

"Stay put, buddie."

Andy was staring at the gun, his broad back against the door, his jaw sagging.

"Look out. Them things go off easy."

"And how!" Coelho giggled. "So you move over in the corner, too. No. Hold it. Switch on the lights first."

"Switch on what?" Andy sounded puzzled.

"The lights, lame-brain!"

"Oh." Andy chuckled. "I see what you mean. Guess you figure we got 'lectric lights up here. We ain't. All we got is coal-oil lamps. You want I should light that one up f'r you?"

"Go ahead. And play nice, if you ain't in a hurry to get plugged."

"Ain't much of a hand to hurry," Andy said. He shambled to the table. Coelho backed warily away, keeping Andy and Blaine almost in a line so that the gun covered them both. His mouth twisted as Andy lifted the chimney and struck a match and the thin yellow lamplight diluted the dusk a little.

"So that's what you call a light, up here, huh? Well, all I need is enough to shoot by. Back up to the wall, buddie. Right next to your pal. Okay. Hold it."

HE CAME back to his chair as Andy moved to Blaine's side. The big man plainly hadn't yet got it through his head that Coelho meant murder; he leaned comfortably against the wall, his eyes half shut, his mouth wearing a half-amused, half-disapproving grin.

It was that grin that ended Ed Blaine's forlorn last hope. At the best of it, Andy's bigness, the bull strength of him, even the astonishing quickness with which he could move, on the rare occasions when he found hurry worth his while, wouldn't have been much use. They seemed more and more useless to Blaine as he watched the slowly widening, thinly contemptuous smile that told him, as plainly as spoken words, that Andy saw nothing here to be afraid of; that, even if his bare hands could outmatch that ready, watchful gun and the cold, killer's brain behind it, he wouldn't see any reason for trying it.

Under the grin, presently, even Coelho's nerves frayed a little and his buttery voice found a rough edge:

"Where's the big laugh, ape? Look funny to yuh, do I, huh?"

"Kind of," Andy said. "Always strikes me sort of com'cal, finding out how many things a real smart, good-learned man like you can be dumb about. Like that there coal-oil lamp, f'r instance—"

Coelho's eyes flicked sidewise for a moment. Just long enough for Andy Webb's arm to twitch up the lift latch. In Ed Blaine's ear the wind seemed to send up a great roaring laugh as it shouldered the door open and came rioting in. For a split second he saw a puff of smoky flame hang above the lamp chimney. Then blackness, with a gun flash stabbing across it, a spit of curses, ending queerly in a muffled, choking groan. And Andy Webb's voice, calm, unhurried, still touched with that thin, half-pitying contempt:

"That's right. Lay real still and I won't have to wring the neck clean off'n you. Not that you'd be much of a loss to the murder business, though—a man that depends on a coal-oil lamp to shoot by, and then sets it right where I can let a gale of wind come in and blow it out!"

Unhap[illegible]py [illegible]d

By [illegible]

We're still crowding out the Indian. This time it's his fishing rights that are in danger. Maybe he will have to pay a toll every time he goes fishing for salmon

Charley [illegible], [illegible] Billy [illegible] shermen

VINTON HALL

AT THE last big drop of the Columbia River on its swift course to the Pacific, Abe Showaway and four or five thousand other Indians are making a final defense of the heritage which was theirs. All else that belonged to the red man is gone. Even his lands have been taken from him. Celilo Falls is his last stand. There he is a warrior still, fishing exactly as Indians were fishing when they held dominion over North America, except that the white man has told him he must have a fishing license.

The "X" marks with which William Chinook, Elash Kish Kic, Mission John and other chiefs ceded to the United States an area as large as England were not put to the Treaty of Wasco in 1855 until a clause had been included assuring the Indians perpetual fishing rights at Celilo Falls. Almost within sight of the white plumes of the tumbling river, the treaty was drawn up and signed and sent by military courier to far-off Washington D. C.

The Treaty of Wasco, ratified by Congress and proclaimed by President James Buchanan, made no mention of poundage fees, fishing licenses, game wardens, state policemen, open and closed seasons and huge dams across the Columbia. The right of the Indians to fish forever for the giant Chinook salmon was not limited or qualified. Now restrictions have been imposed, and the warriors are waging a resolute campaign of opposition.

"If white man can tell us go get fishing license," argues wise old Tommy Thompson, chief of the Celilo Indians, "maybe by an' by he can tell us go 'way from falls all time and no fish any more."

The controversy involves not only the federal government, with which the Indian tribes made their treaty eighty-four years ago, but also the states of Oregon and Washington, which are separated by the river at Celilo Falls. Washington forms the north shore of the Columbia, Oregon the south. These states have been exclusively responsible for such restraints as fishing licenses and game inspectors. The dams blocking the river, with their threat to the future of the salmon runs, are solely the product of the federal government.

The red men believe that this encroachment imperils their very livelihood. Royal Chinook salmon from the Columbia River may be a rare treat in restaurant or dining car, but at Celilo Falls it is actual subsistence for hundreds of Indian families. Salmon to these original Americans is the equivalent of rice to the Japanese. This explains the perseverance and resourcefulness with which the tribes are protesting denial of their treaty rights.

When ordered by game wardens to fish on the Columbia according to state regulations, the Sokulk Indians in Washington began a campaign of passive resistance. They put away their dipnets and spears and let the salmon thrash upstream unmolested. Hunger invaded

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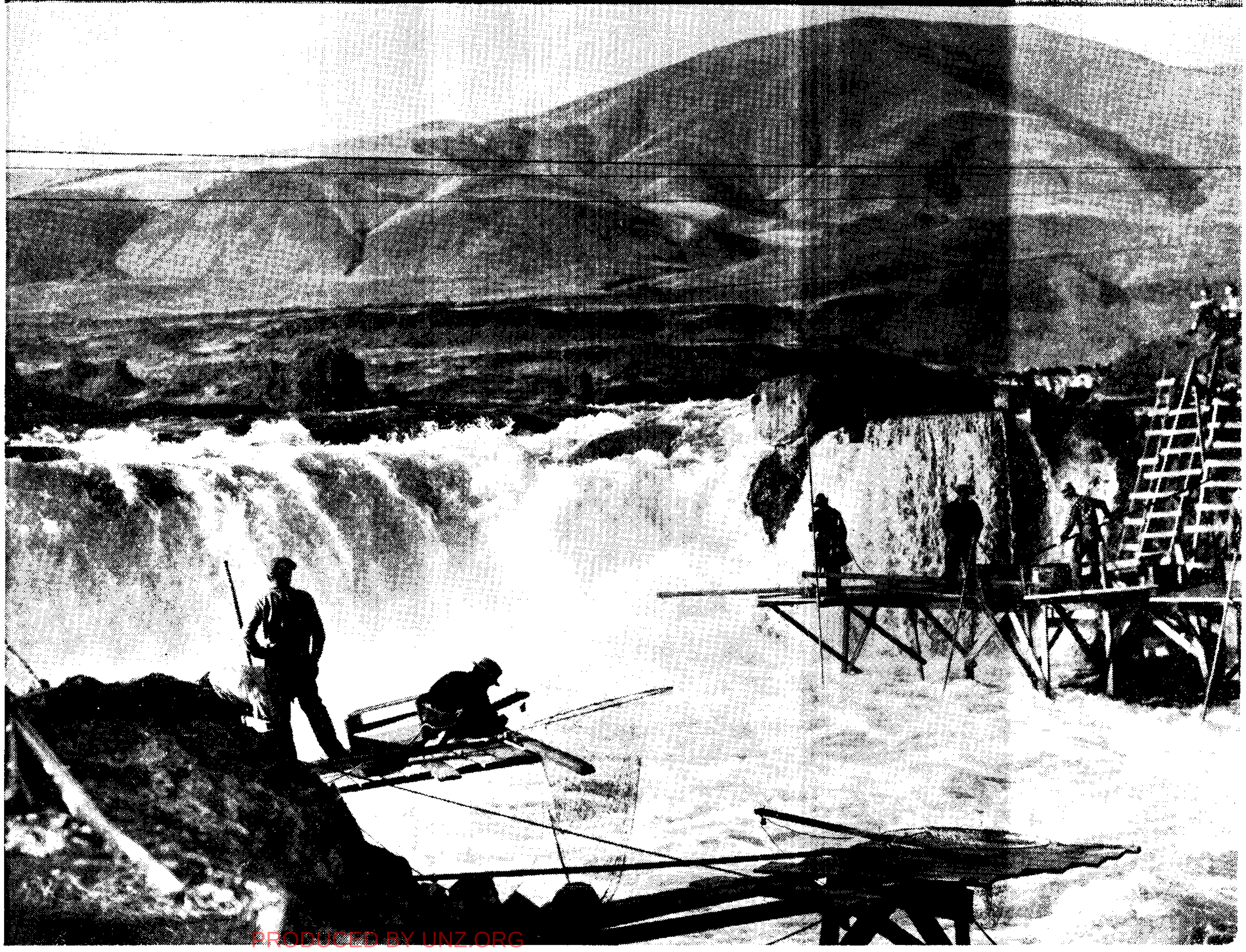
RALPH GIFFORD



The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

WEALTHY Philip Fordyce, a San Francisco lawyer, has a confidential talk with one of his stenographers, Jocelyn Britton. He informs her that his sixteen-year-old daughter, Norma, has run away from a school in Italy and is en route to San Francisco. He asks Jocelyn if she will come to his Burlingame estate and become Norma's adviser, companion and chaperon.

Hesitant for a time, Jocelyn finally agrees to co-operate. . . . Norma arrives. She does not relish the idea of being chaperoned; but she likes Jocelyn, and soon the two are flitting about in the gay, golden world of San Francisco's wealthy younger crowd. . . .

Meanwhile, another, and more serious, problem has arisen to confront Jocelyn. For two years she had fancied herself in love with a married man—Kent Dunham. Then—after Dunham had informed her, bluntly, that he was going to Portland to live and that they must forget each other—she had suddenly awakened to the realization that she had never really loved the man.

Jocelyn accompanies Norma to a fancy-dress dance. The guests assemble late; most of them are very young. Jocelyn, keeping an eye on Norma, notes that the girl is drinking more than she should.

Shortly before the party breaks up, young Charles van der Lipp comes to Jocelyn and tells her that Norma, another girl and two boys have hopped in a car and started for Santa Barbara (three hundred miles away).

Mrs. Fordyce is nowhere to be found. Jocelyn motors to her new home. Norma is not there; nor is her grandmother. What to do? Jocelyn feels that there is but one answer. She has a bag packed. With the bag in her hand, she leaves the house, takes a taxi. "Mills Field," she says to the driver. "There's a plane waiting. I have to be in Santa Barbara by eight o'clock."

V

SHE had never been in a plane before. There was one bad moment. The moment in which she climbed in, and was advised to buckle her belt about her. Then all other sensation than one of pleasure and excitement and amazement disappeared. To rise on a great easy sweep into the dark; to see the lights wheel and lessen below her and the world rush backward under the moonlight, was all sheer delight.

There was a soft pillow under her head and a warm rug over her. Jocelyn was tired; she was almost immediately asleep.

When she was roused by the pilot's voice it was to a second of alarm again.

"What is it? We're coming down?"

"We're at Santa Barbara," the man said. Jocelyn started up, staggered out to cold air and the chill winter dawn, stood unsteadily, dazed and thrilled and unutterably triumphant.

"I don't believe it!" she said, still stupid with sleep.

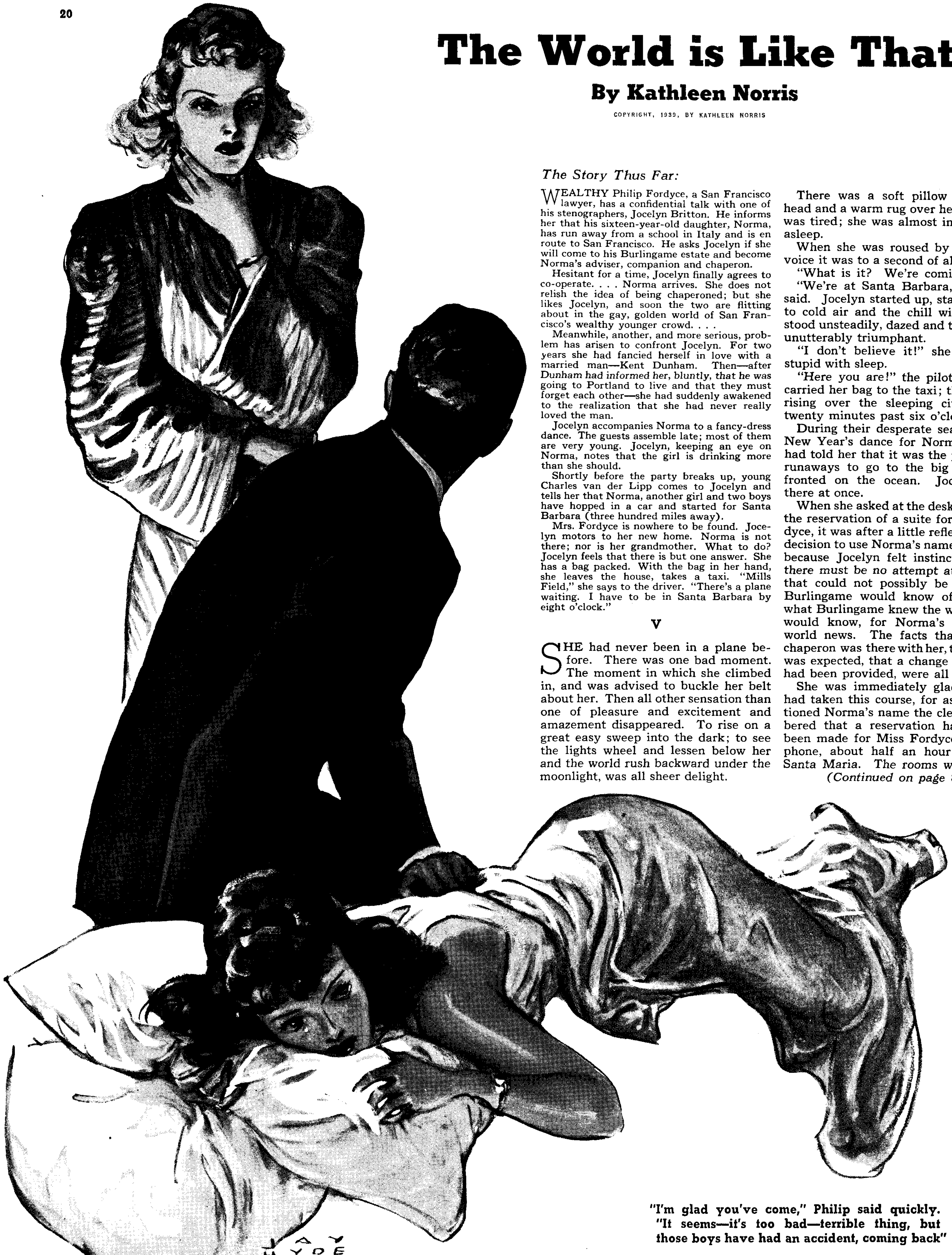
"Here you are!" the pilot said. He carried her bag to the taxi; the sun was rising over the sleeping city; it was twenty minutes past six o'clock.

During their desperate search at the New Year's dance for Norma, Charles had told her that it was the plan of the runaways to go to the big hotel that fronted on the ocean. Jocelyn went there at once.

When she asked at the desk to register the reservation of a suite for Miss Fordyce, it was after a little reflection. The decision to use Norma's name was made because Jocelyn felt instinctively that there must be no attempt at a secrecy that could not possibly be preserved. Burlingame would know of this, and what Burlingame knew the whole world would know, for Norma's name was world news. The facts that Norma's chaperon was there with her, that Norma was expected, that a change of clothing had been provided, were all important.

She was immediately glad that she had taken this course, for as she mentioned Norma's name the clerk remembered that a reservation had already been made for Miss Fordyce; by telephone, about half an hour ago from Santa Maria. The rooms were ready;

(Continued on page 82)



"I'm glad you've come," Philip said quickly. "It seems—it's too bad—terrible thing, but those boys have had an accident, coming back"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Queen Bea

By Robert Minton

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

The world's finest mimic and comedienne: Bea Lillie, more formally known as Miss Beatrice Lillie or as Lady Peel

WHEN you hear a hurdy-gurdy play in New York then you know that the silly season is here. That's why I wasn't a bit surprised. There right in front of a large church on Park Avenue was a hurdy-gurdy couple with mustached operator and little brown monkey. The hurdy-gurdy was playing a song called On the Sentimental Side. It is a very catchy tune and, as I said, I wasn't surprised to see a slim, well-dressed gal doing a solo dance to its rhythm right out there in front of everybody. It was quite early in the morning and her only audience was the mustached music master, the monkey and a reflective street cleaner who was leaning on his long-handled broom. The music finished, the slim, well-dressed gal pirouetted sprightly, bowed pertly to her audience and came walking down the street.

The gal behaving in such undignified fashion was Lady Peel, sometimes known as Miss Beatrice Lillie, often known as Bea and almost always known at Beattie.

"It was such fun," Lady Peel gurgled. "You know that's my favorite tune. Bing Crosby and I sang it in Dr. Rhythm."

"It was quite an undignified performance," I suggested, "and I am glad Mr. Coward wasn't here to see it."

"He would have joined me," Bea said. "Noel loves to dance to the music of a hurdy-gurdy."

Bea Lillie has every lovable and charming characteristic known to womanhood except the dubious one of dignity.

Like all great masters of humor, she was born with a chuckle in her heart. She has laughed and made others laugh ever since she was only that high back in Toronto.

How a Mimic is Born

Her first audience was the one at the church that the Lillie family attended. It gets quite warm in Toronto during the summer months. The elder female members of the congregation invariably brought fans with them. As the heat increased and as the fervor of the preacher arose so did the tempo of the fans increase. Fourteen-year-old Bea Lillie thought that what was good enough for the old folks was good enough for her, so she brought a fan to church one fine day.

Bea wasn't quite sure how to wield it, so she imitated the woman who sat in front of her. As this pious spinster increased speed, so did Bea. Now and then the elderly woman would slow down the better to reflect upon the words of wisdom from the pulpit. When she slowed down Bea slowed down. All unconsciously she began to mimic every gesture made by the woman in front of her.

Gradually the attention of the congregation shifted from the pulpit to the pew in which Bea sat. Gradually snickers were heard from the less reverent worshipers while gasps of horror came from the conservative element. Bea in the throes of her first creative characterization was unconscious of both until a tight clasp on her arm and her mother's voice saying ominously, "Beatrice, stop that, and I will have something to say to you when we get home," brought her out of the creative daze.

"And that," Bea says dolefully today, "is how a mimic is born."

Bea always had the knack of making people laugh, but only when she was not trying to make them laugh. There was the time (still fourteen) when she swiped a package from the grocery store. She thought it a big joke and she hurried home to share the laugh with her mother. Much to Bea's surprise her mother did not laugh. Instead she told Bea to return the package and to tell the grocer what she had done. Properly penitent, sad-eyed and wistful, she returned to the store and handed the grocer her ill-gotten gains.

"I feel very bad about taking this," she confessed tremulously. "If you only knew how bad I feel about it, you would let me keep it."

Much to Bea's surprise, the grocer and a few waiting customers roared with laughter and the grocer told her to keep the package. She didn't realize it then but that incident marked her debut as a professional comedienne. It was the first time she had been paid for making people laugh—and she hadn't meant to make them laugh.

They Laughed in the Wrong Places

It was shortly after this that Bea's mother, who was known as Lucie Shaw, went on a tour. She was a concert singer and she took her two children along for the ride. Bea and her sister Muriel soon worked themselves into the act. Muriel was a really fine piano player.

At first Bea would only carry out the cards telling that the next number would

(Continued on page 64)

Get Your Man

By Wilton Matthews

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

He wasn't good enough for her. He told her so. Maybe she believed him. But what difference could that make?

IT OCCURRED to Alec, uneasily, that he was in love. The girl's back was to the table and almost unconsciously he moved his hand from her waist to the glasses and ice cubes. Clinking sounds for any curious listener out in the living room.

Lo-ove. After all these years, the real thing. He ought to laugh but you don't laugh when you find something you've wanted—and know it's all wrong. He had just identified his uneasiness as the familiar sensation that This Has Happened Before.

It had. Too often in the past ten years.

Not the way he felt about Christine, but the way he was doing it. Sly caresses, casual petting in corners; he knew all the moves.

And this girl wasn't the sort who kissed in kitchens.

He lifted his head and looked at her mouth. It was a young, an honest mouth. She kissed without any tricks. He felt ashamed.

"Look, honey. We'd better get these drinks mixed or people will come looking for us."

"I don't care," she whispered. Her eyes didn't open. Against her fair skin, the lashes were clean and long as a baby's. "I don't care what they think about us, do you?"

Gently he put her hands down from his shoulders. He turned to line up the glasses. "You'd better care," he said lightly. "I'm poison to little girls' reputations."

He poured two ounces of whisky into each glass and dropped in an ice cube. That gone feeling below his diaphragm wasn't, after all, the tail end of a hang-over, but the stirrings of conscience. For the first time in these two giddy weeks he had known her, he saw things clearly. Christine Loudon was young, too young, and in just about every other way she wasn't his kind. He was no good for her.

He wished now that she wouldn't stand so close, wouldn't look up that way, as if she couldn't get enough of seeing him. Under artificial light her eyes weren't quite green; he didn't remember how they were in daylight. Her hair just missed being red and there were sparks in it. A shower of them had got inside Alec and made him tingle; that was all. He could get over that.

"You remember last night?" she asked dreamily.

"Some of it." The first part and the last, but not the midriff. Those last few drinks had been better given to charity.

He had awakened just before daylight leaning heavily on Christine, who didn't seem to mind. She just murmured, "Poor Alec," and patted his hand, and kept on driving his car downtown with the windows open to give him air. They parked on Brooklyn Bridge and broke the law for twenty minutes, watching the sunrise. It seemed to him he had mentioned love there.

Romance preceding a hang-over, he jeered now. Depressingly familiar. Damn it, he was thirty-one today.

He poured soda in the final glass, punched each ice cube with a swizzle stick.

"How old are you, Christine?"

"I told you. Almost twenty-one."

I am a heel, Alec thought. Though I knew that before. Well, goodby, baby. No more playing around. I drink too much; I play the horses; I throw away my money. I've been kicked out of one job after another. I can't be depended on. I've gone a little crazy about you, but I'm no good. And I'm going to do one decent thing in my life and tell you so.

Christine slipped her arm about his waist and her palm was warm through his shirt. About her was a subtle fragrance that reminded him of dew on violets . . . the violets he had given to girls who wore perfume suggestive of boudoirs. She asked with a little burble of laughter, but nervous:

"You don't remember anything else about last night?"

"Anything special?"

"To me it was. Isn't it sort of special when you ask a girl to marry you?"

THIS was news to Alec. His hand shook setting a glass on the tray. Now was the time to do it. "If I said that"—he carefully didn't look at her—"then I was drunk. I had no right to ask you to marry me."

Her arm fell from his waist. Out of the corner of his eye he saw her mouth tremble and hated himself. "We couldn't possibly marry, Christine. More than that, we can't go on like this. I shan't see you any more."

There it was, the clean break you hear about. A clean break of the heart. He said more, but she mustn't have heard him, for she just kept looking up that way as if she were starved for seeing him. All she said was, "Do you still love me?"

Alec said, "I'll get your purse and things; you won't have to say goodby to the others. I'd better take you home."

Christine had come to New York to visit her father. Alec drove back down to Fourteenth Street from their Sutton Place apartment and returned to the party because he needed company and noise to keep him from thinking, and maybe a drink would help, too.

Linda Carr opened the door for him. He said, "How about a slug of that fifteen-year-old Scotch that packs such a kick?"

"You look pale, Alec."

"I feel pale."

He followed her into the kitchen, and she poured him a drink. "Where's Christine?" she asked.

"It's all over. We're quits." He gulped down the Scotch and still felt pale.

"Ah, she was sweet! I'm sorry. What was it?"

"I don't want to talk about it," he said shortly. Yet he did, to Linda. He'd always told her his troubles. "She's too young and not my kind, that's all. She was taking me too seriously. Just an innocent small-town kid. Who'd think she would fall for me?"

"The younger they are, the harder they fall—for glamor."

"Me? Glamor? I'll have another drink on that."

"You have a way, darling, and a permanent look of being gloriously dissipated. You throw away money and go to hell with an air. Even the morning after, you look as if you'd had fun. You do say the nicest things, Alec, whether or not you remember them. You make beautiful love, too, I hear."

"Smooth like a snake," he said. She liked him for blushing. He was really quite simple, she thought. He drank and gambled away his money; what she remembered was the times he bought toys for all the kids in the block. He made dates and forgot them and maybe was frivolous; but she knew when he had spent his last dollar on flowers for her. His apartment usually was home for two or three cats he had bought or adopted; Linda had endowed a special corner of heaven for men who loved cats.

"Like a snake, huh?" She rumpled his hair. "I bet you're nuts about that girl."

He picked up his drink. "Let's go in and join the party."

ALEC dug out a cigarette. John Loudon lighted a cigar as coffee and brandy were served. He was gray and bulky and looked like a detective out of the movies. Against his will, Alec liked him.

"I'll talk straight, Frazier. You've met me only once before today, but I know all about you. My daughter is inexperienced and young. She's impulsive. I took the liberty of having an

"I don't care," she whispered. Her eyes didn't open. "I don't care what they think about us, do you?" Gently he put her hands down

agency investigate you. Frankly, you're not a man I'd pick for her."

"Just as frankly," Alec said, "I'm not a man *I'd* pick for her." He wondered whether to be amused or angry at the idea of private detectives looking him up. "I told her that last night, so you're a bit late. Christine and I are through."

"Evidently you don't know her."

"We won't see each other again, if that's what you're worried about."

"I want you to see her. I don't like to see work left unfinished. It doesn't seem to bother you that Christine is still in love with you."

"Naturally it does," said Alec, blushing. "I'm not that big a heel."

"You can prove that," John Loudon said. He rested both elbows on the table and examined the ash of his cigar. "Here's what I mean—but let me tell you what I know about you: When you came to New York ten years ago you were a photographer, a good one; took prizes in exhibitions; worked in one of the best studios. You were going places . . . only you didn't have what it takes.

"A year after your father died and left you an income of two hundred a month, you had gone to pot. Drink, gambling, women. You let your work slide, drifted from job to job because you didn't care. Your backbone got soft; you didn't have to earn your living. You were a remittance man and you learned to be a small-time playboy on your two hundred. You still get occasional jobs but haven't the guts to hold one."

Alec grinned, feeling that the blood had left his lips. "You don't spare the horses, do you?"

"I don't mean to. I have to show you what I mean. You're just about everything I don't admire in a man and my daughter is eating her heart out over you. Oh, she knows what you are, how you live, but it's all romantic to her. If she doesn't see you again she'll get over you, of course—then be ripe to fall for someone just like you. Next time she mightn't be so lucky. I admit you were decent enough to give her up."

"Thanks," Alec said. "You despise me and you want to hand your daughter back to me. You're cold-blooded."

"Whatever you please. The point is, you got her in love with you; be man enough to get her out. I want her to be disgusted with you and your kind. I want her to remember you with shame . . . for her own good."

Alec finished his brandy. "It's crazy as hell," he said bitterly. "I'm only human, you know. I wouldn't have anything to do with it except that—well, I'm all you say I am, but I love Christine."

"I know. That's why I asked you."

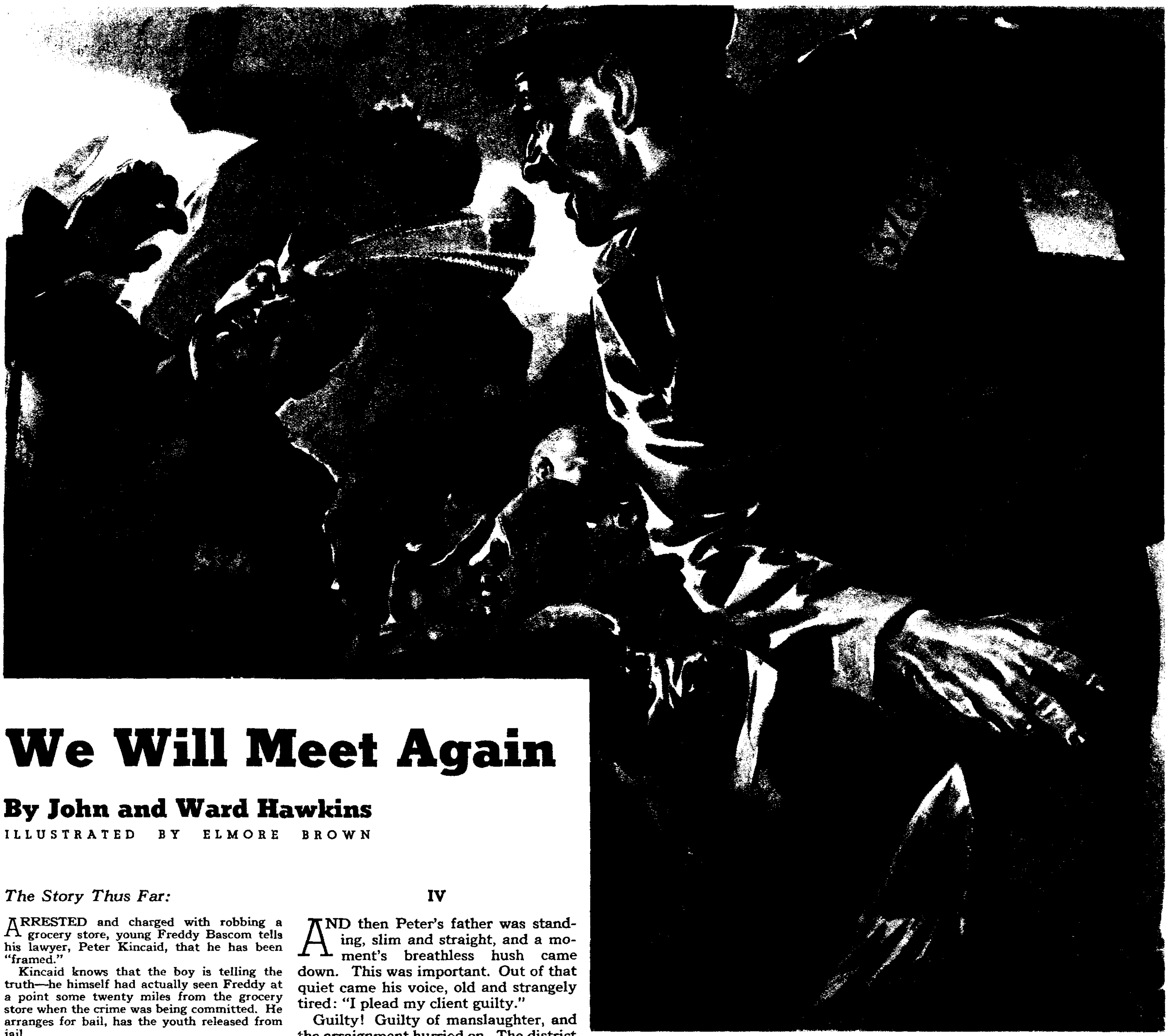
AFTER a week, he knew that it was incredibly harder than he had thought it could be. They were passing Tarrytown. The banks of the Hudson had fallen away distantly and the boat was joined to one of them by a mile-long unwinking bar of moonlight, as though oil of silver had been poured on the water. Palely illumined deck chairs were pulled together by twos. From the shadows a hum of voices and careless laughter reached Alec and Christine, standing at the rail. They had not had a good time at Bear Mountain. Alec resented the excursion spirit of the crowd. I can't keep this up much longer, he thought.

"It's not much fun for me," Christine said listlessly. "I don't know where I am. You pick me up and you throw me down. I don't see why you fool with me at all. Is it because you still like me? It's not the same, though, is it?"

Alec's hands tightened over the rail. "This," he mentioned, "is the widest part of the river until you get down to the harbor."

At first he had thought he could manage it. She had been happy as a kid when he telephoned her again but she was so crazy about him that nothing he

(Continued on page 66)



Peter hurled a cup at him, and plunged in Timberline's wake

We Will Meet Again

By John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

ARRESTED and charged with robbing a grocery store, young Freddy Bascom tells his lawyer, Peter Kincaid, that he has been "framed."

Kincaid knows that the boy is telling the truth—he himself had actually seen Freddy at a point some twenty miles from the grocery store when the crime was being committed. He arranges for bail, has the youth released from jail.

A short time later, the Kincaids—Peter and his wife, Paula—dine with Max Sandstrom, a man of wealth and great political power. Sandstrom entertains his guests with accounts of his experiences when he had been a convict! Later, alone with Peter, he offers the young lawyer a position on his legal staff—a position that, Peter gathers, would mean he would have to engage in an important secret real-estate deal. Peter, puzzled by the offer (Sandstrom has plenty of astute lawyers working for him), says that he will think the matter over.

Following the dinner, Peter observes that he is being shadowed by Joe Hicks, a deputy sheriff. Hicks finally speaks to him, offers him three thousand dollars if he will "throw" the Bascom case, permit the boy to be convicted! An altercation ensues, and Peter knocks the man down.

Leaving his prostrate adversary, Peter goes home. Ben Wood, a detective, is waiting for him. Wood says that Hicks is dead—that Peter killed him; and he places Peter under arrest. . . . Released, on bail, Peter has a talk with Donald James, an assistant district attorney. James, a close friend, intimates subtly that Hicks had been in the pay of Max Sandstrom.

Sandstrom admits that he had hired Hicks to shadow Peter, and to offer him a bribe—so *as to learn if Peter was honest!*

Sandstrom then makes a suggestion: that Peter plead guilty. He says that he will "fix" the district attorney and the judge, and that Peter's sentence (a mild one) will be suspended. After which, he adds, Peter can go to work for him. . . . In the courtroom Paula, tense, nervous, hears him accused of "willfully striking and thereby causing the death of one Joseph Hicks."

IV

AND then Peter's father was standing, slim and straight, and a moment's breathless hush came down. This was important. Out of that quiet came his voice, old and strangely tired: "I plead my client guilty."

Guilty! Guilty of manslaughter, and the arraignment hurried on. The district attorney made a case of clipped precise phrases. There was no rest. The judge nodded, when the district attorney had finished, and spoke to Stanley Kincaid:

"Does your client waive time?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

The judge looked at Peter. "Stand up."

Peter obeyed slowly. His hands were braced on the table top; his shoulders oddly hunched. Paula was braced with him. Her fingers grasped something soft, bit in.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

"No," said Peter thickly.

"I sentence you," said the judge, and the words were as dry as the scratch of the clerk's pen. "I sentence you to eight years in the state prison."

Eight years! Nothing suspended, not even so much as a single day. And there it was—

Perhaps there is a limit to what a woman can endure. And it might be that after this limit is reached horror and grief lose their potency, and become only reflections of themselves, incapable of harm. Paula had thought to hear this would cost her life, and strangely it did not even hurt.

Her mind was clear. Except for a cold numbness she felt the same. There was no hysteria. No tears. The courtroom was not even blurred. She could see each line of Peter's face. His eyes were oddly glazed and the clean line of his cheek seemed blurred. Paula looked away.

And then, close by, a soft voice said, "Harder—if it helps. . . ."

The young reporter's voice. Paula looked down. Her fingers were buried deep in the flesh of his arm. He did not flinch, nor draw away. His arm was there for her, yielding to her will. Things lost their clearness then.

"Yes—" she whispered. And the last ounce of strength went into the cruel pressure of her fingers. "Almighty God—"

THE deputy was big and two sets of handcuffs made a bright, clattering sound as he slapped them against his leg. A gun was thrust down in his waistband, and the pale kid who stood near the wall whispered, "Belly holster," and stared as though unable to look away.

"Four of you guys," the deputy said, in a slow and heavy voice. "Davis, Kincaid, Morrison and Kaufman. Come on, let's get under way!"

The pale kid said, "What's the hurry? I got ten years, ain't I? I'm in no hell of a rush."

The deputy said, "Have it your way," and cuffed Peter Kincaid and the pale kid together. The other set of handcuffs he used on a shambling Negro and a swart little man whose mustache was waxed to fierce, thin points. He stepped back then, and tipped his head to look at them.

"All pretty," he said, "let's go."

Peter Kincaid flinched at the pull of metal upon his wrist and the pale kid grinned at him out of eyes that were peaked and sharp. "Makin' it tough, huh?" he said. "This your first time up?"

Peter Kincaid said, "Yes."

"Let your arm hang straight down an' the cuff won't show," the pale kid said. "And you might gi' me a smoke."

Peter Kincaid extended his case.

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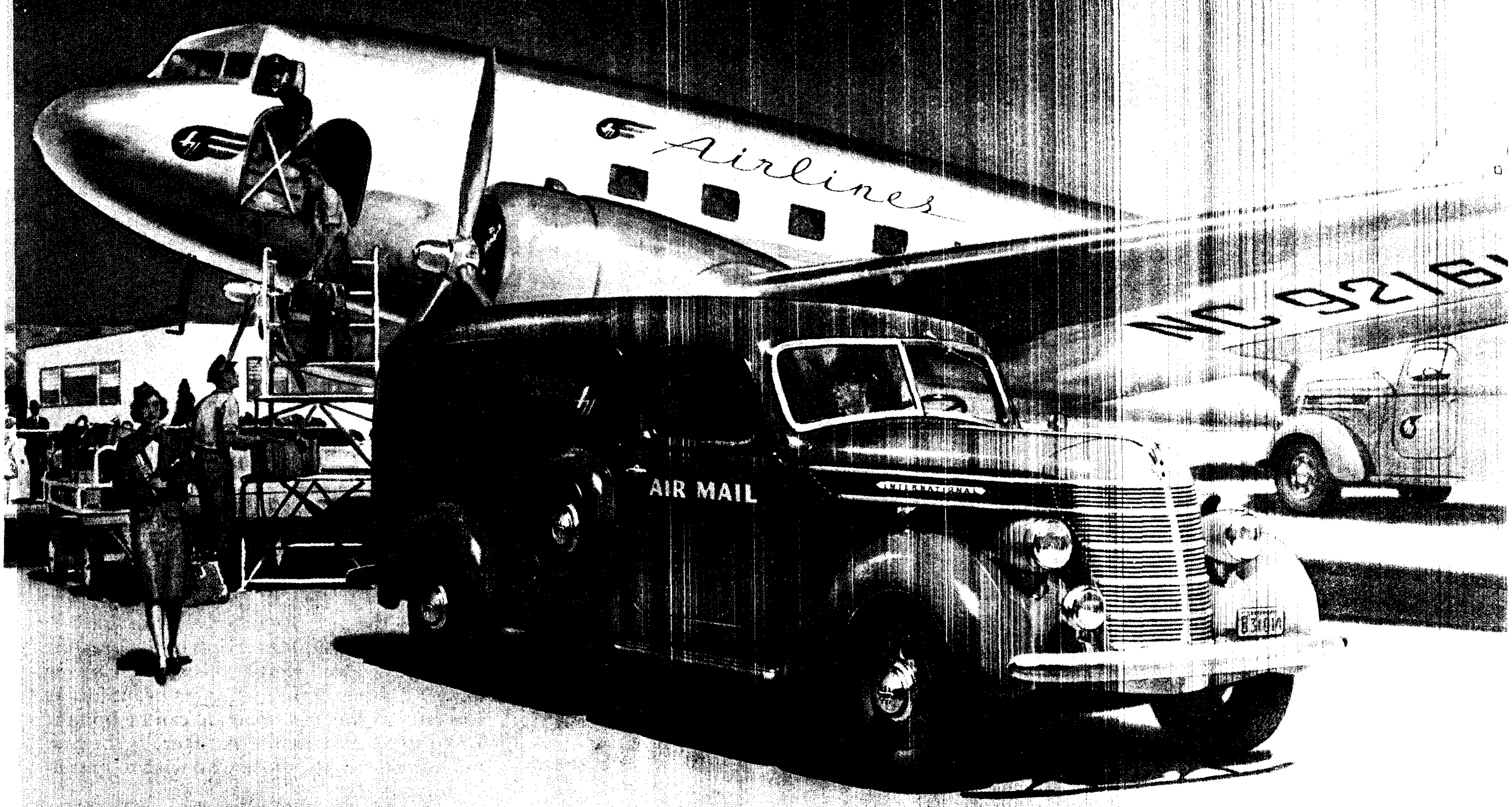
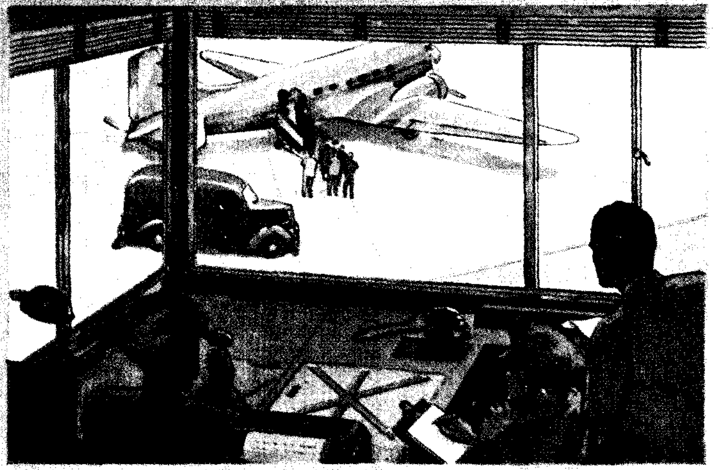
Wings over INTERNATIONALS!





Traffic Cops of the Air: At major terminals, planes landing, planes leaving, planes in the air or on the ground are all subject to the expert supervision of a central Traffic Control. Give credit to these men, to pilots and engineers, to mechanics and maintenance men . . . and to the world-famous International Trucks which contribute to the split-second efficiency of modern airways.

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Pontiac

PRESENTS

The Year's Four Best Reasons For Buying a New Car

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

With a bigger, better, low-priced Special Six . . . . with a completely re-styled and improved De Luxe Six and De Luxe Eight . . . . and with the luxurious and distinguished new Torpedo Eight—Pontiac makes 1940 a year of years for buyers in four great price fields. From economy to luxury the Pontiac line of Silver Streaks is now complete!

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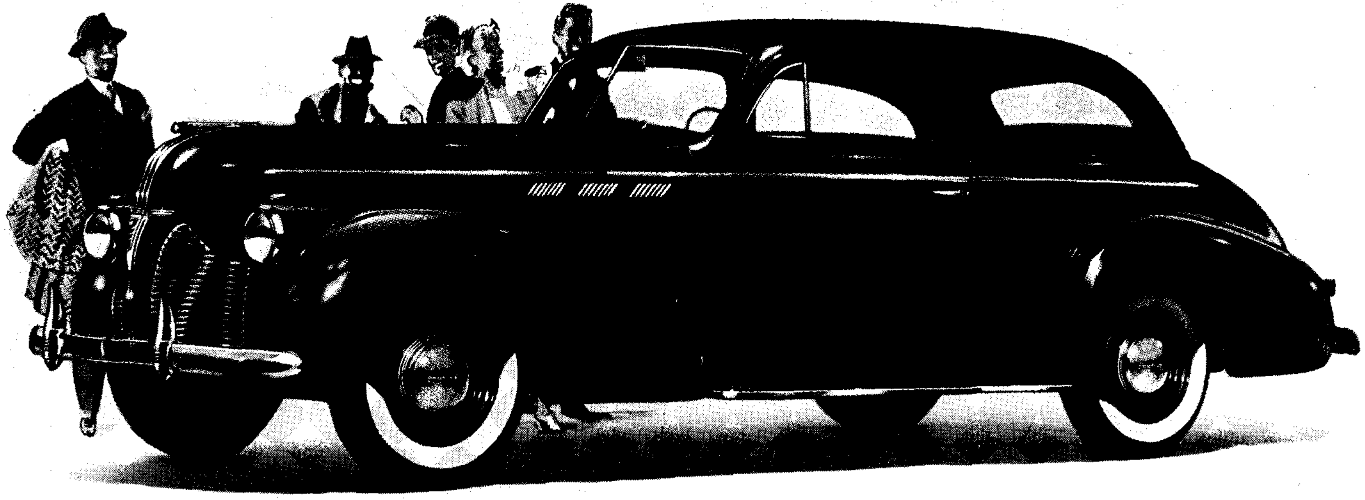
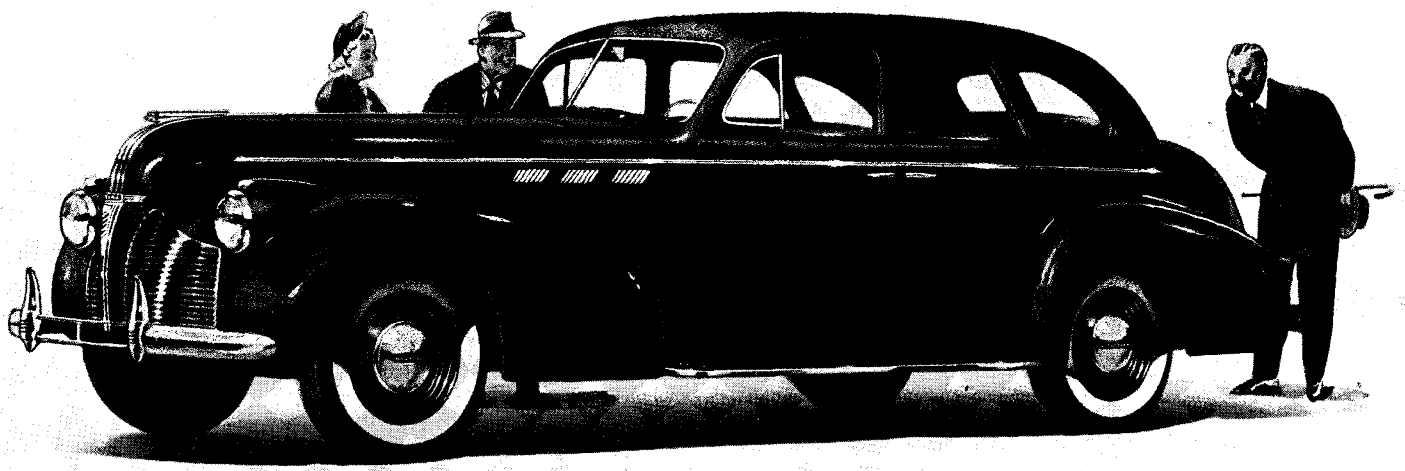


Special Six

TWO-DOOR SEDAN

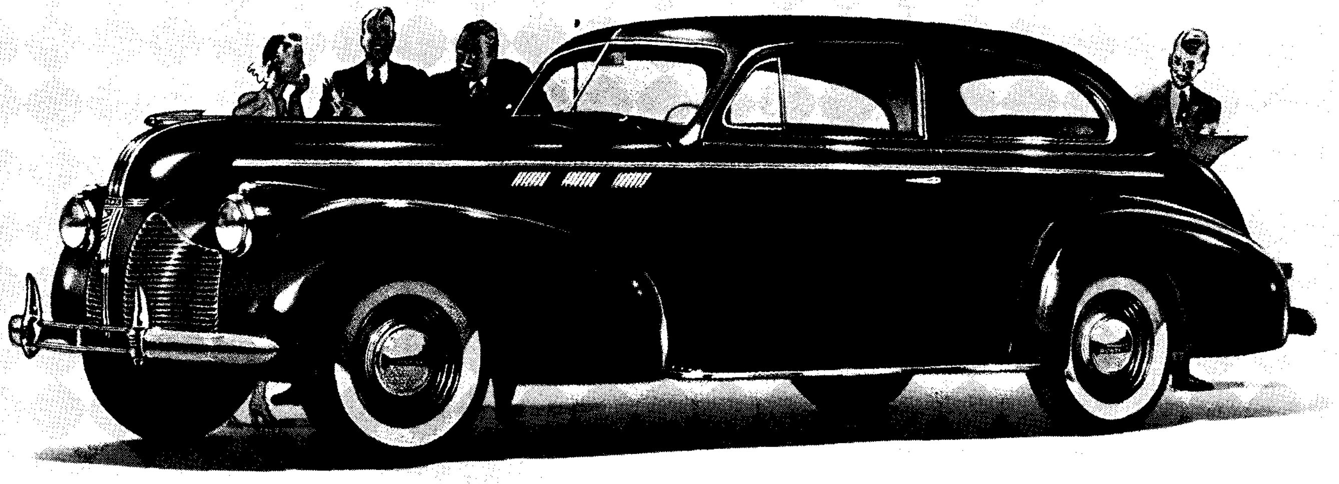
117" WHEELBASE • 87 HORSEPOWER



De Luxe Six

FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

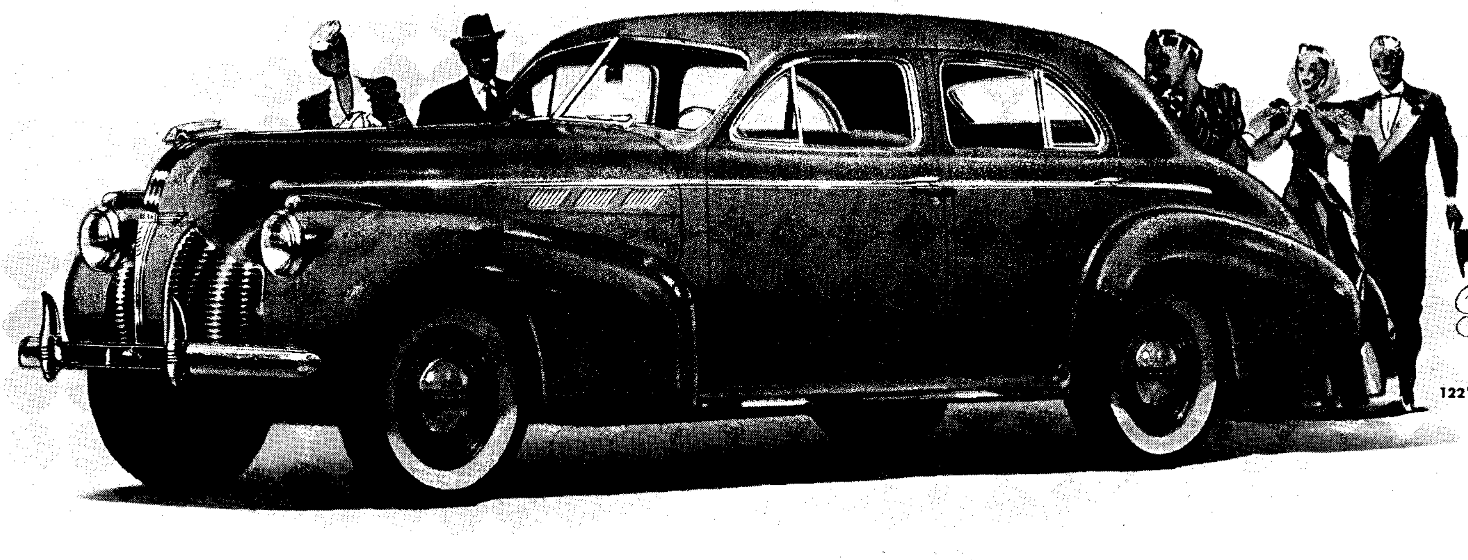
120" WHEELBASE • 87 HORSEPOWER



De Luxe Eight

TWO-DOOR SEDAN

120" WHEELBASE • 100 HORSEPOWER

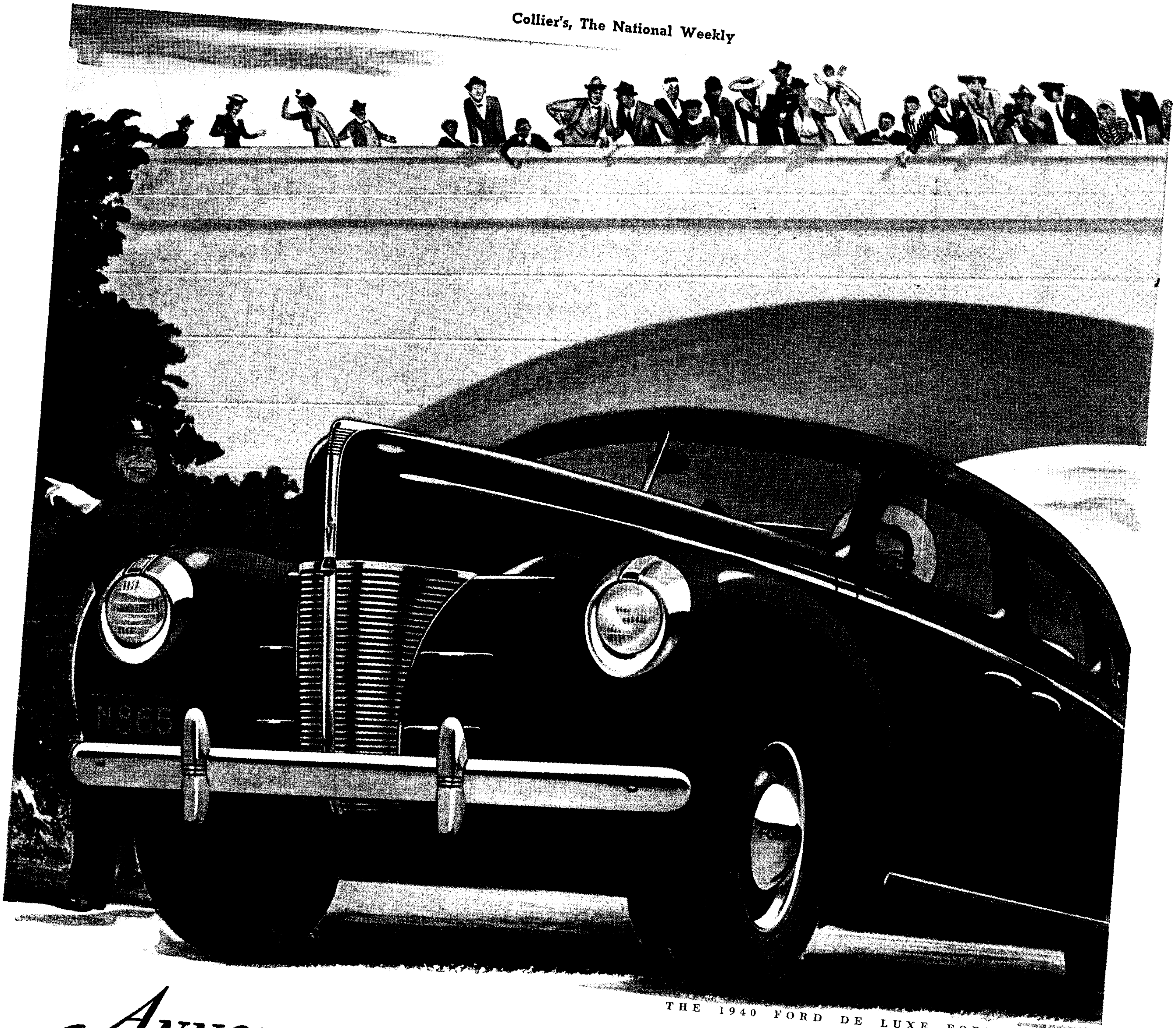


Torpedo Eight

FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

122" WHEELBASE • 103 HORSEPOWER

with Special Dual Carburetion



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Ford

Living on Liver

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

That sounds like cruel punishment—especially if you don't like liver. But it's how a person with pernicious anemia can live. And he can do it without tasting liver. We've come far since Dr. Minot revoked the sentence of death for the disease. Here are the facts

People were dying for want of what many Englishmen have for breakfast

THERE is a tale that crops up in medical circles from time to time about a prominent Boston lawyer who died of impatience. It's not as funny a story as it sounds either, for, according to the tellers, it actually happened some thirteen years ago. The records never said this lawyer died of impatience, of course. What they said was pernicious anemia, and that was logical enough. People did die of pernicious anemia then; in fact, once they had it they were absolutely certain to die before very long. And this lawyer had it all right; fewer red cells in his blood every time you looked at it, sore tongue, lemon-yellow skin, no hydrochloric acid in his stomach. But it was impatience, all the same, that killed the man.

He knew this pernicious anemia he had was a death warrant, but he could take it a lot better, he told his doctors, than all the long, slow, useless treatment that might keep him alive a few years longer. The only thing was that he had a book he wanted to finish writing before the end. So he went to a noted blood specialist and put it up to him. Couldn't he keep him alive, somehow, just long enough for that?

The specialist did the best he knew how for him. He began giving him transfusions of healthy blood to bolster up those failing blood cells. And he kept on giving them, one a week almost, for a whole year. They couldn't save the lawyer's life or cure his anemia, both he and the doctor knew that, but they could keep him going for a while. And they did, and he worked like mad to finish the book.

When the last proof was corrected and in the hands of the printer he turned to his doctor with a smile and a shrug and said, "Thanks, old man, that'll be enough." And nothing could persuade him to take even one more transfusion. What was the use? he asked. If they hadn't already found a cure, with the best doctors all over the country working on it, they weren't going to find one in his time. It was a losing battle.

But he was wrong, tragically wrong, for right there in his time someone was finding a cure, or at least a way of bringing pernicious anemia patients back to health and keeping them there. An unbelievable way it was, but still a way.

The lawyer died as he was bound to, and six weeks after his death the medical world was sitting around goggle-eyed at the news that George Minot, a Back Bay Boston medical man, was bringing his pernicious anemia patients back to health and keeping them there with, of all impossible things, liver, just plain liver. If our literary lawyer had only taken a little longer over his book, just six transfusions longer. . . .

You don't hear so much about pernicious anemia today. It isn't a tragedy any more. It isn't even serious as serious diseases go, thanks to George Minot and William Murphy who was working with him. And it's hard to remember that only a baker's dozen of years ago it was one of the few absolutely certain death warrants. You might recover from cancer if it was caught in time. You could even lead a useful life with diabetes; Banting had taken that out of the death-warrant class three years earlier when he discovered insulin. But once you had pernicious anemia, once the red cells in your blood began to fade away by the million with no traceable cause, well, you could count your years ahead on less than the fingers of one hand.

A Cure—but How?

But then Minot and Murphy began telling their pernicious anemia patients to eat liver. Not for any terribly good reason. They hadn't much hope that it would work. But a few years before, a man named Whipple working with dogs had found that liver was valuable in anemia following acute hemorrhage, and had done some theorizing that gave Minot and Murphy a sort of hunch that maybe liver . . . Nobody was more surprised than they when those patients got better, and what's more, stayed better. Nobody was more surprised than they when a few years later they got a Nobel prize, a Nobel prize for liver. Why, they hadn't even known when they published news of their absurdly simple treatment what made it work.

But they went right ahead to find out, they and a young fellow named Castle, Castle using his own stomach as a guinea pig. And so today we know why, or think we do, and the facts behind that simple little liver cure are so complicated that it's no wonder it had to be worked out backward.

In the first place—and they knew this long before Minot's time—all the red cells in our blood, the cells that carry oxygen (and oxygen is vital because it's oxygen that sets fire to the food we eat so that it can burn up into energy) are manufactured by the stuff inside our bones called marrow.

This marrow of ours has to keep working all the time, because the average life of a red blood cell is only about two or three months, then it has to be replaced with new ones. When the marrow doesn't work hard enough or when the red cells are eaten up or lost for any reason faster than they can be turned out by the marrow, that's when you have anemia.

Anemia isn't just one disease, though, not by any means. There are a couple of dozen different varieties, but they fall into two pretty definite groups. There are the anemias you get when your marrow is manufacturing plenty of fine, healthy cells but some trouble in the rest of the body is making away with them. This may be from some injury or from an illness such as tuberculosis or advanced gastric ulcer, which causes decided bleeding. Or it may be from some germ getting into the blood and attacking the red cells and killing them faster than they can be made, or it may be from a chemical, such as lead, getting into the blood. In these kinds of anemia the thing to do is to get rid of whatever is causing the loss and try to keep up the patient's strength by transfusions or other methods until you can do that.

Trouble in the Factory

Then there are the kinds of anemia that come from something wrong at the factory. The commonest kind, the kind that people take iron for, is one of these. In this anemia the marrow usually manufactures just about as many red cells as ever but they aren't red enough. If you've ever had a blood count, and most people have at one time or another, and if you managed to get a look at the report, you know they always say, among other things, red cells so many, hemoglobin so much. The hemoglobin, you see, besides being what makes your red cells red, is the part of your cells that carries the oxygen around, so it doesn't matter how many red cells you have if they don't add up to enough hemoglobin to do a proper oxygen-carrying job. And the reason you take iron is that there is iron in the hemoglobin.

Without iron the marrow can't make hemoglobin any more than a car factory can make cars. So if your red cells

The pernicious anemia type is usually past forty with prematurely gray hai

A GOOD APPEARANCE WALKS OFF
when heels get
RUN DOWN

WEARING shoes with shabby, run-down, lopsided heels can spoil a man's smart appearance just as surely as having only one side of his face shaved!

And besides, uneven heels are mighty uncomfortable to walk on — especially if they're the hard kind that make a hammer blow of every step.

If you want to protect your good appearance and your walking comfort both at the same time — just have any good shoe repairman put Wingfoot Heels on your shoes.

These handsome, economical Goodyear heels are made of specially compounded rubber—so *tough* they wear down *evenly*. And so *resilient* that they literally *soak up* the jars and shocks of walking on hard surfaces.

Give Wingfoot Heels a trial. See how they "dress up" your shoes — and boost your comfort.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR

Wingfoot, Tawps — T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR
WINGFOOT HEELS

KEEP SHOES AND FEET STRAIGHT

WOMEN! Do you want heels or lifts that wear at least *twice* as long as ordinary leather ones? Then ask your shoe repairman for TAWPS, made by Goodyear — the new, trim, non-fraying, cushioned-leather lifts for high-heeled shoes!

are short on hemoglobin it usually means there is a shortage of iron at the factory. You haven't been eating enough spinach or navy beans or mushrooms, which incidentally contain a lot more iron than any amount of beefsteak, or, if you have, your system hasn't been absorbing it properly. So you have to get to work and acquire the iron artificially, taking it either in pills or by injection.

Now pernicious anemia, the kind that used to be fatal before Minot and Murphy had their inspiration, has this much in common with iron-deficiency anemia. It comes from something wrong at the factory.

But it's an entirely different kind of something wrong. In pernicious anemia the cells that the marrow turns out have plenty of hemoglobin, sometimes even more than normal, because the marrow is trying to get as much hemoglobin into the blood as possible, but very, very few cells are being manufactured. When pathologists study the bone marrow of a person with pernicious anemia—and they do sometimes, actually snipping out a piece of breastbone that you'd never miss, because this may be the only way of being sure the anemia is pernicious anemia—they find hundreds and hundreds of immature red blood cells but almost no properly developed ones. Something is keeping them from growing up, and that, in a very roundabout way, is where the liver we've been talking about comes in.

How's Your Intrinsic Factor?

It seems there is a mysterious substance secreted by our stomachs that doctors call the intrinsic factor because they don't know anything more definite about it than that. And this substance reacts with another substance in our foods that doctors, again for want of a more definite name, call the extrinsic factor. The extrinsic factor seems to be commonest in beef, which is probably where the idea of giving beefsteak for anemia came from. Well, these two factors, intrinsic and extrinsic, react somehow to form still another substance—remember, I said roundabout—which our bone marrow has to have if it is to form red cells. And this substance—here it comes at last—is stored chiefly in the liver. So what people with pernicious anemia lack is not bone marrow, nor iron nor even liver, but this intrinsic factor.

Doctors know this because no amount of beef will help pernicious anemia a bit, by itself, but give the beef along with some fresh gastric juice from a healthy person who has plenty of intrinsic factor and just watch the red cells pick up. Only, of course, it's easier to give those people the finished product of the intrinsic and extrinsic factor and, since it's in the liver all stored ready and waiting, the thing to do is give them liver. Is it any wonder that most of this was stumbled on almost by accident?

In the past twelve years scientists have got things down to such a fine point that people with pernicious anemia don't even have to eat liver any more if they're sick of it; they don't even have a chance to get sick of it. For that liver has been refined and refined till there is nothing left but the necessary principle, the product of that intrinsic and extrinsic factor. So today, instead of dying as they would have thirteen years ago, instead even of eating liver till they hate the sight of it, all people with pernicious anemia have to do is take a few shots, every day, usually till their red-cell count gets up to normal, but then only every week or two, and go on about their business. And still people persist in talking about the good old days.

Now you'd think that since pernicious anemia is a blood disease the only place your doctor would look to diagnose it would be in your blood. But you're wrong. If he knows his stuff he'll look at your face and figure and tongue and inside your stomach, and inquire about your hands and feet as well. All that your blood can tell him, you see, is how many red cells you have and what they look like. And just as a rash on your face may be measles or prickly heat or chicken pox or poison ivy, just the same way your blood may say pernicious anemia when what you really have is cancer of the stomach. So a really thorough doctor will usually take an X-ray of the stomach to rule out cancer before he toys seriously with the thought of pernicious anemia, and meanwhile he'll give the once-over to your face and figure and hands and feet and stomach and tongue. We'll get to the reason for that later.

In the first place there seems to be a pernicious anemia type for some mysterious reason. People who develop it are apt to be over forty, with rather broad faces, wide-set blue eyes, prematurely gray hair and deep chests. They're more than apt, because of the scarcity of red cells, to have a characteristic pallor with just a faint lemon tinge to it.

Then too, pernicious anemia, again for some mysterious reason, is rare in Negroes, rare in the tropics, rare in people under thirty and almost unheard of in children.

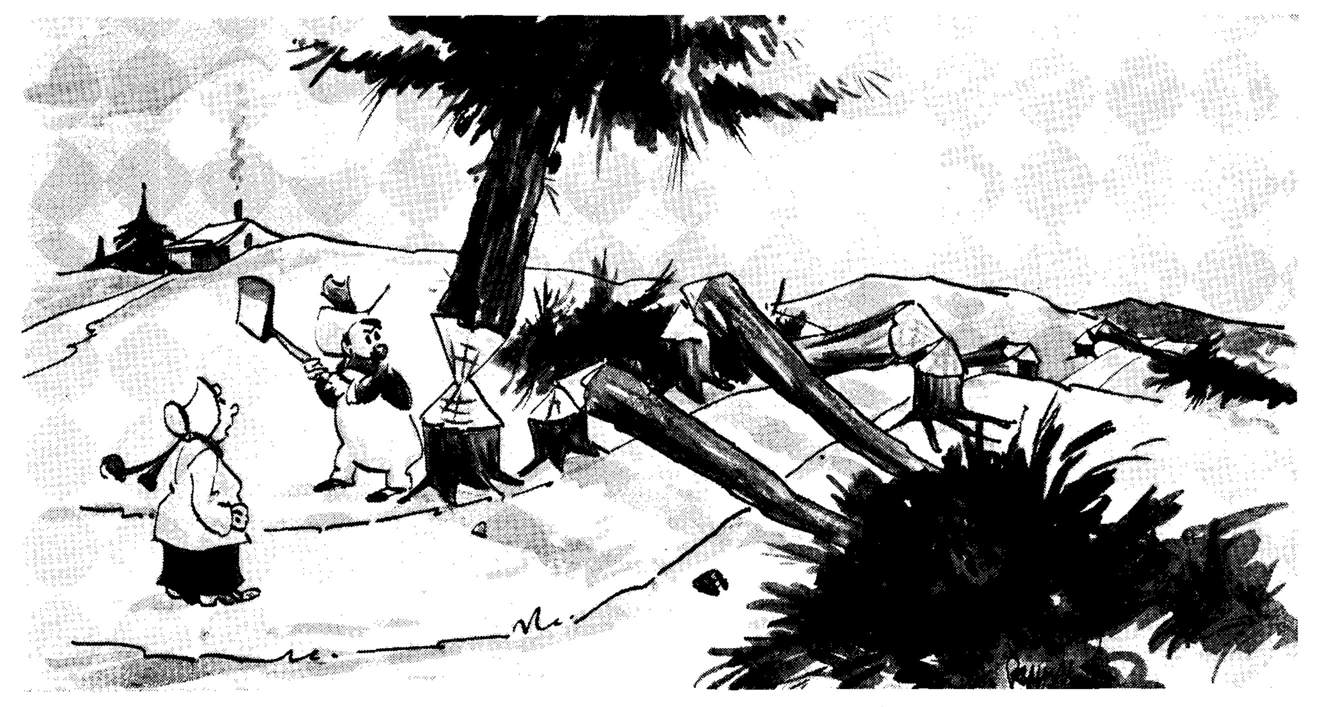
So naturally, with all those well-established facts to go on, your doctor will look you over pretty sharply.

A Careful Look at You

As for your stomach, your doctor won't even stop with an X-ray. He'll get right down to hard facts with a gastric analysis, not to find that mysterious cell-building factor—nobody so far has been able to find that—but to see if you're producing the proper amount of hydrochloric acid. It seems, and again nobody knows why—it's amazing the number of indisputable facts doctors have collected through the ages without any idea so far why they're true—that absence of the intrinsic factor and absence of hydrochloric acid in the stomach go hand in hand. But that doesn't mean you can feed patients hydrochloric acid and cure their anemia. Doctors tried that long ago, and discovered that it wouldn't work.

He'll look at your tongue because pernicious anemia makes people's tongues get red and sore, so red and sore in serious cases that they sometimes have trouble talking. And he'll inquire about your hands and feet because a shortage of red cells for a long enough time will cause degeneration of certain nerve tracts in your spinal cord and give you tingling and numbness. Then he'll add everything up together and, if the total says pernicious anemia, it's liver for you, a simple shot in the arm now and then, and you can forget it and go happily on your way.

It's almost incredible that a little liver can change all these symptoms except of course the broad faces and chests and blue eyes and who'd want to change those? It seems incredible that only a dozen years ago people were dying by the hundreds every year for want of a little something that lots of Englishmen relish for breakfast. I wonder what ailment we consider pretty serious now will be cured in another dozen years with calves' brains or pickled pigs' feet or just plain hash.



"Gosh, Kennesaw, you're goin' to an awful lot of trouble. What if your relatives don't come to visit us after all!"

REAMER KELLER

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LARGER 122½" WHEELBASE DE SOTO...MORE ROOM...NEW BEAUTY

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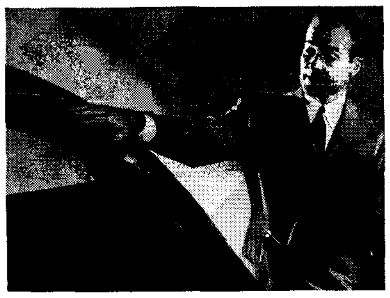

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IT'S HERE!... a bigger, lower-priced car for modern American families; the exciting, new 100 horsepower, 122½" wheelbase De Soto!

Just look at this car! The back's as beautiful as the front. Rear doors are full width at bottom. Windows are bigger; visibility's increased. Seats are inches wider. Head, leg and shoulder room is greater!

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The Great American Family Car

A Sandhog's Life

By Wendall Brenner

I WAS coming home in the subway and I felt pretty good. It was payday and $140 was lying in my pocket. It had been a tough week working mostly under 35 pounds of pressure per square inch. We were building the East Side Tunnel and that was a nasty job all right. The East River is a very mean river. You can depend upon the Hudson River and the North River, its son. They know how to behave but that East River is a cranky, cantankerous son of a gun, full of tricky eddies and soft spots.

I was standing there hanging onto a strap feeling all right and hoping that my mother would have chicken goulash for dinner. Suddenly there was a scream from a woman sitting near me. She was looking at me with horror. Then others looked at me with the same expression on their faces. I was kind of nervous and I put my hand to my forehead. When I took my hand away it was covered with blood. I was bleeding from the forehead. I looked at the palms of my hands. Blood was oozing slowly from them. I wiped the blood away and shrugged my shoulders. Hell, this had happened to me a dozen times, as it has happened to every sandhog.

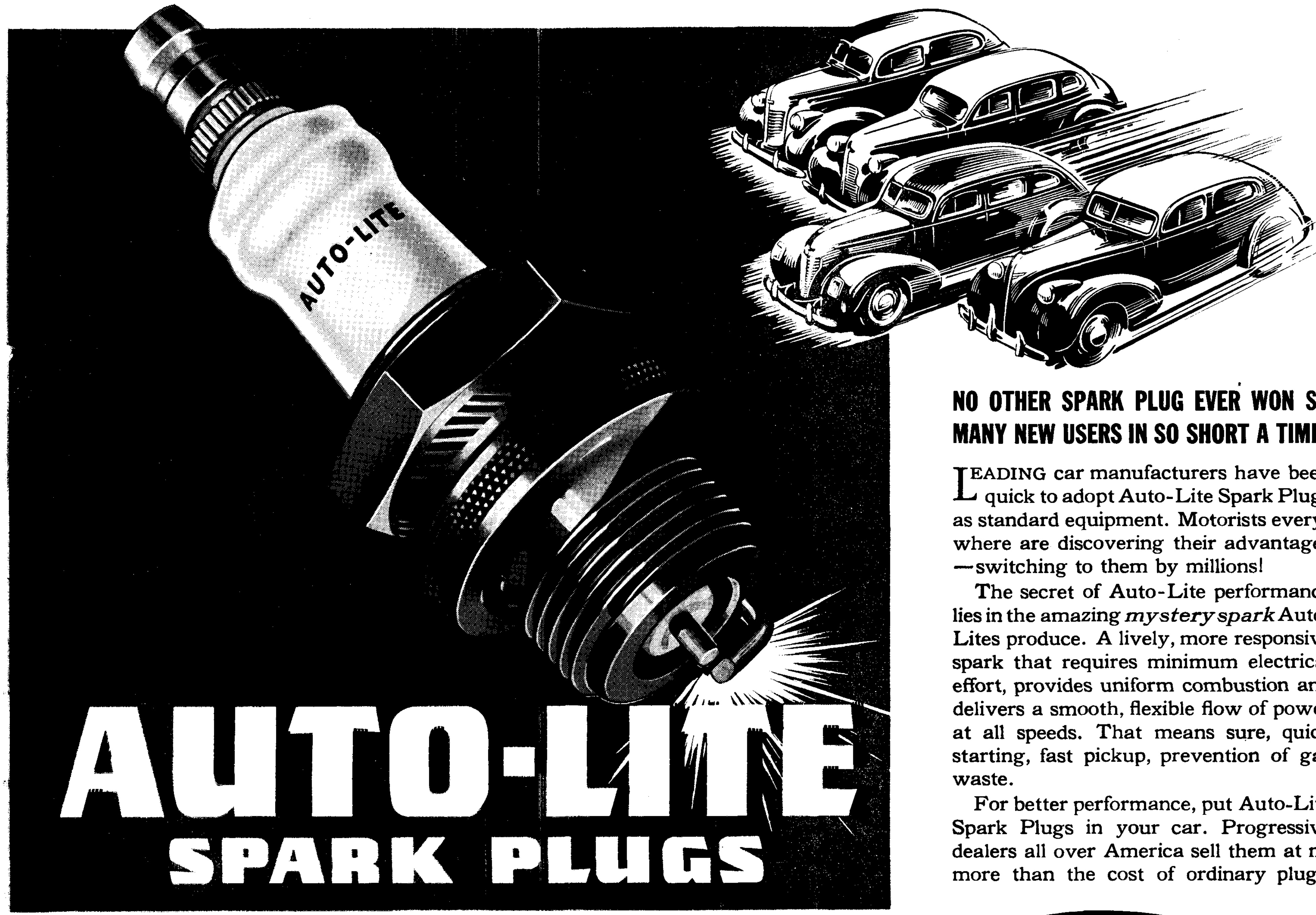
When you are working in the tunnel under pressure, strange things happen to your body—things that even the doctors can't explain. Somehow air bubbles get under your skin. Sometimes they force the blood right out through the skin. That's what had happened to me. When I got home I hopped into a hot bath, stayed there half an hour with the water almost boiling and then I was all right. Things like that are part of our job. That's why we're paid better than coal miners or truck drivers or even bridgeworkers. Another reason why we're paid well is that there are only 1,500 of us in the United States and someone is always building a tunnel. There is work enough for twice our number, but there aren't many who can take the air, as we say. I've seen big, strong men faint dead away after being in the air lock for one minute. The air lock is the chamber we go into just before we go into the tunnel. *(Continued on page 93)*

The phy[illegible]ments are so [illegible] are [illegible]hogs only [illegible]. They're in the [illegible]y, tough [illegible] punish- ment [illegible] appalling and [illegible] thrive on it [illegible]

[illegible] on the Queens- [illegible] under the East [illegible] connect Manhat- [illegible]and. This river [illegible] problems be- [illegible] and soft spots. [illegible] is the author [illegible]

Now STANDARD EQUIPMENT

IN EVERY 4th CAR BUILT



NO OTHER SPARK PLUG EVER WON SO MANY NEW USERS IN SO SHORT A TIME!

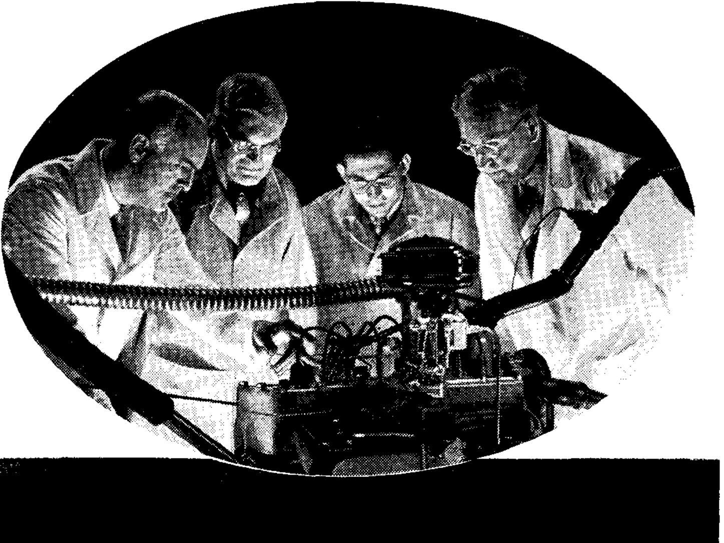
LEADING car manufacturers have been quick to adopt Auto-Lite Spark Plugs as standard equipment. Motorists everywhere are discovering their advantages—switching to them by millions!

The secret of Auto-Lite performance lies in the amazing *mystery spark* Auto-Lites produce. A lively, more responsive spark that requires minimum electrical effort, provides uniform combustion and delivers a smooth, flexible flow of power at all speeds. That means sure, quick starting, fast pickup, prevention of gas waste.

For better performance, put Auto-Lite Spark Plugs in your car. Progressive dealers all over America sell them at no more than the cost of ordinary plugs.

For Over 28 years Auto-Lite Engineers

have specialized in the design and manufacture of automotive electrical equipment. Now these ignition specialists have perfected a spark plug which works in balanced harmony with the ignition system to increase engine efficiency. They developed a new-type, Konium electrode, with a new geometric gap design—the amazingly durable *Ziramic* insulator, triple-sealed against leakage. And what a tribute to world-renowned Auto-Lite engineering is the fact that *one in every four* of today's new cars has Auto-Lite Spark Plugs as standard factory equipment!



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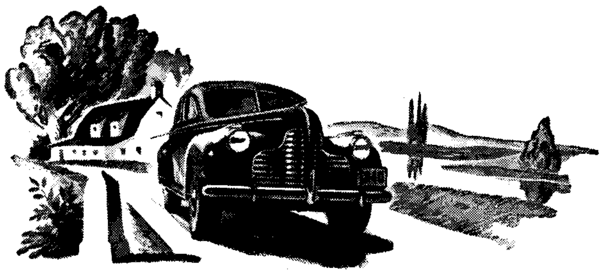

WE'VE turned out a whopping parcel of cars here at Buick in our 36 years—some of them good, and some of them better.

But we've never built an automobile that we've felt about as we feel about this headlong honey we're offering you for 1940.

Mister, this is *all car*—all *he*-car—all strength and precision and adequacy—all firmness and fineness and *action*—all quality and goodness and dependability—every inch and every pound of it!

It ought to be — we spread a whole flock of millions of dollars in new tools and equipment through the largest self-contained motor car factory in the world, plus the good Lord knows how much brainsweat, to make it so.

But don't take our word for it—get your hands on that wheel yourself and make this dreadnaught Buick perform.

You'll find the controls placed and tensioned with a nicety that makes them seem like extensions of your own arms and legs.

You'll find power spurting out under your toe from the hurricane fury of that Dynaflash straight-eight engine that'll make you think you've stepped on a comet's tail.

And because now we electrically balance this mighty engine to micropoised perfection *after* assembly, you'll find that power fluid as quicksilver, steady as a steel rod, soft as velvet.

You'll want this!

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

As late as last May, we got the factory and engineering gangs together and put it to them cold-turkey that if they could better this job anywhere it was still not too late to make the change.

A couple of minor revisions came out of that, after which we put it to the road-testers to take 'em out and run 'em into the ground if they could — but they couldn't, not with this one.

So come on—see what a sockdolager of an automobile this really is—what a marvelous combination of swift beauty, easy handling, level-flying comfort, indomitable durability, get-up-and-go!

You'll be telling us, as we tell you now, it is Buick at its unbeatable best.

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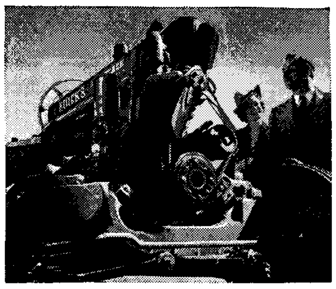


"MICROPOISED" DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE—*gets more good out of gasoline — now electrically balanced after assembly for super-smoothness.*

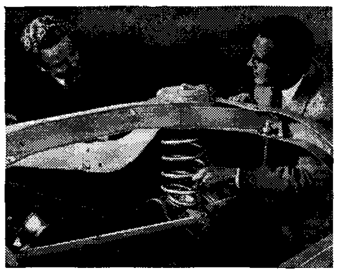
OIL-SAVING PISTON RINGS IN ANOLITE PISTONS—*for longer life, smoother operation, lower oil consumption.*

"CATWALK-COOLING" PLUS ULTRA-RAPID CIRCULATION UNDER PRESSURE—*complete circulation of coolant every two seconds with 20° higher boiling point.*

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES —*one pound of pressure on the brake pedal equals five pounds on each brake drum.*

FULL-LENGTH TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE *in sealed chassis — T-square alignment of rear axle frees rear springs of all jobs but cushioning.*

AUTOMATIC CHOKE—*for fast, sure starting under any condition of weather or temperature.*



BUICOIL SPRINGING FOR THE "FULL FLOAT" RIDE—*soft, smooth springs of coiled steel, lifetime cushioning without lubrication or care.*

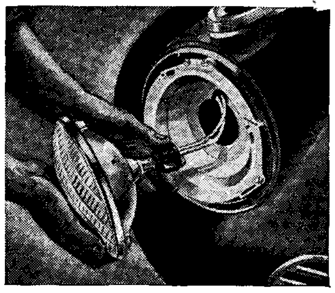
SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION, RECOIL WHEEL MOUNTING—*wheels "bank" on turns and "give" on bumps to absorb road shock.*

FORE-N-AFT FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL—*flashes turn warning both forward and rear, automatically shuts off after turn is made.*

STRONGER NEW "DOUBLE WALL" TURRET TOP BODY BY FISHER—*designed and developed in collaboration with Buick—with Safety Plate Glass all around.*

EASY ACTION HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION — *new firm-linked gear shifting from the steering column.*

SAFETY-UNIT SEALED BEAM HEADLIGHTS—*brighter, longer-lasting filament in one weatherproof unit with lens and reflector — better lighting over a longer period.*



IMAGINE!
Not a six–not a small car–but a big, roomy, power-packed EIGHT for
$895 and up
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BUICK EIGHT
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SPECIAL NOTE TO "ALL THREE" BUYERS

Why stop with looking at the three leading cars in the [illegible] price class? It doesn't cost you anything to look [illegible] more to buy it! It costs [illegible] too [illegible] nearly [illegible] of our [illegible] Buick [illegible] in fact, that last [illegible] price class up to [illegible] stepped from the lowest price [illegible] the nearest Buick dealer. [illegible] that [illegible]

In every 1940 Buick you get the skilled engineering and sturdy quality traditional to Buick—enriched by all the extra value which General Motors science and Buick workmanship can provide.

*Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

"Best bet's Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

NEW LIQUID DENTIFRICE

Joins Pepsodent Tooth Paste and Powder

...and each has IRIUM for Brighter Sparkling Teeth

"All 3" contain IRIUM
...so take your choice
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PEPSODENT
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It's what's IN your Dentifrice that Counts . . . and IRIUM Puts a Plus in ALL 3 Forms of Pepsodent!

● Thousands are raving about this new liquid dentifrice – *Pepsodent Liquid for Teeth!* Makes teeth look brighter with just a few drops—refreshes—foams pleasantly – instantly helps overcome bad breath.

Why be satisfied with ordinary kinds? New Pepsodent Liquid Dentifrice, like Pepsodent Tooth Paste and Pepsodent Powder, contains IRIUM . . . the patented, *more effective* ingredient.

This means Pepsodent should be *your* choice . . . whether you prefer tooth paste, tooth powder or the new type liquid dentifrice. Of course, the *form* of dentifrice you select doesn't make the big difference. Some people prefer paste . . . some powder . . . some liquid . . . your choice is your business. It's what's IN your dentifrice that does the work . . . it's what's IN it that produces the results! Doesn't that make sense? So just be *sure* that you get PEPSODENT containing IRIUM for *extra effectiveness – greater cleansing power!*

See the Difference IRIUM Makes

See for yourself the way that IRIUM in Pepsodent flashes into instant, safe action! You'll see ugly surface-stains brush away from teeth – *safely* – in short order. Your reward will be the "Come-Closer" Smile you've always wanted. All 3 forms of Pepsodent contain No Grit, No Pumice, No Bleach . . . PROVED SAFE *for Tooth Enamel!*

"ALL 3" PROVED SAFE FOR TOOTH ENAMEL!

The Leopards' Mountains

Continued from page 17

lend you the money—if you make out it's to spite me—"

Grant twisted the penknife in his hand, dropped it back into its copper box. "Yes, the money. But—can't we somehow manage it together here? Keeping this place, free of entanglements such as we would have with Marsh Ennstron, was a thing that went deeper than pride with Father. You know—"

It seemed to Grant that he was choking with the need to put this so Bart would understand. But no words came to ease him, and all their differences swung like a hungry sword between them, cutting off all common understanding.

BART was lifting a spill to light his pipe and the flame was echoed in his eyes. "The Tyler pride," he said, "is wearing rather thin. In me, that is."

He flicked the spill into the fire and blew a swirl of smoke around his head, his teeth white-sharp behind his grin. "A very pretty myth. That you want me here. I think you'll borrow the money, buy me out of here gracefully. And maybe I should tell you that when I go I'm taking Miriam. And you wouldn't want her to go without any money, Grant. Not if I can read signs. You poor, tongue-tied, frozen fish."

Grant took his regard from the rack of guns beside the desk, he held his voice to level calm. "That could bother me, once," he said, "the way you have of talking. But talking isn't going to work this time. I've told you how things are. Now let's make the best of it. It'll be easier all around."

"You've told me," Bart half whispered. "And I've told you. You know damn' well I couldn't get the money myself from old Marsh. And you, poor fool, can't you imagine what would happen to the three of us here under the same roof!"

Bart laughed, a devil-take-me laugh, half amused. "I don't think you've even known I hated you all these years. Why do you think I ran away? Because I saw the way Father regarded me and the way he regarded you."

He picked up the empty brandy decanter and put it down. "There are other ways to get money, the things I want."

Grant felt a sort of coldness against him as if a wind were cutting from snow into the room. He tried to speak, and felt a great impotence of any words he had to reach his brother.

"I'd really like to see you, Grant," Bart said, "how you would look to see me drag that pride of yours down where it belongs. I've often wondered if you would crumble like a stepped-on shell."

He'd gone before Grant thought to make an answer. And for the first time Grant remembered the red wolfhound, Gutlun, waiting for her pupping. He drew a coat and went back through the great dark house and so outside and toward the kennels.

The other dogs were raising voice, plunging in the runways, having his scent, and he put his hands out to stroke the eager, pressing bodies; talked to Midge, and Star and Cato; comforted old Mock; quieted the younger dogs.

Overhead the stars were frosty white across the sky, the moon had left the mountaintop. Sound of a horse running came from the stables and Grant listened to it leave the lane and turn into the town road. All their lives Bart had used ways to get his will; the weariness was heavy upon him and a vague, troubling dread.

Down at the lower shed where he had pitched a fresh straw pile against the wolfhound's time he lit a lantern and held it up to see.

The light fell in a golden pool and plated amber on the deep brown eyes turned trusting up to him. He set the lantern on an upturned box and kneeled beside the panting bitch; her coat felt harsh beneath his hand; her tongue dry-hot along his wrist.

"Old girl," Grant said, but it was with a tenderness, "old girl."

He was thinking of all the trails they'd run together; she could outlast and outrun any timber wolf he'd ever seen, outsmart it ten to one.

She throated low against her pain, an alien, deep shivering ran over her, she who never raised a voice, or whose great shaggy body Grant had never seen grow tired; shivering with pain who never once had shown the slightest fear.

Kneeling here, for the first time Grant knew humbleness, a devastating helplessness he never could forget; knew then that here the things he did and said were of the slightest moment, and all the things he knew and all the love he felt were likewise without power. And in the strange alchemy of thought Grant sensed a little of the how and why of Bart, felt tolerance then for the bitterness and restlessness impelling Bart to find escape.

BART tied his black horse at the hitching rack in the shadow of old Marsh Ennstron's house. Light was seeping yellow thin around a tight-drawn window blind and Bart went up the creaking steps and brought his riding crop sharply down against the door.

Marsh peered out for a moment through the crack-opened door and then let Bart in.

"Why, Mr. Tyler," he said, picking at his shiny cuffs with yellow hands in a way Bart remembered. "Why, Mr. Tyler, I'm sure I'm honored—" His thin, gray-whiskered lips drew back from his grayer teeth as if he were tasting each word before he let it go. "Pray sit down—surprised—so little to offer a fine—"

He looked, Bart thought, at that moment more than anything like a wary ferret dressed in a rumpled gray suit cut in an outmoded style, yet his green eyes were meaner than a ferret's, and more afraid, Bart conceded.

Bart stood just inside the door, head up as if he didn't care to enter; Marsh had gone behind his littered desk gesturing a yellow claw for Bart to take a chair. The room was choking close and smelled of musty furnishings.

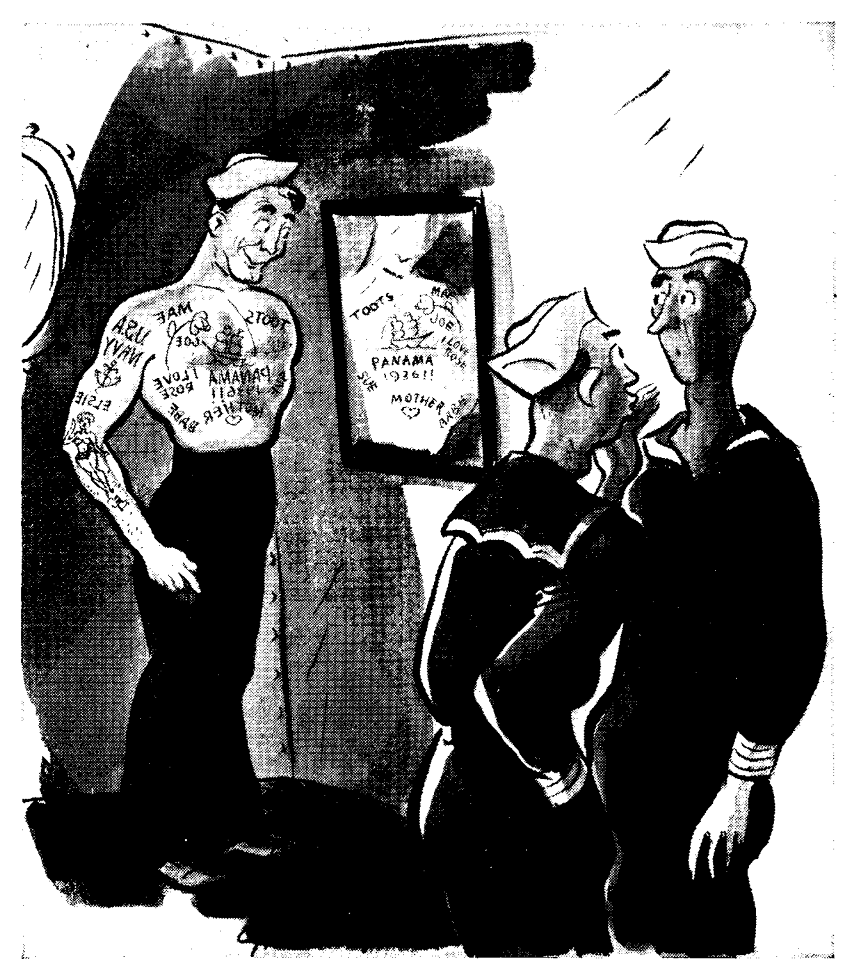
Bart ignored the offered chair; he stood, the whip curl on his mouth, flicking his riding crop. "I've come with a business offer," he said, "to sell you my share of the Tyler place."

It was amazing to watch the quick surprise, a crafty greed shift in those pale green eyes.

"Why, Mr. Tyler." Marsh Ennstron moved his yellow hands along the desk edge. "I'm not sure I'm interested. When I saw you outside tonight my first thought was, Mr. Tyler"—he tasted his lips for a pause—"my thought was you'd come here to frighten an old man—remembering your wild ways—the things people have said about you—"

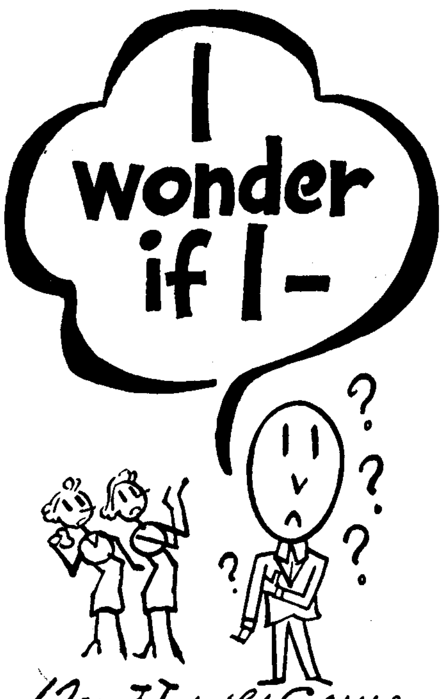
Bart pulled at the stock about his neck. "Let's not waste time. We understand each other. I'm offering you the chance to be the partner of Grant Tyler. It would change a good many people's ideas of you, wouldn't it? And for me the chance to live the way I want to. An advantage for both of us."

Marsh Ennstron was fumbling in the



"He's tattooed in reverse so he can admire himself in the mirror"

GEORGE SHELLHASE



Don Herold Says:

MUM makes you certain you DON'T

Do you suspect yourself of having perspiration aura?

Don't go through life wondering if you *do.* KNOW that you *don't.*

One of the best things about Mum is the feeling of certainty it gives you about yourself in the sniffiest circles. You know nobody will ever catch you guilty.

One man told me recently that using Mum has increased his self-assurance 27 per cent.

Yes, you'll *like yourself* better if you use Mum, and you'll mingle with confidence in the best society in the closest quarters. You'll dance better, and so will your partner—there'll be nothing to take her mind off the music.

When people ask me the price of Mum I tell 'em that, though it costs no more than a tube of shaving cream, it's WORTH $100 a jar—just for that feeling of safety it gives you when you're jammed close to the best people. If anybody has zoo-roma, it's *not you.*

Thousands of smart men have found this kick in the habitual daily use of Mum to clinch the cleanliness of their baths. They use dabs underarm every a. m., and again before evenings out. Many use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

I'm glad I carry Mum-surance

Mum is a pleasant cream, harmless to skin and clothing, which stops perspiration odor for many hours without stopping perspiration.

You can at least gamble your signature on the margin of this page for a free sample, and send it today to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M-109, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

1940 W I N

Most Amazing Lowest Priced Car Ever Built . . .

NEW HUDSON 6

CONTEST BOARD AAA CERTIFIED

ECONOMY WINNER

32.66 Miles Per Gallon in 1000-Mile Test

Running at a constant 29.98-mile average speed, on Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah. Car equipped with overdrive and optional rear axle ratio. Even in *"stop-and-go"* driving, which, of course, uses more gas, Hudson Six economy will amaze you.

ENDURANCE WINNER

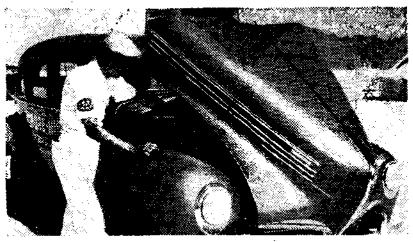
20,000 Miles, Averaging 70.5 Miles Per Hr.

81 new official records*! No stock car ever went so far so fast as this lowest priced Hudson Six. And endurance, so convincingly proved in this racking "torture test," means longer life, lower upkeep cost and higher resale value.

*58 Class D and 23 Unlimited Records certified by A. A. A. Contest Board. Car equipped with overdrive and optional rear axle ratio.

AMERICA'S SAFEST CARS ar

Car shown is new 1940 Hudson Six De Luxe Touring Sedan, $806†, delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive



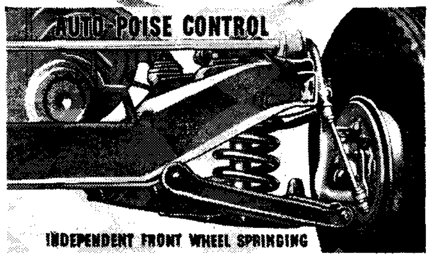
Contest Board official checks the Hudson Six economy car and certifies it to be a stock model, such as you can obtain from any Hudson dealer. This rigid supervision accounts for the respect with which A. A. A. performance figures are regarded everywhere.

The finish! Hudson Six endurance car completes its gruelling grind—12 days and nights around the giant 10-mile oval, at better than 70 miles an hour. A car in the lowest price field beating the best endurance marks ever established by any stock car at any price!

Hudson Six Prices Start at

$670

†delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Low time payment terms, with new Hudson-C. I. T. Plan. Prices subject to change without notice.



Finest Type Independent Front Wheel Coil Springing! Never used before on any car costing less than $1400! Combined with it is true Center-Point Steering, another high-priced car feature. And Hudson's Patented Auto-Poise Control adds wholly new sureness in steering and handling; greater safety, ***even if a tire blows! Drive*** and discover the amazing difference!

Thousands Agree: "The Car to See with the 'Other Three'"

More miles per gallon of gas than any other full-sized car ever registered in any official test!

More miles of punishment (equal to *six times* across the North American Continent) than any other stock car, regardless of size or price, ever endured at such speed!

Is it any wonder that this amazing new Hudson Six has captured the favor of the American public as few new cars have ever done; and that Hudson showrooms from coast to coast are among the busiest spots on automobile row?

This new economy and endurance winner is a winner, too, in many other ways.

A winner in beauty, luxury and deep-cushioned comfort (with Airfoam Seat Cushions standard in convertibles and available at low cost in other models)!

A winner in all-around roominess for both passengers and baggage, and in the wealth of fine car features it provides!

But most of all, you'll find this new Hudson Six a winner when you take the wheel. So we invite you . . . now . . . to RIDE and DRIVE. You'll enjoy *the smoothest, most comfortable ride of your life;* and you'll find no other car in this price class handles so *easily*, or carries you so *safely*.

Then, after you have seen and driven, we ask you to judge the truth of the following statement:

There never has been . . . there is not today . . . any other car in the lowest price field so completely fine, so luxurious, so roomy, so safe; nor one that has so convincingly proved economy, endurance and all-around performance.

HUDSON PRESENTS 1940 WINNERS IN EVERY POPULAR PRICE CLASS . . . NE

NERS!

America's Lowest Priced Straight Eight... NEW HUDSON 8

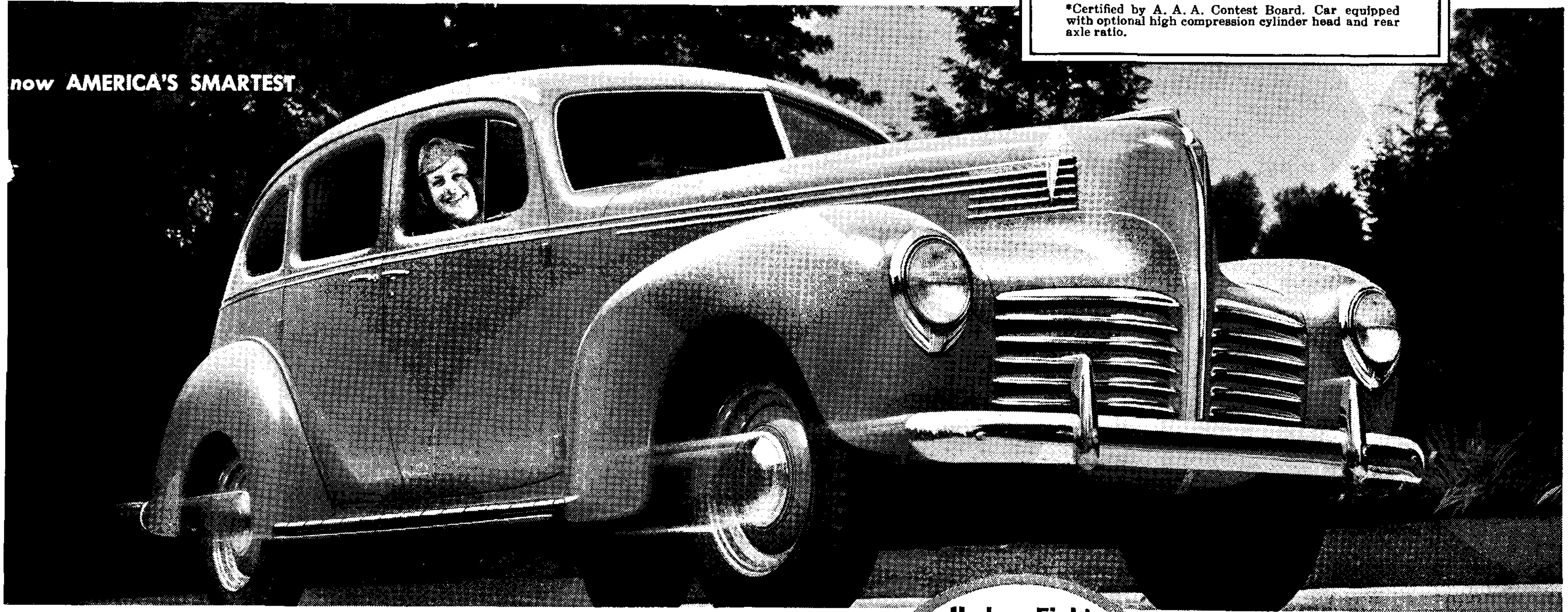
PERFORMANCE WINNER
New Flying Mile Record — 93.89 Miles Per Hour*

Electrically timed by apparatus accurate to 1/1000 of a second—a new flying mile record for Class C stock cars, established on Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, with John Cobb at the wheel. "An exceptional automobile in every way," says Cobb.

ECONOMY WINNER
27.12 Miles Per Gallon in 1000-Mile Test

Running at a constant 28.81 mile an hour average speed. Car was equipped with optional overdrive and rear axle ratio. You can get a new Hudson Eight, identically equipped, from any Hudson dealer. Its fuel economy is surprisingly high in everyday *"stop-and-go"* driving.

*Certified by A. A. A. Contest Board. Car equipped with optional high compression cylinder head and rear axle ratio.



now AMERICA'S SMARTEST

Car shown is new 1940 Hudson Eight Touring Sedan, $952†, delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive

More Than One Horsepower for Every Inch of Wheelbase

You probably will never drive, or want to drive, a mile in 38 seconds in this or any other car.

But you do want the tremendous reserve power, the unmatched smoothness, the strength and fineness in every part, that make this 1940 Hudson *a wholly new kind of Straight Eight.*

These things are your guarantee of far more than mere speed. They give you flashing acceleration. They enable you to cover amazing distances more easily than ever before. They assure you of *endurance* . . . longer car life and lower upkeep costs . . . because a car like this is "just loafing" at usual driving speeds.

With proved performance and economy, this 1940 Hudson Eight combines brilliant new styling . . . interior luxury you've never seen before in a car at this price.

Seats, of a new full-contoured type, are amazingly wide; this Eight is one of the roomiest cars built today. Airfoam Seat Cushions, unmatched in restful comfort, are standard. Upholstery fabrics are new in style and texture, specially woven for Hudson.

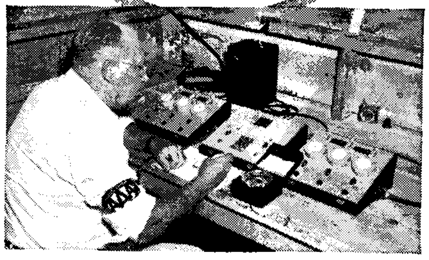
Add to all this, riding smoothness, safety and handling ease new to the highway . . . and you'll wonder that the price of this new Hudson is actually *America's lowest price for a Straight Eight!*

At your first opportunity, be sure to see and drive this sensational new Eight. It is one of three new 1940 Hudsons, each of which establishes a new high level of luxury in its price class; each a revelation in smooth riding and sure, easy steering; each the outstanding value in its field.

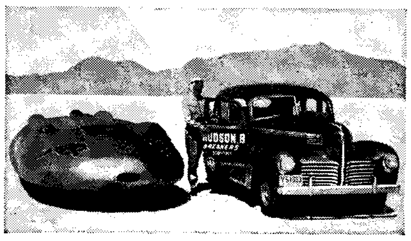
Come in today!

Hudson Eight Prices Start at
$860†

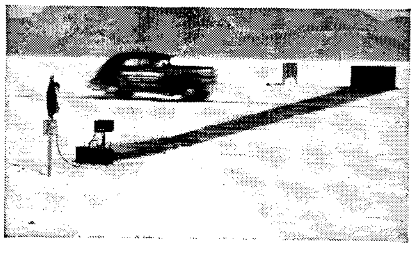
†delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Low time payment terms, with new Hudson-C.I.T. Plan. Prices subject to change without notice.



Here is part of the elaborate electrical timing apparatus (accurate to 1/1000th of a second) by means of which A.A.A. officials checked these record runs. The same equipment timed John Cobb when, in his Railton "Red Lion," he traveled the fastest mile ever covered on wheels, and when he drove the new Hudson Eight to its new record for the stock car flying mile.

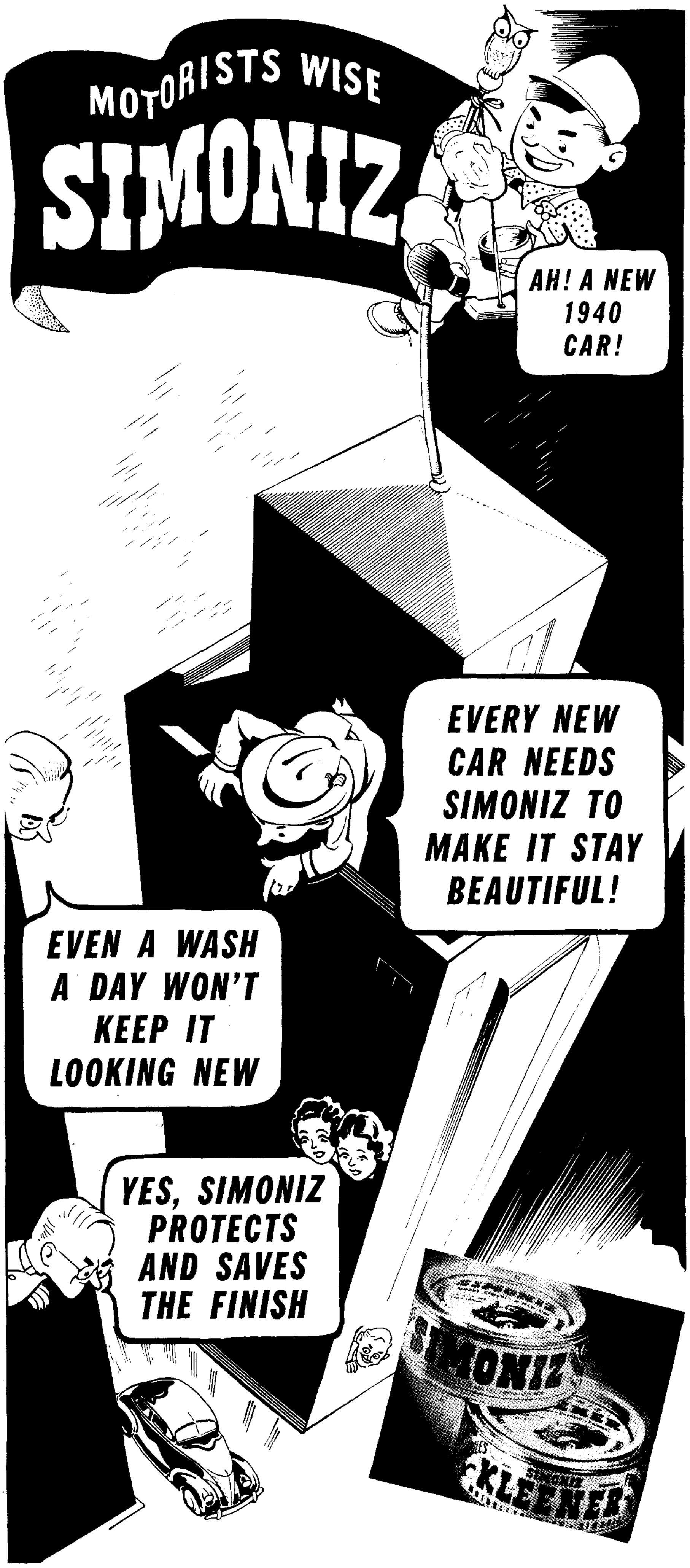


John Cobb, noted English sportsman, steps from his costly and specially built Railton "Red Lion" (left) into a 1940 Hudson Eight, and drives to a new Class C stock car record for the flying mile. And this Hudson is America's lowest priced Straight Eight!



A glimpse of the desolate Bonneville Salt Flats, one of the last remnants of a gigantic inland sea and the world's finest automobile testing ground. The 1940 Hudson Eight is about to pass the timing beam of the *"electric eye"* in one of its test runs.

UDSON SIX • NEW EIGHT AND SUPER-SIX • NEW COUNTRY CLUB SEDANS


MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
AH! A NEW 1940 CAR!
EVERY NEW CAR NEEDS SIMONIZ TO MAKE IT STAY BEAUTIFUL!
EVEN A WASH A DAY WON'T KEEP IT LOOKING NEW
YES, SIMONIZ PROTECTS AND SAVES THE FINISH
SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ KLEENER

Always Simoniz a new car . . . to make the finish last longer and keep it beautiful. You know what will happen if you don't! It doesn't take long for sun-rays and weather to ruin the finish. So, the sooner any car is Simonized the better. If your car is already dull, Simoniz Kleener comes to the rescue. It saves the finish by thoroughly cleaning as well as restoring the lustre. Simoniz gives lasting beauty and protection. Insist on these world-famous products for your car!

THE DELUXE BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR ALL CARS

desk drawer but his eyes were on Bart.

"I'm not sure," he said, "that I'm interested."

Bart snapped the crop against his boot. "Hurry, man," he said, "your best offer. To buy the right to go around this country boasting you can look at a Tyler! No haggling now." It was really funny to see the ugly red sweep into that gray face, the naked hatred claim the old miser and shake him like a wind.

"The times have changed since you were here," Marsh said, when at last he could speak; his lips seemed to be sticking to his teeth. "I've got the whip hand in this country now, my fine lad. It ain't the Tylers any more. It's me! I've got the money now." He laughed. "Now get out, you young fool. And when you come back next time—and you will—you come like the others do around here—politely asking me."

Bart had the riding crop between his hands, he stepped swiftly toward old Marsh. Marsh was half crouching, clawing at the drawer. "Get out—" he croaked, "get out, you young—no—don't you—"

Bart saw the yellow hand claw up the gun, in strange surprise felt the searing white-hot shock spin him half around as the thunder of the gun crashed over him. "I guess," he said carefully because he must, he knew, be careful, "I go home. I'd hate—"

THE night wore through at last and when Grant got up from the wolfhound's dreadful stillness he put his hand against the doorframe and never saw the pale, false dawn alight behind the mountaintops, the fading stars, the shining lances of the willows marching by the creek. And all the time his eyes were stinging wet and yet he couldn't curse for praying, carrying the red body in his arms down beneath the water alders, digging Gutlun's grave. He turned away when it was done, and stopped to clean the shovel. The birds had wakened for the dawn and all the morning air smelled sweet of spring, of rich dark earth, of growing living things.

Going through the orchard toward the barns, Grant took dull notice how these first warm days were crowding bloom; the peach trees on the sough-slope hill were washed deep rose with flowering; the fruit spurs on the pears were swelling shiny brown; he thought the time was right to break the lower twenty with the plow and plant the oats again. It was good to think of things like that.

He changed his clothes; it was too early to expect breakfast at the house, or to see Miriam. He called himself a fool for lingering, and went, at last, down to the cookhouse and ate the meal beside the hired men and talked to them of common things to do around the place. Old Perch, the oldest hand and the one his father had trusted most, followed him outside when he was through.

The old man scraped his knife along his thumb and looked off toward the mountains. "The black mare, Lo, was by the stable gate when I went out. Saddled. I put her up. Thought you'd like to know," old Perch said briefly and went back into the cookhouse.

It was like Bart, Grant thought, half angry, as he harnessed the big bay team. Riding a horse and leaving it when he was through, with no more thought.

The team was full of heart and willingness after the long winter in the barn. They dragged the plow down deep through curling, smoking earth as fast as he could walk, snorted and arched their reaching necks; chickens came from the barnyard to follow in the turning furrows; the sky was deeply blue.

He stopped to mop his sleeve across his face and so saw Miriam coming there across the pasture, the sunlight shining in her night-dark hair, a basket on her arm. He let her come clear to the fence before he could lift his arm and show her that he'd seen her.

He took a hitch to the lines and let the horses stand.

"You didn't come to breakfast," Miriam said, "and so I brought it down to you." She put the basket on the topmost rail.

"Bart wasn't down either," she said. "I guess he's sleeping late. Please help me on your side."

It wasn't much to lift her. He put the basket on the moss beside the fence and reached his arms down to her; she scarcely weighed a thing; it frightened him to feel how small and round and soft she was; the blood was pounding in his head.

She took the napkin off her basket. "I even brought you a jar of milk."

He couldn't eat. She leaned her head against the mossy fence rails; the half-smile he loved most was on her lips, her shadowed eyes were distant on the mountains.

"I remember once," she said, "when you were going hunting, such a long time ago, but I've never forgotten—I cried to go and finally you took me and I got tired and you had to carry me almost all the way home and the dogs ran on ahead and you were awfully mad because you couldn't do any hunting, remember? After that you'd never take me. Remember?"

Her eyes came back to his, half serious, half smiling, deep and compelling as troubled dark water. This was a time when all his strength ran out his veins and left him weak as from the fever. Finally he managed, "You really were a pest." He contrived to smile at her.

"You look so young when you do that," she said. "I like the way your hair is getting gray above the ears—it makes you look so terribly distinguished—even a little frightening."

The smile drew back from her eyes. "What has happened to us? You and Bart and me? We used to play together—before Bart went off—we had such fun. . . . I wish so terribly it didn't—I wish so much we could all go back and be as we were—then!"

It didn't seem he could have said it, or that this cold voice was his. But it was: "Are you leaving with Bart, Miriam? If you are, say so. He suggested last night that I might borrow money and buy out his share of the ranch. I didn't think I could bring myself to do it. But if you are going with him it puts another face on the matter."

SHE was on her feet, and he stood as quickly.

"Please, don't," she said, "worry about any arrangement on my account. Whatever I do, now, or in the future does not concern you."

A sickness gripped him, standing there beside the fence, watching her go down its length and through the gate without a backward look. He saw the curtain of the water alders glistening green, the flicker of her dress, the same blue as the sky, as she crossed on the stepping-stones. She stopped, her cry came faintly through the clear spring air. His trembling hands unhitched the team, gathered up the reins. He urged the horses on ahead of him; someway he knew that it was Bart beside the creek.

Bart had the whip curl on his mouth although his face was white as death, his eyes storm-black with pain. "This is ridiculous," he said, "such a bother. I'm only resting here a bit."

"He's ill, or badly hurt," Miriam said. "Please help him to the house."

Bart was leaning back against a broken alder stump, and for a moment he was very still, and then, "Why, yes," he said, the grin back on his mouth, "I'm shot, to be exact."

"You take the team up to the barn,

just turn them in the yard," Grant told Miriam. "Here, take my arm," he said to Bart.

He eased his shoulder underneath Bart and got him carefully to his back. He saw the brave, steady look of Miriam.

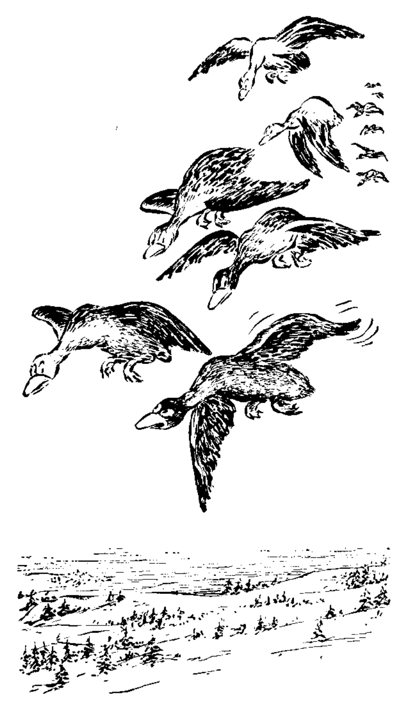
"I'll be right up," she said, "to stay while you go for Doctor Marks."

HE LOWERED Bart to the bed their father'd had in the high-paneled room off the front hall, into the great carved cherry bed that had seemed so like a ship when they were small. Bart recognized the place he was in and laughed a little, putting his head back to the pillows.

"I never thought," he said, "that I'd be here in Father's room so properly."

Grant went into the hall and called Mrs. Kell, the housekeeper, to bring hot water.

She brought it on the run and when she would have gone into the room he put her back and took the jug out of her hands, went in and shut the door.



"North for the summer, South for the winter, North for the summer, South for the winter—I wonder what's over *that* way!"

JAY IRVING

He knew at sight of the wound that there was not much time; that he himself must do the necessary work, that slow old Doctor Marks could never get here in time.

He cleaned his knife and it was ready in his hand.

"Now this will hurt," he said, "but thank your lucky stars that I'm not taking off a leg." He knew he had to keep on with some words to hold Bart's thoughts. "Remember I did," he said, working swiftly and sure, "for old Kell when he fell in the cougar trap back in—" His searching knife was done and he used torn linen sheets to do the sponging. It wasn't long at all but when he'd done he saw the blue veins made across his brother's face and throat, the slow pulse beat beneath the ear.

The whisper of her dress beside the door, and without lifting his head Grant knew that Miriam was here. She said, speaking low, "He's sleeping now, please come into the hall."

She was so small seen there against the curved black railing of the stairs, her hand so white against the newel post; and there were tears across her eyes. He thought his heart was breaking.

"I sent Burt Kell to get the doctor. I thought this had gone beyond a case for pride," she said, turned as if to go, came back and stood so close he could have touched her if he had dared to trust his body. He had to keep his voice calm, steady:

"He's going to live, my dear, the wound's not—"

Her eyes were changing, black to violet, and back against the stair railing she held herself so bravely.

"You"—she began—"I'm sorry for the things I said down in the field—" Her breath caught back her cry; he too had heard that sound in the other room. He was before her to Bart.

"You're a rotten doctor," Bart said, low. "I'm bleeding."

His bandage lay upon the floor and Grant ripped up fresh lint to stanch the opened wound, quick and bound it close again. He saw the mischief Bart had done.

"You must have moved," he said, as if he didn't know. "You've got to be still. This is going to work out all right. I'm staying here to see it does. I've even an idea that old Doc Marks will call. You remember him," Grant said, tried to keep on talking, cover up with words, and yet his breath was choking in his throat.

"Yes, yes," Bart said, "I do remember him." He waited for a moment, and then: "Look, Miriam, run down, or have old Kell, and fetch me up some brandy. Napoleon, for this. That's a good child."

When she had gone Bart closed his eyes, almost as if in sleeping. "This is a joke on me," he said, half whispering. "I think I've fixed it so the Tyler pride will be quite safe from now on. And that's the joke."

Grant met Bart's eyes and for that meeting there was understanding, although in all their lives they'd never had a word of understanding. But here, without a word, the same blood ran in their veins and they were conscious of it.

Bart's eyes were weary closing; he rested for a time. "I've had a lot of life," he whispered, "better than most—"

"Don't talk that way," Grant said. "You're all right. Be still."

The shadow of the old hawk look was on Bart's face, his eyes were mocking bright. "Why, damn it, man, this is no deathbed scene. I'm laughing at you—because you believed Miriam loved me. You grubbing mole—never seeing how she looks at you—you poor old frozen—" Grant felt the reluctant struggle leave Bart's hand.

GRANT took the brandy glass from Miriam, held her beside him so she couldn't see the bed. "There's no need," he said gently. "Bart's gone, my dear." He put his arm about her and drew her to the hall. Old Doctor Marks was waiting at the door and Grant stood so he could not go past.

"I'm sorry, sir," Grant said; "we've no call for you here."

The doctor wasn't any fool, he'd known the Tylers for a long and a respecting time. "I knew your father, Grant," he reminded kindly. "A doctor knows a sight of things he doesn't tell. Marsh Ennstron gave himself up an hour ago. Now I'll go in and do the necessary things, son." He was bent, gray, but he went into the paneled room and closed the door.

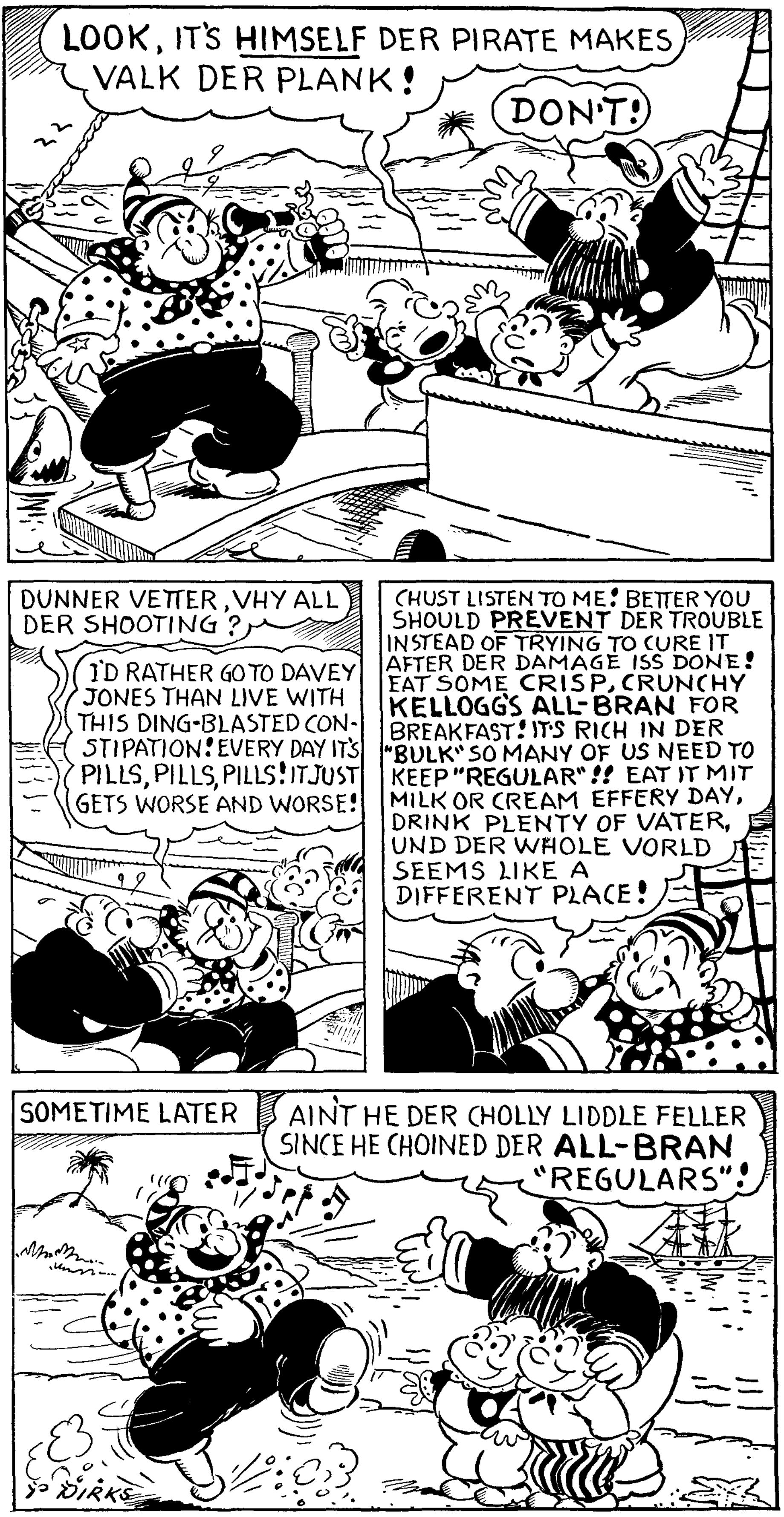
Miriam was waiting by the stair. "If you should want—should need me, Grant, I'll come," she said.

It was such a simple thing, but all at once he recognized those words for what they were, from the beginning: the question and the answer of the dream.

"I've always needed you," Grant said; "I'll always want you."

The whole earth stopped for him until he saw her move her lips for him to come.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS —by Rudolph Dirks


LOOK, IT'S HIMSELF DER PIRATE MAKES VALK DER PLANK!
DON'T!
DUNNER VETTER, VHY ALL DER SHOOTING?
I'D RATHER GO TO DAVEY JONES THAN LIVE WITH THIS DING-BLASTED CONSTIPATION! EVERY DAY IT'S PILLS, PILLS, PILLS! IT JUST GETS WORSE AND WORSE!
CHUST LISTEN TO ME! BETTER YOU SHOULD PREVENT DER TROUBLE INSTEAD OF TRYING TO CURE IT AFTER DER DAMAGE ISS DONE! EAT SOME CRISP, CRUNCHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST! IT'S RICH IN DER "BULK" SO MANY OF US NEED TO KEEP "REGULAR"!! EAT IT MIT MILK OR CREAM EFFERY DAY, DRINK PLENTY OF VATER, UND DER WHOLE VORLD SEEMS LIKE A DIFFERENT PLACE!
SOMETIME LATER
AIN'T HE DER CHOLLY LIDDLE FELLER SINCE HE CHOINED DER ALL-BRAN "REGULARS"!
DIRKS

YOU DON'T have to choose between the burden of constipation and the harsh remedies so many people take to "cure" it! If your difficulty is the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet) you can *avoid both the trouble and the treatment* by the modern ounce of prevention—a crisp crunchy breakfast cereal, Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran, by providing the "bulk" you need, will help you not only to get "regular," but to *keep* "regular." Just eat All-Bran every day and drink plenty of water.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Copyright, 1939, Kellogg Company

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

A neat little principle of physics

CARBURETOR
U. S. Pat. No. 2,082,106
KAYWOODIE
$4

In this Kaywoodie pipe, called the *Carburetor* Kaywoodie, a wonderfully sweet-smoking pipe has been improved by the application of a neat little principle of physics. When you take a puff at one of these Carburetor Kaywoodies, you automatically *draw air* in through a tiny inlet in the bottom of the bowl. That incoming air keeps the smoke cool and sweet and serene, no matter how belligerently you puff. In fact, the harder you puff, the more air comes in. That's why it's called a *Carburetor* Kaywoodie. Your own pipe merchant will let you examine one: with a little urging on your part, he will even let you buy one. The urge: four dollars. Shown above, actual size No. 22.

Other Kaywoodie Pipes

Super Grain $5, Gale Kaywoodie $5
Flame Grain $10, Meerschaum-Briar $12.50
Matched Grain Sets $100 to $1,000

Among all pipes Kaywoodie was selected for the Westinghouse Time Capsule at the N. Y. World's Fair.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, New York *and* London

COPR. 1939 KAYWOODIE COMPANY

A Respectable Woman

Continued from page 13

on and Orlie said to the unnaturalized citizen, "Where is this here Hollywood?"

"Just take a boulevard and go five miles west. It ain't nothin' but one end of the city lit up like a midway."

About nine o'clock that night Orlie arrived at the intersection of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard. He went down the street strumming the guitar strings absently. It was a clear night. It was like walking through a garden of stars.

On Santa Monica Boulevard he loitered to stare through the windows of the Movieland Café. It was a huge, barnlike place with a long bar and a great many tables clustered around a small dance floor behind which was a four-piece orchestra. Orlie saw the big steins of beer slide down the bar and he walked inside.

There were about a hundred people at the tables. Twenty or thirty couples were on the dance floor. Orlie leaned against the bar and waited until the music stopped and the floor was vacant. Then he took a chair and walked out onto the middle of the floor. He sat down on the chair and began to play before any of the waiters realized what he was up to. The little man with the Ronald Coleman mustache, who was master of ceremonies, started across the floor toward Orlie, but stopped in his tracks as he heard the murmur of talk recede and saw the patrons gazing with delight at Orlie. As he listened he stroked his infinitesimal mustache and knew that he was in the presence of an artist.

FOR half an hour Orlie played and sang, interrupted only by tempests of applause. He brought down the house and the waiters brought *him* beers. After five beers and a dozen songs, he walked back to the bar. Immediately he was handed a fresh stein by the manager himself.

"Thanks," Orlie said. "Singing sort of puckers up my tongue."

"You come around this time every night, Buddy," the manager said, "and you can have the floor money and all the beer you can swim in."

"Thanks," Orlie said, "I ain't a musician by trade." The manager walked away. A short fat man in a polo coat nudged Orlie. "I'll give you a buck if you'll play I Ain't Got Nobody," he said.

Orlie played and sang it. He sang it three times and the man in the polo coat held out a ten-dollar bill. Orlie shook his head. "I don't sing for money," he said. "It ain't my trade."

"You want to sing for ten dollars worth of beer?"

"That's different," Orlie said.

They climbed into a low yellow car. The man in the polo coat sat behind the wheel and stepped on the gas. "My name's Kissman," he said, "and I'm going to get drunk. We're going to drink beer but not from that dive. We're going to drink it from Milwaukee and Pilsen."

"It ain't bad from Cincinnati," Orlie said.

They drove to Beverly Boulevard. "I'm a director," Kissman said. "You want to know how much dough I drag down every Wednesday? All right, what the hell do you care? I get three grand a week. I could be a producer if I wasn't so damn' good. So what? I'm an artist, and any man who can't get along on three grand a week ought to be shot in three places. All right, you aren't Caruso either, but you got something. You got a hell of a style. I don't know music from catgut, but you're all right. What's your name?"

"Orlie Siders."

"Where you from?"

"Come from down Ohio."

"Can you drink?"

"Well," Orlie said, "I've kinda hovered over a few jugs now and then."

"You're okay," Kissman said. He swung the car to the curb in front of Dave Chasen's restaurant. They sat in a booth and Kissman ordered six bottles. "Are you married?" he asked.

"Daisy won't have me the way I am," Orlie said.

"What the hell does she want—Stokowski?"

"I don't know about him," Orlie said. "She's standin' firm on her natural rights. I ain't wanted unless I'm workin'."

"Who is?" Kissman said. He poured the beer. "Sing I Ain't Got Nobody," he said.

Orlie took a deep drink and lifted the guitar out of the battered black case. He began to sing. As he sang it, he made up new verses. Kissman gazed at him and drank. When Orlie finished a round of applause rose from the booths. An audience formed itself by the bar that afforded a view of Orlie.

"You're a hit," Kissman said. "You're a smash success."

Orlie sang. He could feel the beer and knew that Daisy was only across the hills. He was used to applause. His voice was low and plaintive. Sometimes it was almost a whisper. Sometimes it was powerful and resonant. It was like a leaf falling or a river flooding. Kissman said:

"I don't know music from the sex life of a blap, but I'll be damned if you're not a genius."

They made Orlie sing again. Actors, writers, directors, the *crème de la crème* of the studio world. Kissman got to his feet without a stagger. "Come on, Orlie," he said, "I can't drink in one place. We'll spread you out and see what you're made of."

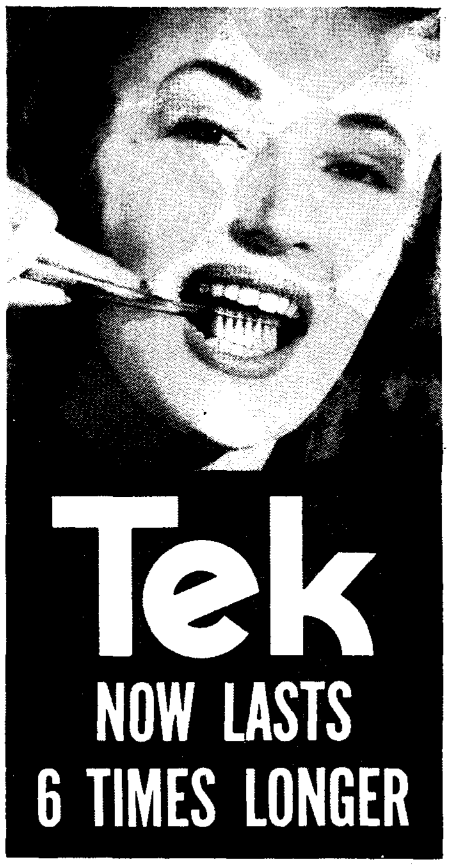
They journeyed from one bar to another, from shoddy beer joint to stream-lined night club. Everywhere they went Orlie repeated his sensational success. He gradually achieved a fine, delicate glow of being almost drunk and there he rested, as upon the crest of a never-breaking wave.

It ended in the kitchen of Keefer's Nutberger Nook. The front doors were closed and the cash pans of the marble machines had been emptied and checked. Orlie sat balanced on the rim of the kitchen sink and for the last time sang I Ain't Got Nobody. The waitress held his glass and gazed into his face. Kissman slowly curled up on the carton of canned soups and passed out. Orlie smiled and put the guitar back in its case.

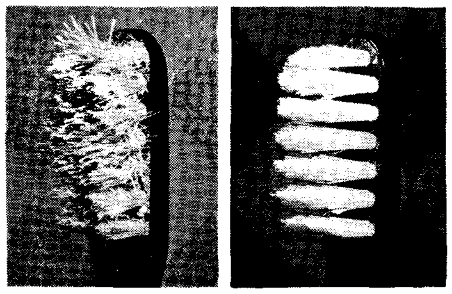
Dawn was crawling up the east when Orlie walked leisurely into the foothills to sleep in a copy of the Hollywood Citizen-News.

EVEN while Orlie reposed until high noon was on the hilltop, the effects of his sensational debut were taking place. In the silken depths of a Venetian bed, Kissman shuddered in agony each time the phone shrieked in his ears. Five times that morning casting directors called him when radio advertising agencies were not jangling the bell. After ten o'clock big names began to float over the wire, voices Kissman did not dare disconnect. And every call was an inquiry about Orlie Siders.

"I never heard of him!" Kissman



IMAGINE HAVING a new tooth brush with the cleaning life of six! That's your new Tek. Genuine, natural bristles, by an exclusive Johnson & Johnson process, now stand up and clean—despite daily use and drenching with water—more than *six times longer* than ever before!



DRAMATIC PROOF *Left:* Old-style* brush with ordinary, natural bristles worn out by our laboratory test. *Right:* The new Tek, still full of life after *six times more wear.*

Tek
Tek
Tek
Tek

BUY 2 BRUSHES AND SAVE! In the single-brush package: Tek 50¢, Tek Jr. 25¢. New *Tek Double* package (one brush for morning, one for night) special value!

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

*Natural bristle brushes without the benefit of Tek's exclusive new process.

bellowed. "If this is a gag, it stinks!"

But the phone kept ringing.

Gradually Kissman began to believe that Orlie really existed. Over his coffee and brandy in Dave Chasen's the fact was verified. The waiter said, "He was not only terrific in the matter of talent, but he knew how to deliver, and it's tougher here than it was at the Palace."

Kissman had three more brandies and then left for the studio. As soon as he entered the gigantic chicken-wire and stucco portals, he found himself more famous than he had been in years. In the commissary, his producer, Hymie Esel, called him over.

"Bring him in at five o'clock," Hymie said, "and we'll get him on paper."

"I don't know where he is," Kissman said.

"We'll sign him for two hundred a week."

"It won't inconvenience you?"

"Are you an agent now?" Hymie bawled. "All right, four o'clock and three hundred."

"I don't know whether I can," Kissman said.

Hymie smiled bitterly. "You're holding out on me with your option coming up Thursday?"

"To hell with you!" Kissman said, "I got a reputation."

"For a three-bottle director you got a swell reputation," Hymie countered. "You better not double-cross me until I ain't your friend."

"But what if I can't locate him?"

"Then we talk it over Thursday," Hymie said.

Kissman walked out of the studio. He bought a paper and found out that it was Monday. That gave him two days and three nights. He called up police headquarters and reported that his valet, one Orlie Siders, formerly of Bent Spoon, Ohio, was missing and so was his stamp collection valued at approximately five thousand dollars. Then he spent the afternoon at home on the chance that Orlie might telephone. He read the afternoon paper with satisfaction. It carried a large photo of himself on the front page beside an account of how the famous director and *bon vivant* had been robbed of a stamp collection famous the world over and modestly evaluated by its owner at twenty-five thousand dollars. It told how police were combing the town for Orlie Siders, the absconding valet.

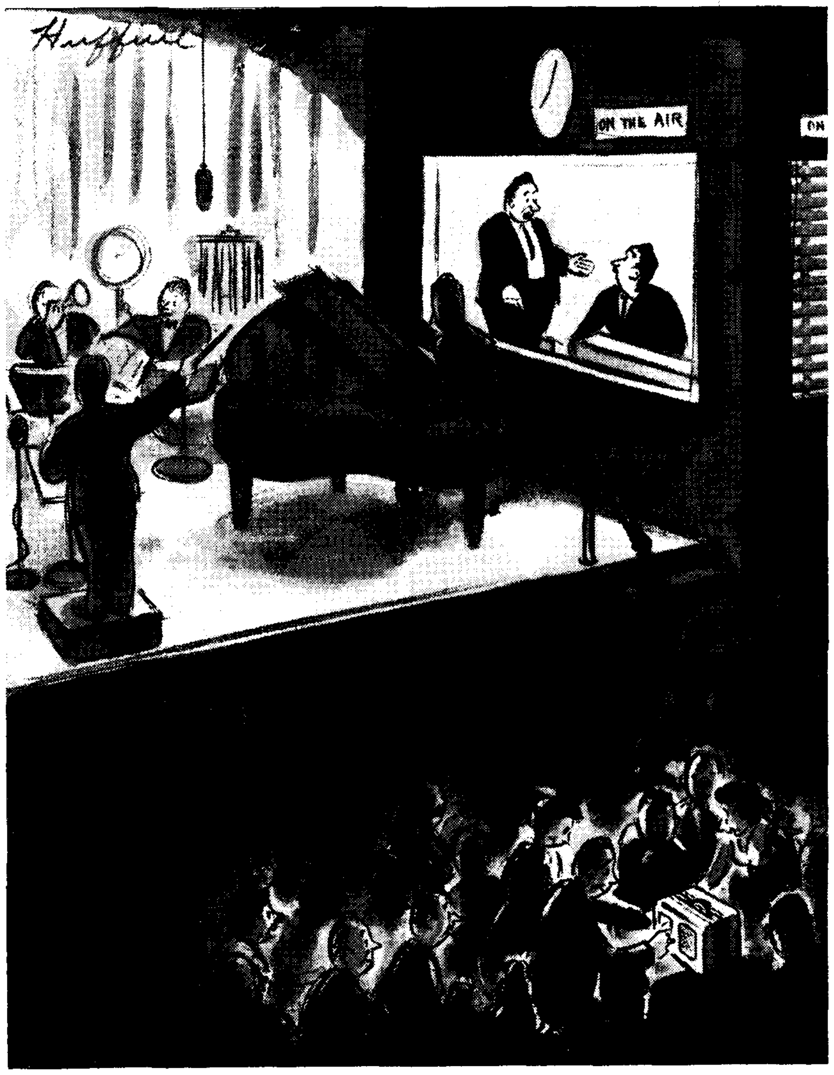
Kissman dressed and began another tour of the night spots he and Orlie had visited. But he found no trace of him. The night final carried an even larger photo of Kissman and also hinted that there was credence given to the theory that Orlie Siders was identified with a Hollywood Nazi spy ring, since Kissman had once served in the Army air force.

ON THE dramatic page the feature columnist wrote: "Many of our glamor girls and boys attending the swankier night spots last night are still talking about an unknown singer who thrilled the biggies with his impromptu renditions. But since he was in the company of our old friend Rufus Kissman, the director, we suspect that more will be known later about this newcomer who surprised and delighted our stars with his talents."

Kissman smiled complacently and went home to wait for Orlie.

But Orlie did not call, nor did Orlie read the evening newspapers. He was frying barracuda on Ocean Park beach after having traded his hat for the fish and three doughnuts.

By noon the following day Kissman was stone-sober and desperate. Hymie Esel had called up three times. On the third call he had raised his offer to five hundred a week and repeated his threat



"That guy from the rival network is out there with his portable again"

D. HUFFINE

Catching COLD?

Sal Hepatica helps 2 ways

BUD: Gee, Sis, my name must be Jinx. With the South's cutest girl coming 300 miles to see me play football, I'm catching cold. I'll probably spend Saturday at the Infirmary instead of on the field!

SIS: Then it's time for quick action—with Sal Hepatica.

BUD: What do you mean—quick action?

SIS: I mean Sal Hepatica helps fast two ways. First, it's a quick yet gentle laxative. And speed is important in fighting off a cold. Second, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often accompanies a cold.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER

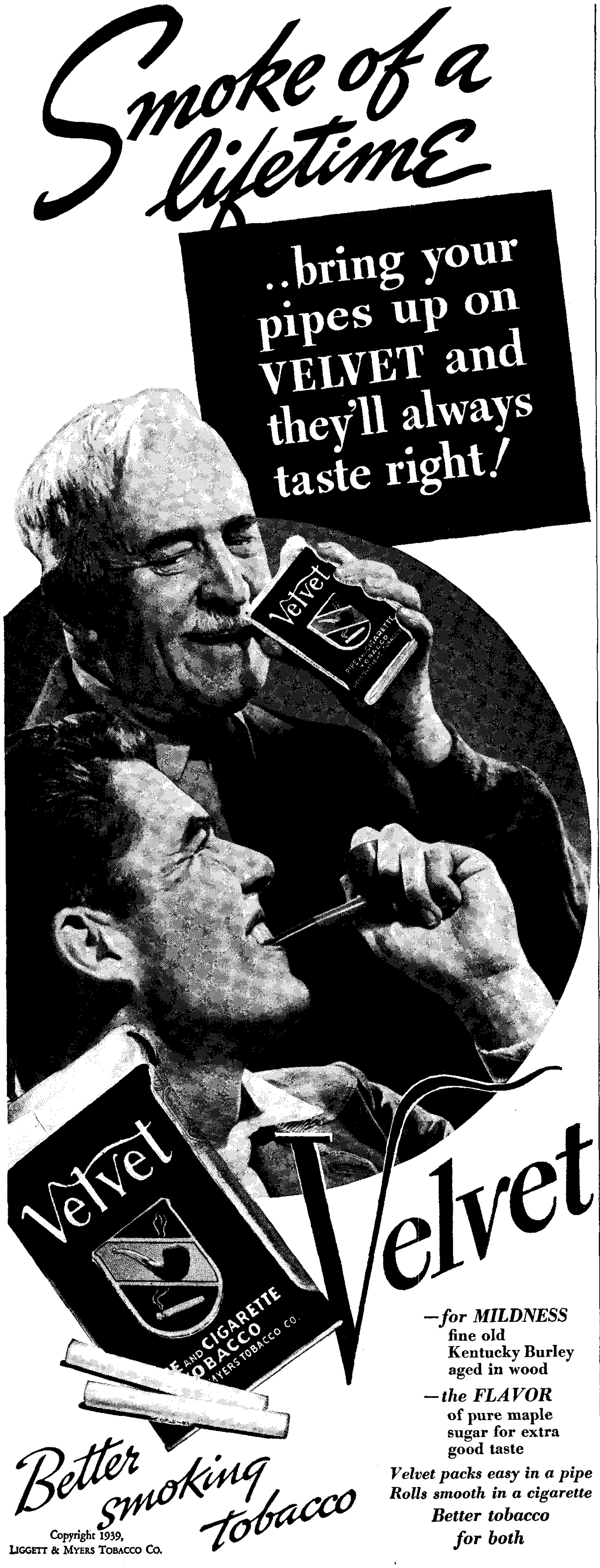
SIS: Buddy, you were marvelous! I . . . she . . . everyone's cheered till they're hoarse.

BUD: The cheering ought to be for you, Sis, for I might be in bed this minute, if you hadn't helped me ward off that cold with Sal Hepatica. But here she comes, Sis, and a wise little gal like you knows when to scram.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.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..bring your pipes up on VELVET and they'll always taste right!

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fine old
Kentucky Burley
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of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco
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Better smoking tobacco

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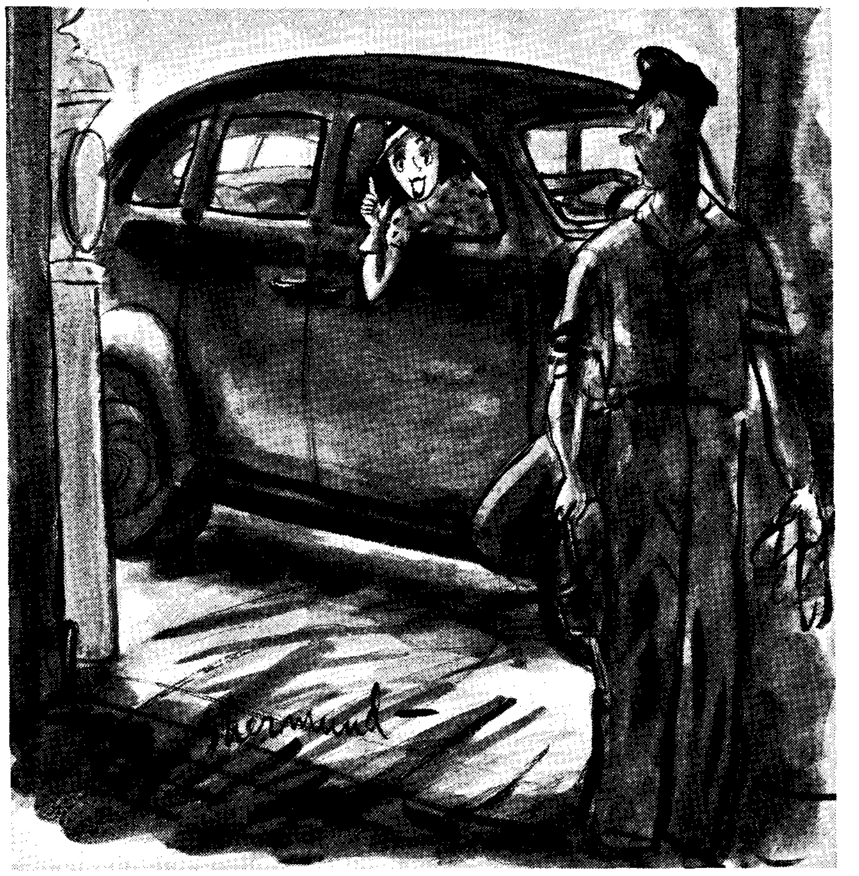


"Oh, Greaseball!"

BARBARA SHERMUND

to wash up Kissman's contract on the grounds of insobriety, treachery and the economy purge that was sweeping the industry.

"To hell with you!" Kissman said, but he poured a double brandy.

The doorbell rang.

"The door!" Kissman yelled.

The Filipino boy threw it open hastily and a girl walked in. She was carrying an umbrella. Kissman looked at her with dismay. He had expected Orlie.

"Are you Rufus Kissman?" the girl said levelly.

Kissman nodded. He had just decided that she was pretty enough to treat politely.

The girl stepped forward. The umbrella described a swift arc, but Kissman ducked in time and it barely grazed his head. He leaped back as the Filipino boy fled.

"Hey, what goes on here?" he cried.

She moved after him slowly. "Let me tell you something, you little bald, horrible thing," she said; "if you think you can turn Orlie Siders into a Nazi spy you got another think coming!"

Kissman backed away. "Who are you?" he asked soothingly.

"I'm Daisy Siders, that's who!" she said. Again she swung the umbrella like a scimitar, but Kissman was waiting for it. He ducked and closed with her. As he clutched her writhing, fighting body, he yelled, "You're just who I want to see! It's all a gag, Daisy!"

"I've heard all about you movie people!" Daisy gasped.

KISSMAN finally pinned her down in the depths of a divan. Still holding her fast he began to talk and by the time he had reached Hymie Esel's offer of five hundred a week Daisy had cooled down somewhat.

She looked at him with narrowed eyes. "Who's gonna pay Orlie five hundred a week and for doin' what?" she asked.

Kissman captured the umbrella gracefully. "For singing and writing and acting," he said easily. "Why, that isn't much. That's chicken feed."

"Not on our chicken ranch it ain't," Daisy said.

"Look at me," he said, smiling. "I get three thousand a week. Now can you believe me?"

"Now I can believe anything," Daisy said. "Only I don't."

"All right," Kissman said; "I'll take you over to Mr. Esel and you can see for yourself!"

ORLIE was mowing a lawn in Beverly Hills. It was a two-dollar job he had obtained by a stroke of pure luck, since he had happened to be strolling by just as the housekeeper had finished reading an article on the bombing of China and stormed out into the flower beds to fire the Japanese gardener.

So Orlie was working. As he pushed the mower up and down he listened to the housekeeper's description of the bombing. An Irish rage foamed in her blood. "It ain't the Jap people," she stormed, "it's them little sawed-off army prigs!" She clutched Orlie's sleeve. "If you had a brain in your head for somethin' decent, what would you be doin' in a army?" she asked.

"I'd be drafted," Orlie said.

She released his sleeve. "All right," she said. "Come on in the kitchen and eat a sandwich."

Orlie sat in a chair by the kitchen table and relaxed while the housekeeper read the paper, sometimes aloud to him, sometimes to herself. Orlie chewed the sandwich and dreamed about Daisy. Now he was working he could go and call on her with money in his pocket. He could map out their future together. All he had to do was get five or six more gardens to tend. With the Japanese still bombing hell out of China, this, he reasoned seemed like a cinch. Then he and Daisy could rent a cottage and settle down to normal living again.

Suddenly the housekeeper brandished her fist. She pointed at the paper. "How do you like that!" she exclaimed, her eyes blazing. Then, reading and declaiming at the same time, she went on:

"It says here—the juicy role of the courtesan in Underworld Queen has been handed by Producer Hymie Esel to an unknown socialite!" Orlie was gazing at her without apparent understanding. "Didn't you never read the book?" she asked.

"Maybe I forgot it," Orlie said cautiously.

"Then you never read it," she boomed out, "because nobody could never forget Nell Waddling who run the lousiest house in town!"

"Oh, one of them?"

"Yeah," the housekeeper flared again, "and with actresses like Bette Davis and Gladys George and June Martel around, what does this Hymie Esel do? He goes and slams the part right in the lap of some hussy he's probably keepin' company with nights—because who the hell ever heard of Daisy Siders?"

"She's my wife," Orlie said casually. Then he leaped to his feet and grabbed the newspaper.

Orlie read it over and over. There it was in cold print. Daisy Siders, Ohio socialite . . . the *courtesan* . . . Hymie Esel . . .

Dazed, Orlie stared at the housekeeper.

"You sick?" she asked.

"Daisy . . ." he muttered. Then, putting the sandwich mechanically in his pocket, he walked out.

HE WAS a different man when he walked into the studio reception room. His jaw was a firm line. His chin thrust out solidly. His big shoulders stayed back. He carried his coat slung over one hairy, corded forearm. He said to the girl, "I'm Orlie Siders, and I'm goin' in after Daisy."

"Yes, Mr. Siders!" she said with a quick smile. "Mr. Esel is in building C, number three four five."

Orlie walked in. The policeman inside led him to Hymie Esel's door.

Hymie Esel sat behind a big shining desk. In the corner Kissman was pouring a brandy.

Orlie strode up to the desk and Hymie rose, smiling.

"You Hymie Esel?" Orlie asked. Hymie nodded, started to speak, but Orlie cut in. "You got Daisy here?" he said.

Hymie nodded as Kissman started to cross the room with the drink. Then Kissman stopped and watched, fascinated. He saw Orlie lift Hymie off his feet and shove him deep into the big wire wastebasket. Hymie's face was gray. His eyes gaped.

There was a cry from the doorway. It was Daisy.

"Orlie! Oh, Orlie!" She advanced with her arms outstretched, while Hymie struggled viciously and vainly to extricate himself from the wire mesh.

Orlie spun around and faced Daisy. He looked at her sternly as he held her off at arm's length. "Daisy," he said, "what is this here in the paper about you turnin' into a courtesan?"

"*He* done it, Orlie," she said, pointing at the still writhing Hymie. "He put it in the paper just to bring you in here. It's the Lord's truth, Orlie!"

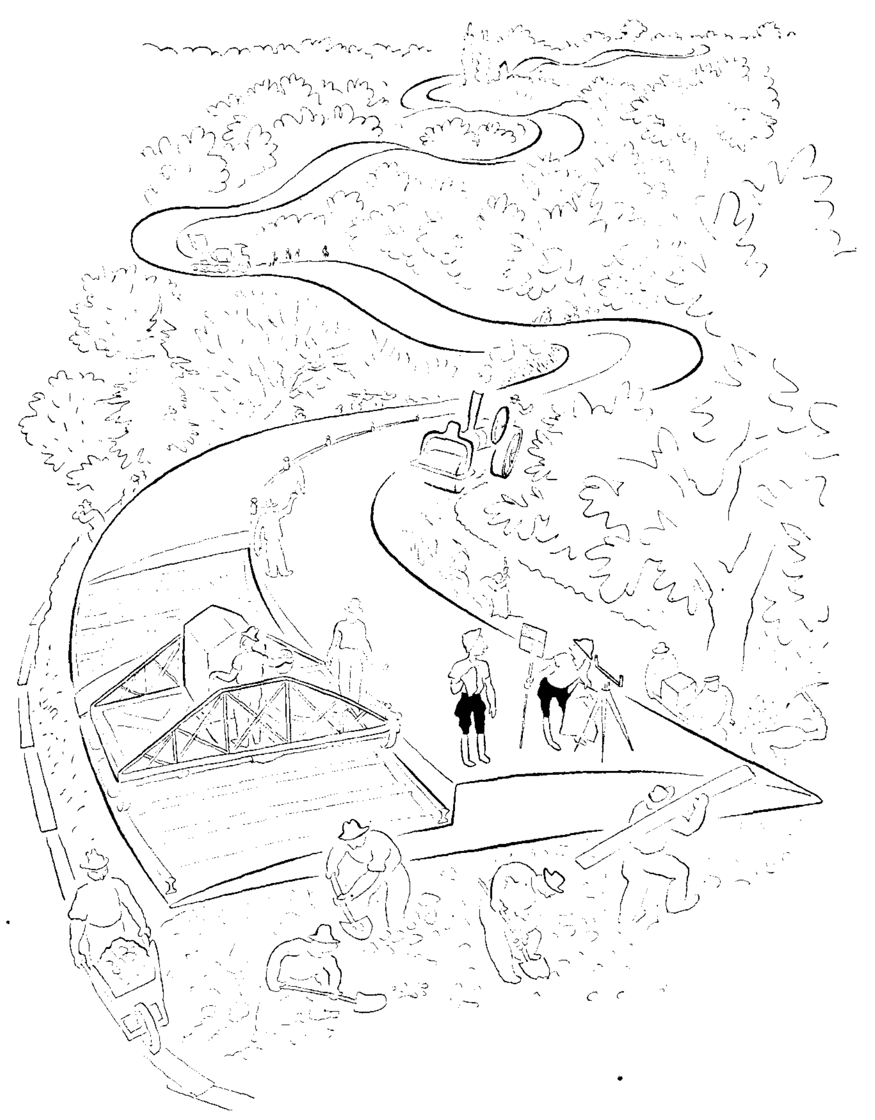
Orlie looked deep into her blue eyes and knew it was not a lie. He felt her close against him. Her arms encircled him, her hands against the rigid muscles of his neck. It was too much. "I'm workin'," he whispered in her hair.

"I don't care, Orlie, I love you!" she sighed.

"Come on," he said, "you and me'll get out of here."

Kissman watched them go. He sipped his brandy and then turned to regard the wastebasket with a smile. Hymie was no longer struggling. He sat quite still in his wire trap, his eyes fixed on Kissman. Finally he found his voice. "Kissman," he said, "you're through!"

Rufus Kissman smiled. "It's a pleasure," he said, "and pardon me, Hymie, for staring, because I always want to remember you—just as you are."



"Next shady spot we come to, let's stop for lunch"

SOCIALLY–

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE ?

Have you ever walked into a room filled with people and felt the uncomfortable sensation of critical eyes on your hair?

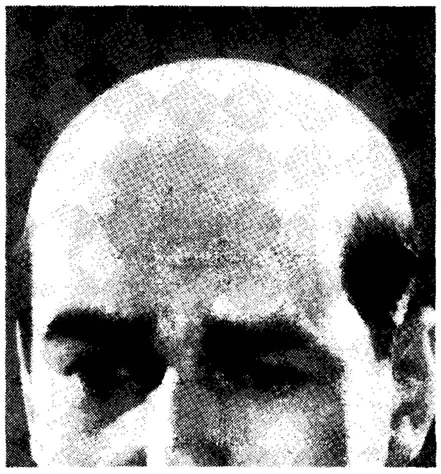
Has your wife ever suggested your hair might be neater, or that it's a bit too sticky or greasy?

Has she ever cautioned you about those ugly dandruff scales and hairs that litter your collar?

If the answer is "yes" to any or all of these questions, we hope to help you improve your score by suggesting the use of Kreml.

DO YOU DOPE your hair with heavy, greasy concoctions? Then see yourself as others see you. Why go on using sticky, shiny plasters that also tend to clog scalp pores? Try Kreml and see the attractive difference it makes.

DOES YOUR HAIR look like this to others? Stiff, wild, unmanageable? Then stop soaking your hair with water to comb it. Water is bad for hair. Dries out natural oils. Makes it hard to comb. Use Kreml and see how really nice your hair can look.



NO HOPE HERE, for hair once gone is gone forever. Use of Kreml, in time, will remove dandruff scales and check excessive loss of hair. Let this be the best advice: "Give the hair you have the finest care you can."

KREML CAN HELP DO THIS for you. Get a bottle today, use it every day, and prove to yourself how handsomely it keeps hair combed without a trace of grease. A marvelous tonic, too. Removes dandruff scales and checks excessive loss of hair.

WOMEN TELL US that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for a permanent—makes permanents look lovelier and last longer.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made with an 80 per cent olive oil base, it cleans hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

You may worry about "Junior"

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After grandma has spent a two-week visit spoiling "Junior," you can at least drive her home with Peace of Mind about your chassis lubrication—if you let us Marfak your car every 1,000 miles.

Then you won't worry one whit whether your shackle bolts, water pump bearing or drag links are going dry.

Marfak is Texaco's famous, standardized 40-Point Lubrication Service.

For greater protection at every friction point, it includes the use of a lubricant so tough it lasts twice as long as ordinary grease. This lubricant is Marfak—from which the full service takes its name.

Stop where you see the Marfak sign. Then you'll stop worrying about chassis lubrication.

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Protect your car for winter now

Let us MARFAK your car
AT ALL TEXACO AND OTHER GOOD DEALERS

TEXACO'S 40-POINT LUBRICATION SERVICE

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Unhappy Fishing Grounds

Continued from page 19

the wigwams and cabins of the Sokulks, who always had depended on salmon as their main food supply. In the river there was sustenance, but Chief John Buck shook his head each time braves took down their fishing equipment. "My people," he told them, "this is the way we must uphold our rights."

The Gandhi strategy proved successful. With famine menacing the tepees and shelters of the Sokulks, white settlers in the region became aroused. They sent a long petition to the state capital. It stirred the politicians, and the Washington legislature has just passed a law pledging the Sokulk tribe unrestricted salmon fishing on the Columbia River.

Public opinion in the Northwest overwhelmingly favors the Indians. This was demonstrated recently when warriors were arrested for fishing without licenses at Celilo Falls. While the braves sat in jail in the Washington town of Goldendale, their chiefs congregated in front of the building and solemnly made known their feelings.

Boss of Indians' Lobby

It was clear everyone agreed with gray-haired Chief Speeding Arrow of the Spearfish Indians, who said with stony expression, "We all no like this." Friendly lawyers advised the prisoners to demand jury trials. They did. The charges were dismissed, the authorities apparently deciding it was wiser to free the Indians immediately than wait for twelve citizens to do so.

To protect the rights assured them by the American government nearly a century ago, the Indians fishing on the Columbia even have ventured into politics. John Whiz of the Yakima Tribe is chairman of the Celilo Falls Fish Committee. This means he is the boss of the Indians' legislative lobby. In fact, he is the whole lobby.

"Indians have hard enough time now, without paying fishing fees," John Whiz told senators and representatives as he stood in the marble rotunda of the capitol building, beneath the mural of Lewis and Clark at Celilo Falls. The legislators and Governor Charles A. Sprague concluded he was right, and this all-important sentence was inserted in the Oregon laws specifying fees for fishing:

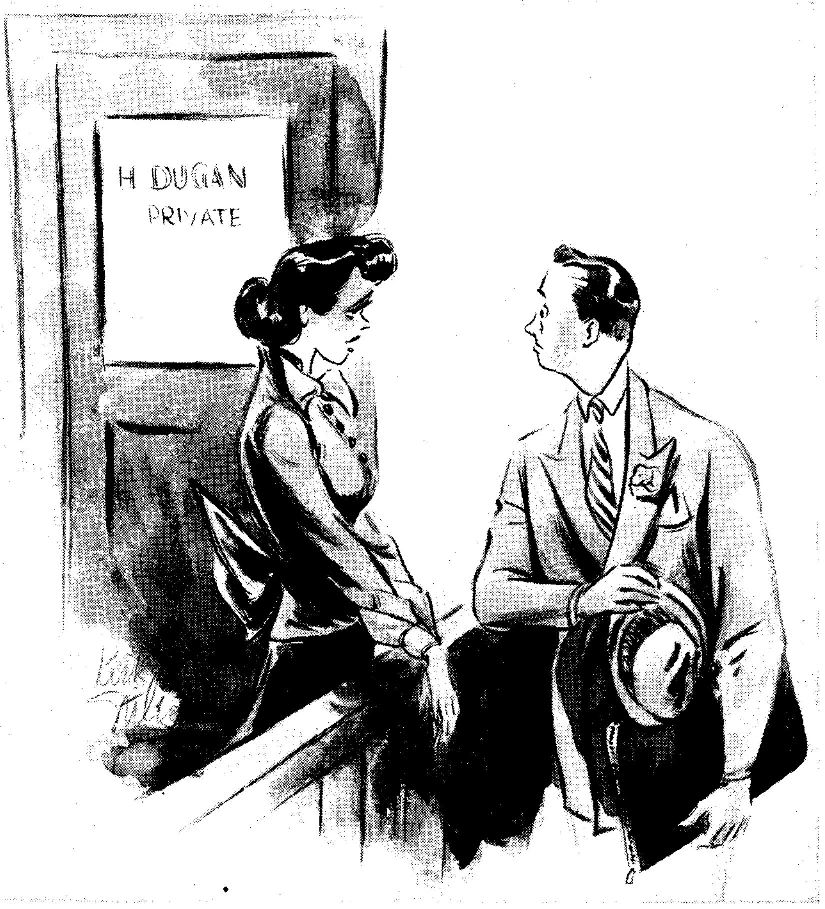
"Provided, however, that the fees prescribed in this chapter shall not be required of Indians with treaty rights."

The red men regard John Whiz's lobbying feat as a great victory, but they know the campaign is still far from won. A district judge in Yakima has just ruled that the state of Washington can collect license tolls from the Indians, because the funds are used for conservation of the salmon runs. Chiefs and warriors with grim faces listened in the courtroom as the verdict was given.

The Indians will not give up until every appeal has been exhausted, and even after that they may keep on trying. The Department of Justice is allied with the tribes in this phase of the struggle. The national government insists that Indians with rights under the 1855 treaty cannot be compelled to buy state licenses in order to catch salmon at their traditional fishing grounds.

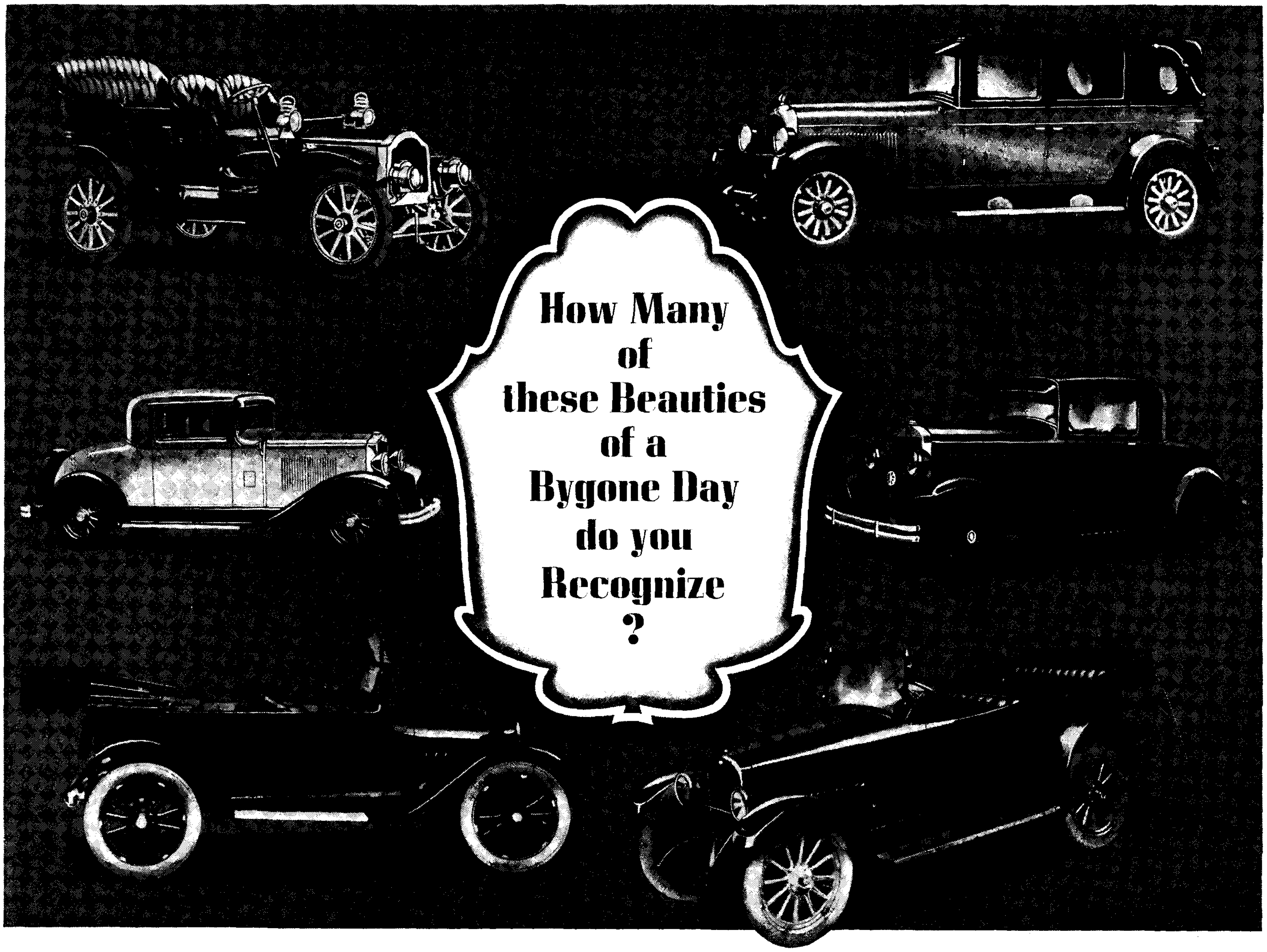
"This is an important problem," contends Carl Donaugh, one of the federal district attorneys in the Northwest. "Our country has a pact with these people. To violate that pact in any way would be as morally wrong as to break a treaty with our most powerful neighbor abroad. Our treaty with the Indians on the Columbia River is as entitled to respect as a treaty with the British Empire."

Yet, colorful though it is, the spectacle at Celilo Falls is no synthetic ceremony staged for visiting royalty or curious



"He was in such a good mood he went home before any salesman could land him"

KIRK STILES



How Many of these Beauties of a Bygone Day do you Recognize ?

They're the forefathers of six of the 1940 Purolator-equipped cars

Remarkable engineering progress changed these "machines" of yesteryear to their sleek, streamlined, magnificently performing descendants of today.

But engineering progress imposed important lubrication problems. Proper functioning of present-day multi-cylinder engines with higher speeds, higher compressions, new types of bearing metals, lighter pistons, etc., requires the continual improvement of lubrication systems.

Purolator engineers, working with car factory engineers, have consistently kept pace with oil filtration demands.

It is for this reason that manufacturers of the cars pictured, as well as the many other manufacturers of cars, trucks and tractors, continue the Purolator Oil Filter as standard or optional equipment on their 1940 models.

For the past 15 years Purolator has consistently been standard equipment on a large percentage of America's leading cars. Today Purolator equipment is regarded by a vast majority of motor engineers as vital to modern motors . . . vital enough to justify the expense of putting this piece of equipment on every one of the hundreds of thousands of cars, trucks and tractors which they manufacture.

When you buy your new car, be sure it is Purolator-equipped. If you buy a make of car that is not Purolator-equipped at the factory, be sure to have a Purolator installed before you take delivery. And always be sure to get genuine Purolator replacements when your filter needs attention. Remember that the most important thing about oil is

KEEP IT CLEAN with PUROLATOR

There is no substitute for Purolator Oil Filter protection. Tiny particles of dirt and abrasives are sucked into or produced in your motor. If not filtered from the oil they score surfaces of bearings, pistons, rings and cylinder walls, stealing power and wasting money. Purolator traps and removes these destructive particles from your oil.

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The E-Type Purolator is low in original cost and replacement cartridges are reasonable.

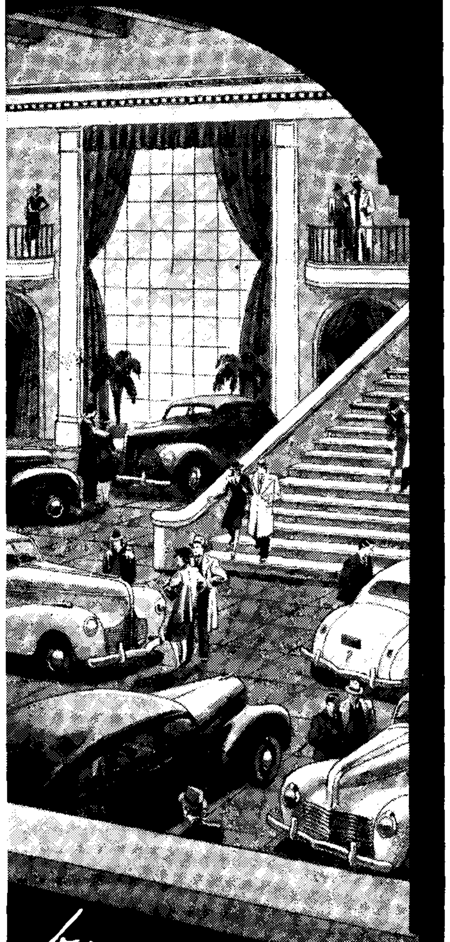
E-TYPE PUROLATOR
sealed cartridge type

The N-Type Purolator costs more to install, but saves money on replacements. Both types give full protection!

N-TYPE PUROLATOR
with replaceable element

PUROLATOR OIL FILTERS . . . PRODUCT OF MOTOR IMPROVEMENTS, Inc., Newark, N. J.

70% OF THE NEW CARS ARE *Completely* PARKER PROTECTED



by BONDERIZING

BONDERIZING, as protection against rust, now has almost universal acceptance among automotive manufacturers. Its use is accelerating rapidly. Now it is possible to select almost any car you prefer, with full assurance that it has maximum rust protection.

70% of all 1940 car production is now *completely* Parker Processed—bodies as well as fenders and other exposed sheet metal parts.

Bonderizing provides a perfect base for paint—inhibits rust—eliminates untimely refinishing expense.

When buying a new car, make sure that all sheet metal is protected by Bonderizing.

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BONDERIZING · PARKERIZING

Pullman passengers. It is a real and serious business to the Indians of many tribes. The salmon catch is not only their principal food, but also the solitary source of income for most of them. At the peak of the autumn run, when the fish jam in a thick mass below the falls, the Indians with their dipnets and spears have taken out 100 tons of salmon in a day. During such a period, a dexterous brave can haul in enough fish to feed his family for many moons.

Not so long ago the Indians were pulling 9,000 tons of salmon annually from this swirling stretch of the Columbia. At a cautious calculation of four cents a pound, the value of such a catch would be $720,000. In recent years the haul has been less. As civilization has hemmed in the river's lower reaches and dams have blockaded its course in the highlands, the salmon runs have dwindled. The Yakima Indian Agency estimates that the red men now catch approximately 5,000 tons of fish at Celilo each year. This is still no haul to be grunted at disdainfully. It consists of the sleek, flaky-fleshed Chinooks which are matched few other places on earth, and its commercial value would be $400,000. If the catch only stays at this level—and the Indians are left in peace to catch it—the tribes will be content and Celilo Falls will continue to be their happy fishing grounds.

Salmon Their Main Diet

The Indians cure and smoke all the salmon they possibly can use themselves. The rest they sell to canneries along the river. At the crest of the September run, a fisherman like Abe Showaway or Joe Skahan can make as much as $125 a week in this fashion. It is all the money many of these Indians earn during the year. It must pay for blankets, overalls, salt, sugar, diapers for the new-born papoose, a white doctor for the papoose's mother and gasoline for the ramshackle, secondhand automobile that takes the family to Celilo for the spring and autumn salmon fishing.

Most of what the Indians catch they eat. Salmon is the bulk of many of their meals. While the men fish at the falls the squaws chop up and cure the catch. The portion of the catch sold to the canneries is shipped across the globe.

Red men whose salmon-catching prowess is almost legendary along the Columbia—Tom Frank Yallup, Joe Esterbrook, Willie John, Charley Fectochun, Oscar Billy, Abe Showaway himself and many others—occupy dozens of rocks and crags at the falls. Sometimes they fish from wobbly platforms. A lot of the braves are fastened to the shore with ropes around their waists. Seldom a season passes that an Indian, thrown off balance by a salmon thrashing in his net, does not totter into the rushing river where no man can swim. Ladders leaning against the cliffs get the warriors from one crag to another. They also ride a little improvised cable car to the rocks in the center of the cataract. This is a hazardous passage. The cables and posts are makeshift, the work of the Indians themselves.

No brave has a monopoly on any particular point at Celilo. The place is the property of all the tribes. The fishermen co-operate rather than compete. Every Indian has an equal time to catch salmon.

Because the Indians want no white men interfering with their ancient fishing site, the braves at the falls take charge of their own discipline. Fishermen who get drunk are banished from Celilo. Night fishing is not allowed, for fear some warrior will stumble into the rapids in the dark. Rowdy or quarrelsome fishermen are also told to get out by the tribal council.

Except for their overalls and factory-made shirts and caps, the Indians at Celilo Falls have not changed greatly since Lewis and Clark paddled down the Columbia in 1805. They use the same sort of equipment the red men had then. The cable car is the only addition. When the river is especially thick with salmon, some of the warriors bring out spears their fathers used.

Otherwise the standard device is the dipnet. Once in a while the nets fill so rapidly that it takes two Indians to lift them out of the water. From experience the red men know exactly which swirls and eddies to probe. As a pilot charts a channel, they have spotted the whitecaps and chutes where the salmon accumulate. In these spots the Indians hold the dipnets, which are oval-shaped with pole handles. The nets are constructed in the same way as they were long ago, with the frames being bent from sapling wood or pliable animal bones. No metal holds the nets together; instead, cord and thongs are used.

From the passes of the Cascade Mountains and from the plains of the Inland Empire, many tribes trek to Celilo each year to catch the Chinooks. There they are governed by Chief Tommy Thompson ruler of the Celilo Indians. Other chiefs, sovereigns in their own realms, sit respectfully at his council fire during the fishing season. At the war dances and salmon feasts, Tommy occupies the place of honor.

So many Indians now come to Celilo Falls that there are not enough cabins and shacks to shelter them. The long house has been commandeered in the emergency, and scores of tribesmen sleep on the floor, blanket to blanket, like marching soldiers bedded down for the night. Many of these Indians and their families speak only tribal tongues.

What about the dams and the salmon runs?

Last year approximately 413,000 salmon were counted flipping their way up the big concrete fish ladders at Bonneville. This is a lot of fish, especially considering that one female Chinook salmon may deposit 3,500 eggs in the spawning beds in the highlands. But the parent fish invariably die after the eggs are laid, and Professor Lawrence E. Griffin of Reed College, who has made an extensive study of the salmon runs, believes the quantity of fish ascending the $7,022,000 steps at Bonneville is "insufficient to maintain their numbers in the river."

And 290 miles above Bonneville Dam now looms the vast fortress of Grand Coulee, already the largest structure ever built by man, although less than two thirds completed. No salmon can pass that towering wall. So the fish will be collected in tanks and placed on trucks for transportation to the upper river beyond the dam. There the salmon will be released into the Columbia again. A fleet of these trucks has been specially constructed for the government. They will contain ice compartments to keep the water cold and oxygen pumps to keep it fresh. Fifty miles an hour the trucks will travel to return the fish to their natural environment as speedily as possible. Some of the salmon will be taken all the way to the tributary rivers in which the fish customarily spawn.

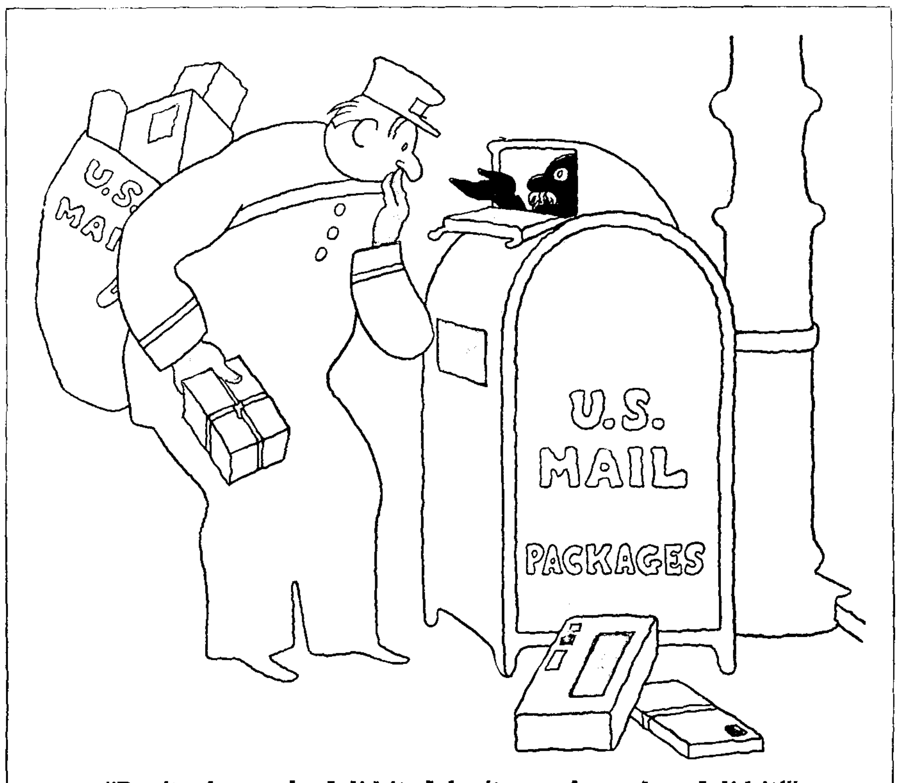
Other Perils Besides Dams

Nor are dams the only menace to the fish on which Abe Showaway and his fellow braves rely for subsistence and livelihood. Civilization—cities, towns, factories, mills, docks, sewers—constitute an equal peril. In 1925, eight years before Bonneville Dam was started, the salmon runs began to taper off sharply. The weight of the total Chinook catch declined eighteen per cent from 1925 to 1926. Hugh C. Mitchell, director of Oregon State fish hatcheries, is afraid the great Chinooks, finest of all salmon, are gradually disappearing from the Columbia River. He blames dams, stream pollution and civilization in general.

The faces of Tommy Thompson and his red-skinned followers are hard and set when they realize that fewer fish come upstream each year. Yet the Indians will be happy and content if only the present runs get no smaller, and if the white man honors the treaty the government made in 1855.

"The multitudes of salmon are almost inconceivable," wrote Lieutenant William Clark in his journal as the little Indian girl, Wolwaypoo, watched him long ago. That day is gone now. Wolwaypoo's grandson, Abe Showaway, points to the thundering falls and says:

"All we want is white man leave us fish enough eat, and no arrest us when we catch—like white man promises our people when treaty made."



"Don't ask me why I did it. I don't even know how I did it!"

GARDNER REA

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For in it, Packard's traditional mechanical excellence has been cross-bred to such spirited performance that you can't drive this car and stay calm!

That eager Packard motor has *so much more horsepower per pound of automobile weight* that this new Packard pulls away from other cars like a crack express passing a local.

And, if this star of the highway is brilliant for its footwork, it's even *more* brilliant for its roadwork!

It swallows bumps

Take one of these beauties out on the back roads, where they grow the bumps higher and the holes deeper.

Don't slow down. You'll hardly know there's a dip or mound in the road!

You'll get a ride so miraculously jolt-free, so incredibly soft and comfortable, that it seems as though black magic were at work. And it *is*—but the name for it is Packard's improved Safe-T-fleX suspension, the finest front and rear suspension that ever made a work-weary body say "Thanks!"

You'll find that handling this great car is a lesson in relaxation.

And you'll find that built into this heart-warming Packard is a degree of economy—with gas, with oil, and with servicing—that you never dreamed could be engineered into a car of this size.

So come give your eyes, brain, and body a treat! Look your fill at the handsomest new lines that ever glorified a car. Take in all the new features—including the new Sealed-Beam lamps, that bring new brilliance to the roads at night.

In short, discover that—with its 4-year plan completed, with millions invested in ultra-modern machinery—Packard has given you, in its 1940 cars, the most generous values ever crowded into anything that runs on rubber!

•

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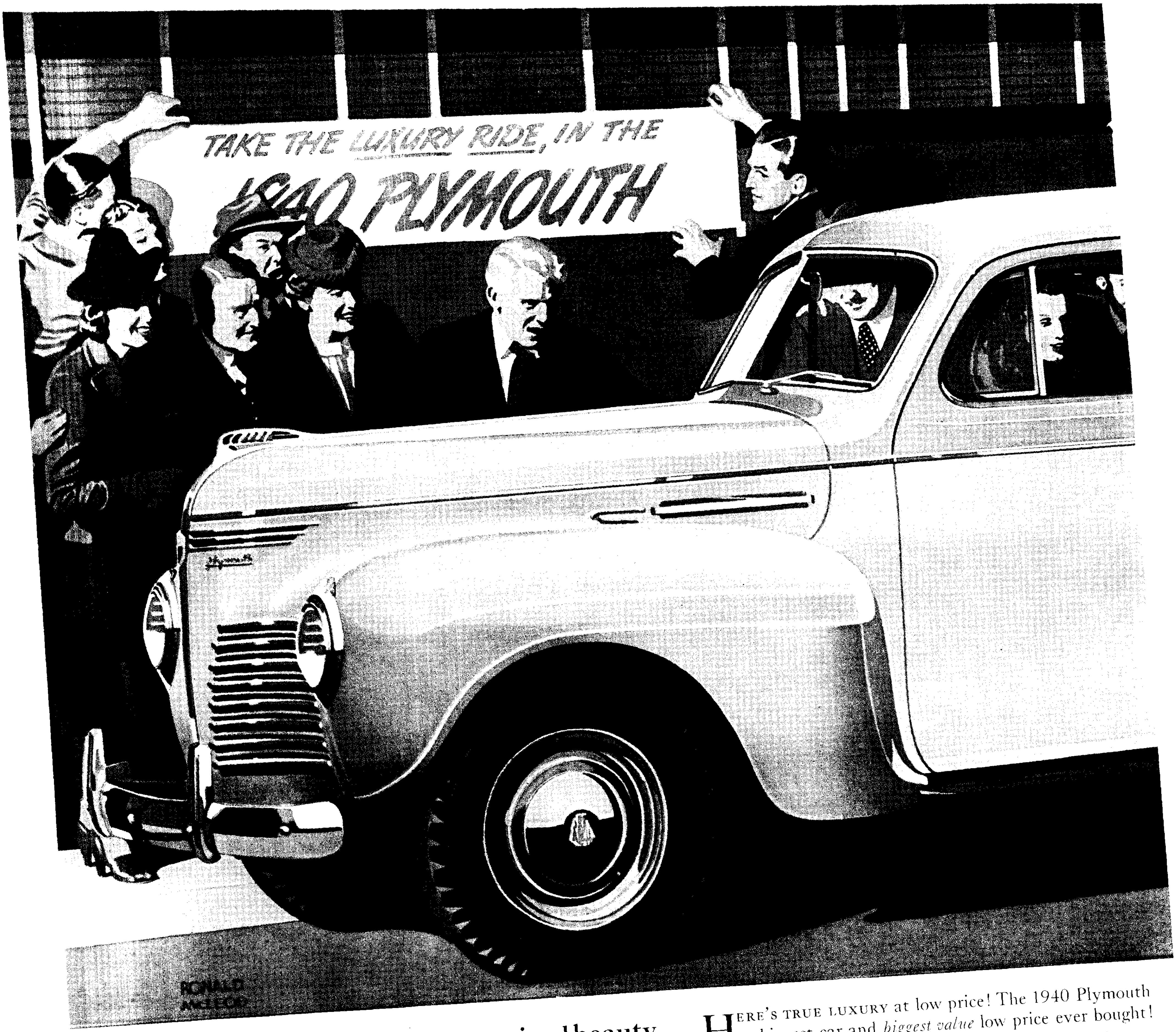

It's the 1940 Plymouth—the low-priced beauty with the Luxury Ride—longer, wider—with new interior luxury. Running Boards optional—New Headlights give 65% brighter road lighting—Steering Post Gear Shift, standard on all models—and the great Luxury Ride!

HERE'S TRUE LUXURY at low price! The 1940 Plymouth—biggest car and *biggest value* low price ever bought! *Everything* about this new car spells *luxury*—the fresh, new styling...the roomier interiors...the greater visibility through larger, new safety glass windows and windshield.

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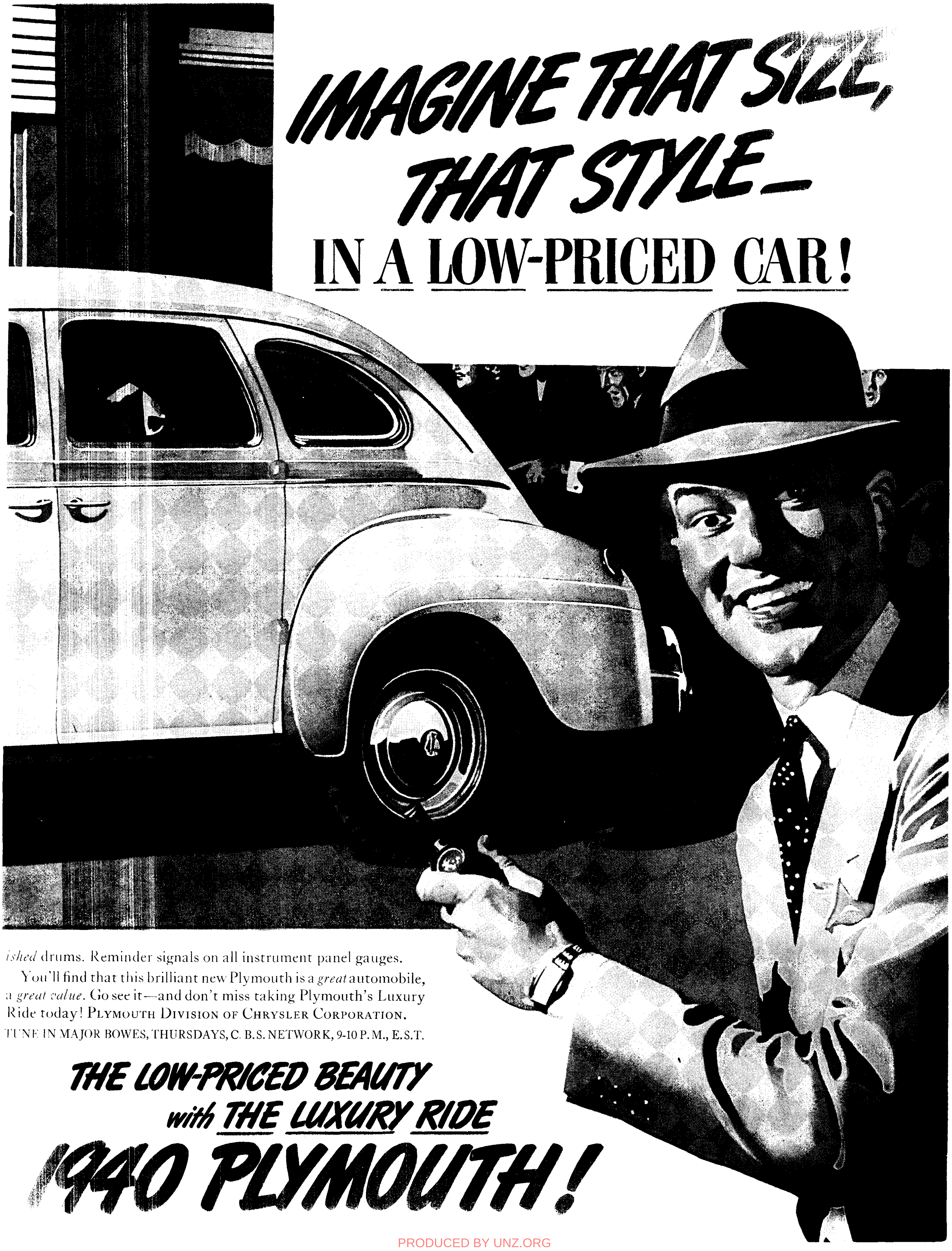
And get the luxury feel of that big, thrifty Floating Power engine. Its vital parts are *Superfinished* for even smoother operation, longer life. Shifting is a luxury, too—easier, quieter—with a new design transmission and clutch.

In every detail you see new quality, new *value!* Oil filter on all models. Precision-type hydraulic brakes with *Superfin-*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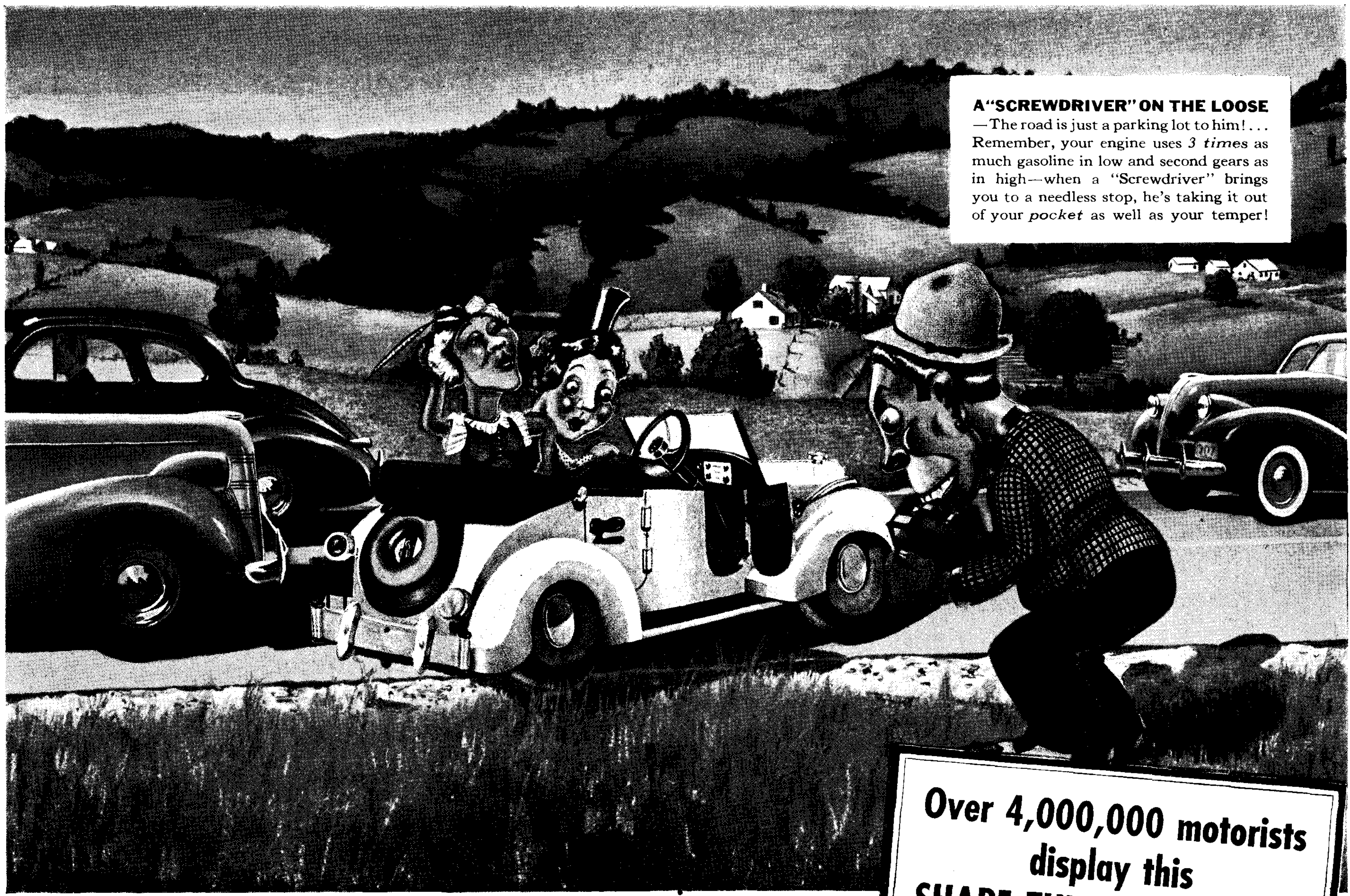
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, THURSDAYS, C. B. S. NETWORK, 9-10 P. M., E. S. T.

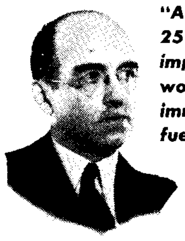
THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY with THE LUXURY RIDE

1940 PLYMOUTH!



A "SCREWDRIVER" ON THE LOOSE—The road is just a parking lot to him! . . . Remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" brings you to a needless stop, he's taking it out of your *pocket* as well as your temper!

Millions join crusade against "SCREWDRIVERS"—Cut STOP-and-GO!



"A big part of traffic congestion—25%—could be wiped out. An improvement in 'motoring manners' won't cost a cent and will pay immediate dividends in time and fuel savings."

Sidney J. Williams

Director, Public Safety Division
National Safety Council

EVERYWHERE you drive you see the handsome Share-the-Road Club emblem. Over 4,000,000 cars carry it.

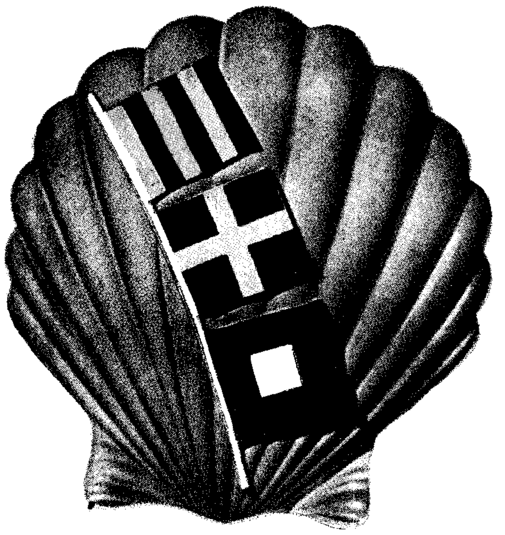
This nation-wide crusade to cut the *amount* of Stop-and-Go springs from the same Shell traffic research which produced Super-Shell Gasoline to cut its high *cost*.

Every Share-the-Road member has taken a stand *against* "Screwdrivers" and their traffic boners. He's *for* common-sense driving. He "Shares the Road."

Coast to coast, the Shell Share-the-Road crusade is bringing increased safety —*and savings*—to millions.

SHELL
SHELL
"SHARE THE ROAD" AND SUPER-SHELL BOTH SAVE ON STOP-AND-GO

Over 4,000,000 motorists display this SHARE-THE-ROAD Emblem



SHOW YOUR COLORS! The flags, in mariners' code, mean "I am giving way." Your Shell dealer will attach this handsome, colorful, all-metal emblem above your rear license plate—*no cost to you*. It shows you're AGAINST "Screwdrivers"—FOR sharing the road. It will help cut Stop-and-Go 25%!

THE SHELL DEALER IS HEADQUARTERS FOR SAVING ON STOP-AND-GO

He's a good neighbor—friendly and willing —ready to give your car complete care!

Every Car Has One

Continued from page 15

in ten hours in three different states. He fought Tommy Murphy in Stamford, Connecticut, at two in the afternoon at a New York Athletic Club outing. He scurried to New York where he fought Jimmy Carroll at the old Fairmont Club. He knocked Jimmy out in a round and the customers wanted more so he obliged by knocking out Eddie Sammit in three. He had promised to box at a smoker in Jersey City that night so he hopped across the river and at two took on Kitty Baker for a quiet four rounds. He doesn't do that much traveling over a ten-hour stretch now, driving a hack on the streets of New York, but he does cover considerable territory and he's been doing it since 1916. Kid Goodman has been driving twenty-three years now without an accident, and he says without ever having been really tired.

"Of course," the Kid says modestly, "us cab drivers is probably the best drivers there is. For one thing, the city officials is pretty strict about the shape our cars is in. Every four months we gotta have them examined by an inspector, brakes, horn, clutch, mirrors—everything. Private drivers always never think of having their cars examined until somethin' busts, except in states which make examination compulsory.

How to Get into Trouble

"Sometimes I drive six different hacks a week," he continued. "So each car is new to me when I get into the seat. Well, even though I been driving more than twenty years I gotta get used to that new car. It takes me an hour of driving to do that. I keep adjustin' the seat until it just fits right so I'm comfortable. I get the feel of the brakes and the gas and the play in the wheel, and once I get that I could drive fifteen hours and not get tired.

"New York ain't an easy place to drive in until you get used to it. You know why; it's 'cause we get so many out-of-town drivers, some of them dames—and why they give licenses to dames I don't know. Now take New York at night. We got a lighting system on the main avenues and streets. Take Fifth Avenue. Often I been stopped by a light and some private driver in a car next to me will yell, 'How many blocks did you make on that green light, buddy?' and I'll tell him I made maybe eight. He'll laugh and he'll say proudly, 'I made fifteen.' Well, that guy will be a nervous wreck after driving an hour in New York traffic. First he's breaking the law, see? The green lights are on for one minute and if you keep an even twenty-five miles an hour you'll do just eight blocks between lights. If you make fifteen blocks on a light you're going maybe forty-five or fifty and that'll get you in trouble sure in New York. Especially if it is raining."

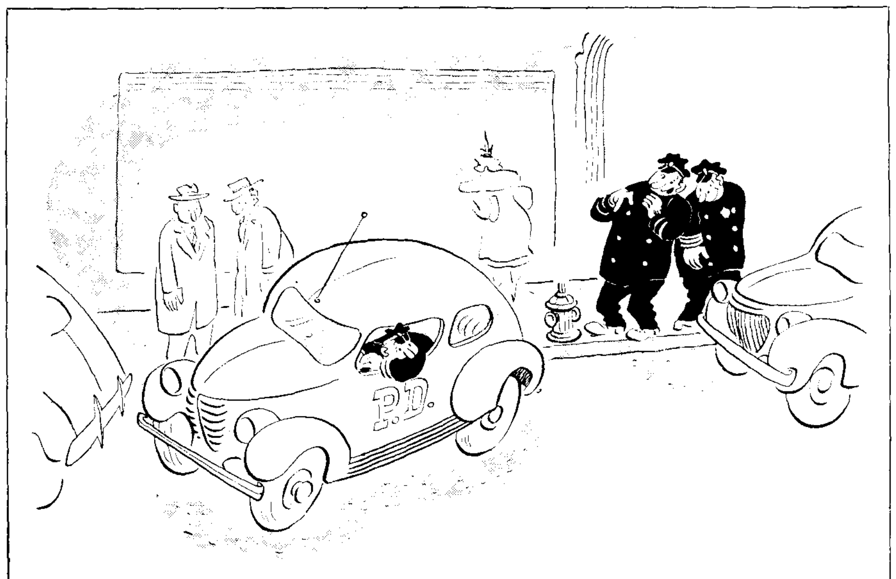
Kid Goodman shook his head gloomily. "The traffic cops wear black raincoats. At night if it's raining the glare from headlights coming at you hits the wet pavements and then comes up and hits you in the eye. Sometimes you can't see them coppers until you're right on them. The only way to lick that is to go very slow. Even the best windshield wipers sometimes go bad, mostly because people think they're supposed to last forever without oiling.

"We hackies got a couple of tricks, though. We can put our glass up, it swings on hinges and you can see all right then. Of course, on most private cars you can't put up the windshield. So if it's raining real bad or your windshield wipers go on the bum we do this. We take a couple of cigarettes and take the tobacco out of them. Then we rub the tobacco on the outside of the windshield. There's some oil or somethin' in tobacco that keeps the drops from forming on the windshield. The water just runs down in straight lines and that's all right. It's only when the rain drops stay there that you can't see out."

Here's another hackie, Tommy Pryor, who has been driving a taxicab since 1919 without an accident and without getting any gray hairs.

"You take fog," Tommy went on. "Sometimes we have fogs in New York, especially early in the morning. You're apt to get a fare to Long Island or somewhere in the suburbs where the lights aren't so good. Well, if you have fog lights maybe you're all right. If you haven't here's what to do. Funny thing about fog—it hardly ever lies right on the ground. There's usually maybe two or three feet clear. So use your dim light that throw a beam down and you'll be able to see pretty good. Most people put on their brightest lights. That's no good. The fog acts like a mirror for those bright lights and the lights come right back and blind you."

Michigan Boulevard in Chicago is as foolproof a thoroughfare as the ingenu-



"—cut her hard—now straighten her out—this is killin' me! Now back her up a little more—wait'll he sees this! Keep comin'—"

DAVE GERARD

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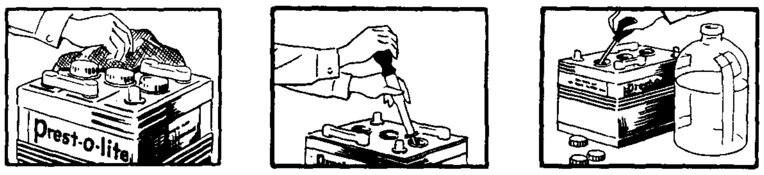

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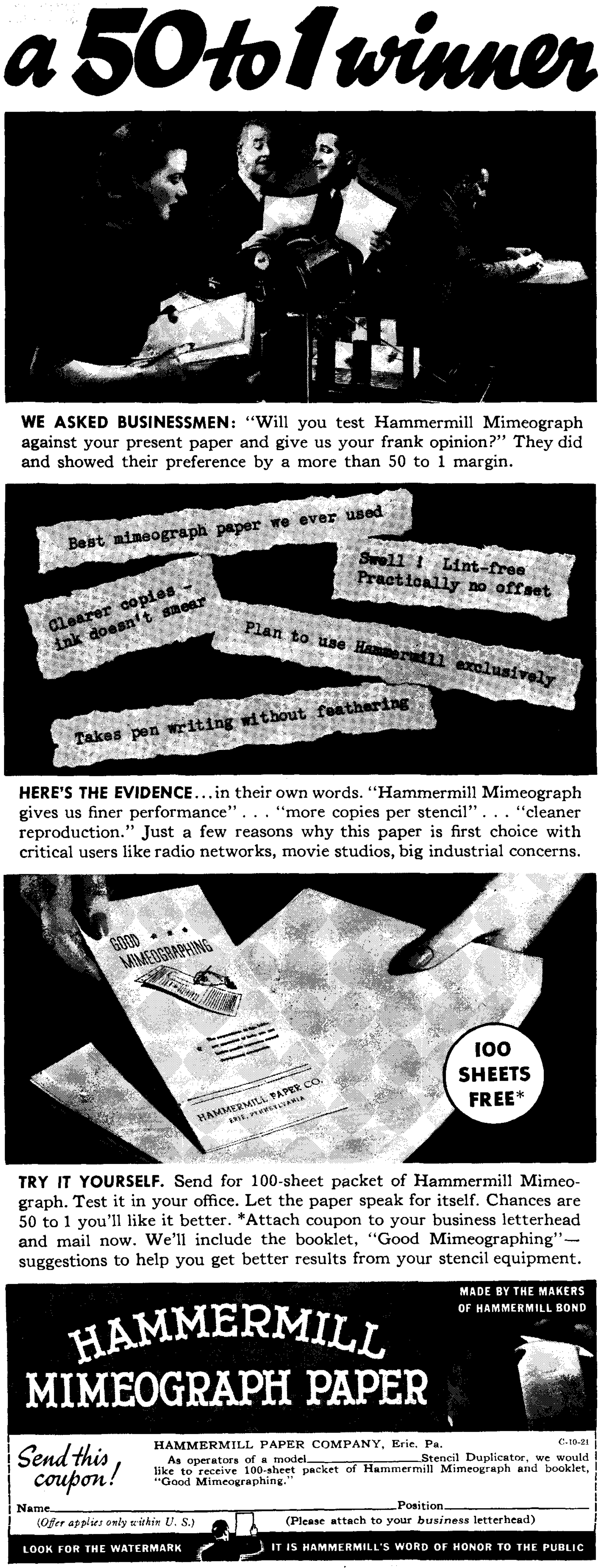

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LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

ity of man can devise, yet some drivers are quite capable of scrambling it delightfully. I was riding blithely down the boulevard in a cab driven by a large, genial gentleman named Hy Durkin when suddenly the peace of the afternoon was shattered by the screaming of brakes and a really gorgeous burst of loquacity from Mr. Durkin. A car in front of us had, with no warning at all, suddenly decided to make a right turn off the boulevard. The driver had made his alleged mind up at the very last moment and had neglected the conventional formality of holding out his hand. Mr. Durkin, caught quite unawares, just managed to escape piling up on the car.

"Such people hadn't ought to be allowed to drive," Mr. Durkin said heatedly. "Most private drivers in Chicago are pretty good but even the best of them make up their minds very suddenly when they want to make a right turn. Then they are so busy swinging their cars around that they never stick out their hands. People making left turns are more careful but you never see anyone obeying that rule about holding out a hand on a right turn."

Mr. Durkin, of course, was right. Most drivers think it the better part of valor to clutch the wheel with both hands when making a turn. This leaves them no hand at all with which to signal. Actually a wheel can be guided with two fingers and there is no reason for the violation of this simple traffic rule.

"When a cab driver is going to make a turn," Mr. Durkin went on with some pride in his voice, "he starts thinking about it a block ahead. He looks in his mirror to see if anyone is close to him. He starts edging over to the right or to the center. When he gets close to the intersection he sticks out his hand. He doesn't want any car climbing over him from the back. You know the better you obey the traffic rules the easier driving is on the nerves. Cab drivers never get tired driving; we obey the rules and if you don't believe it drop into any traffic court. You won't see many hackies there."

Hand Signals Are Simple

Mr. Durkin also added the comment that even when people do remember to signal with an arm most times it looks as though they were just waving at someone.

"You don't know whether they are going to turn left or right," he wailed and his wails were heard even above the Michigan Boulevard traffic. "It's so easy, too. If a man is going to turn right all he has to do is to hold his hand out and beckon cars in back of him to come on. If he is turning left all he has to do is to stick his hand out straight. That'll warn the man in back of him. But," Mr. Durkin added gloomily, "nobody ever signals right except of course hack drivers."

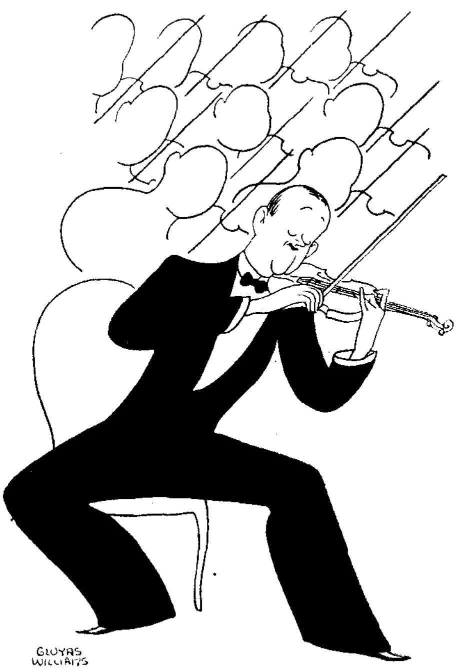
Now let's talk to someone who knows a lot about how to relax while driving fast. Wilbur Shaw won the most grueling of all races, the 500-mile Indianapolis classic in 1937, and then he repeated his victory last May. He averaged 115 miles an hour for the 500 miles and hit as high as 165 miles an hour on some of the straightaways. And yet he finished much fresher than the ordinary driver finishes after a three-hour drive in the country. It's because Mr. Shaw knows how to drive. Catch on?

"We have a rule on the tracks," Shaw says, "which might be good for ordinary drivers to follow. We say, 'Always drive ahead of your car.' What we mean of course is to keep thinking of what is ahead of you, especially if a curve is in sight. When I enter the homestretch on the Indianapolis track, which I must do 200 times to complete the 500 miles, I am thinking of what is going on at the next turn, which is three quarters of a mile away. If the ordinary driver would do that he'd save himself a lot of mental wear and tear. Sometimes a sight-seeing driver will come right up to a curve fast, without having given it a thought. He's likely to find someone coming his way out of the middle of the road. He might run into a dozen difficulties. Even if they aren't serious they do upset him.

"In racing we often deliberately refuse to pass a car because we're unsure of the driver. Sometimes I've studied a driver in front of me for several miles before trying to pass him. I want to know just what part of the road he'll be hugging when I do pass him. I want to know if he's the kind of driver who might suddenly swerve out or in as I am going past him. Yet I've seen ordinary drivers just breeze past one car after another, not even looking at them. We

People of Note

By Laurence McKinney



2—Violins

The VIOLINS have been gregarious
Right from the time of Stradivarius
And in the worst orchestral weather
They like to string along together
Producing tones, both high and deep
From hair of horse on gut of sheep.
And yet to play the violin
One has to take it on the chin;
But violinists take a chance
Because they know it brings romance.
With shaking head and swaying hip
Thus handily the gypsies gyp—
Thus easily the fiddlers can
Bring life and love to any man—
And so we see, from this tirade,
Why Rome burned up when Nero played.

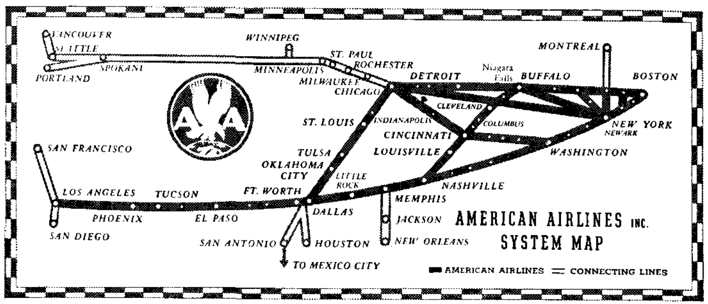
When you gotta go!

A LOT OF MEN don't like to travel. It's just so much hard work. But when they have to go, they have to go! Many a smart wife figures out the *easy* way.

When husbands go by Flagship, they can stay at home the night before instead of spending it in travel. When flying, the journey is only a few hours—hours that are made restful and enjoyable by the comfort and luxurious ease of air travel.

Finally, the Flagship will bring husbands home hours—if not days—sooner.

So, to the men for whom travel used to be an ordeal, trips by Flagship are opportunities for rest, relaxation and enjoyment—opportunities to save days of travel—days which will be *yours!*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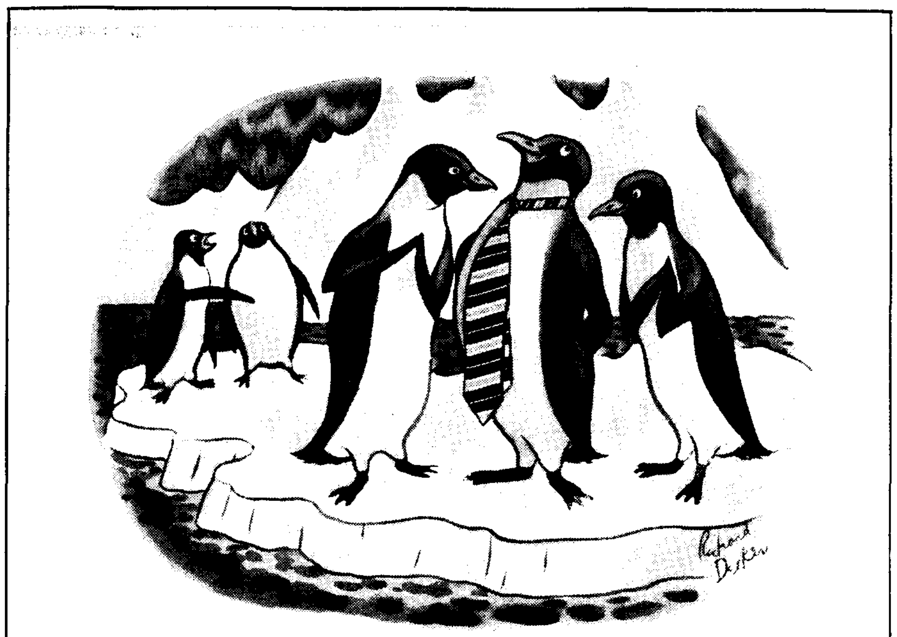

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never go through a turn until we are sure it's clear; we never pull in front of a car until we are well past it; we don't hold up a faster car but give it plenty of room to pass. Yet I've seen ordinary drivers do all of these things. I've never heard of an accident that was caused merely by speed. It is the misapplication of speed which causes accidents."

A few years ago most of you liked to sit in big overstuffed chairs at home and you wanted the same thing in your automobile. So you got it. Then some of you got smart and began to realize that although a big overstuffed chair is comfortable for fifteen minutes, it gets very annoying after five hours. You began to realize that your main support is a thing called the spine, a complicated gadget which acts best when straight. So the engineers gradually straightened out your back rest, took some of the stuffing out of the seat and today you have a firm driving seat with a back that is almost vertical.

Relax and It's Easy

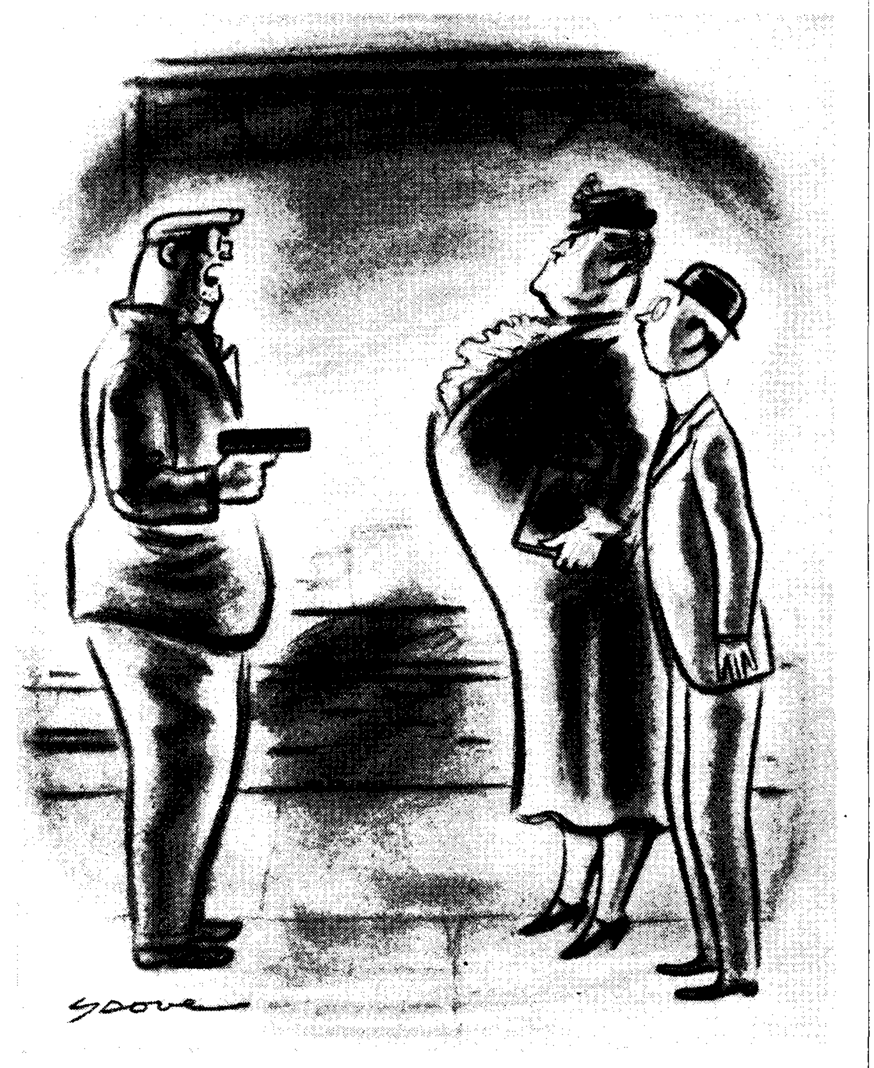
It's merely a question of engineering your body. Your center of gravity is low, your weight is in good balance, the shock absorbers between the vertebrae of your spine are in position to absorb the strain of your motions and the blood is able to circulate freely.

There was a time when driving was practically a personal wrestling match between the wheel and the driver. To make a sharp turn you had to take a half nelson on the wheel, get a toe hold on the brake, do a double nip-up with a half twist and then throw the car around the curve. Today you can steer a twenty-ton truck with one finger, so delicately adjusted is the steering apparatus. However, most people, especially when driving at a fair speed, have a tendency to clench the wheel with a grip of death. They hunch forward, dragging that fourteen-pound head off its natural axis, all of which puts those neck muscles in a terrible state of woe. There's no reason for that. The car of today has an increased window vision. You can maintain your normal driving position and still see right, left or straight ahead.

Every part of your automobile has been checked by the world's best engineers against its fatigue point. Drivers never think of checking themselves against their fatigue point. On long rides they'll never stop until they get tired. The National Safety Council reports that three hundred miles of continuous driving increases eyestrain forty per cent and impairs co-ordination forty-seven per cent. They advise drivers to use ferries instead of bridges. A small rest inserted between long periods of driving will do wonders and keep away fatigue—mental and physical.

Civic authorities are becoming increasingly conscious of the fact that everything about the modern automobile is perfect except the driver. In New York, for instance, by law the high schools give an hour each week to the teaching of safe and intelligent driving. In the elementary schools the same period is devoted to talks by members of the police force on the pedestrian angle.

It's only the driver who lags behind. Well, the engineers have done everything but drive his car for him and now we've given him the best advice that professional drivers and doctors and the police can give. So what? So he'll still leap out of bed, fall into his car, step on the gas, yell, "Let her go," and start off hell-bent for leather. He'll glare angrily into bright lights coming toward him and he'll skid all over the road in icy weather. But, anyhow, we've done our best, and if he ends up a nervous wreck we can say, "I told you so."



"Dis is a stick-up, lady. Hand over your husband's dough"

LEONARD DOVE

We Will Meet Again

Continued from page 24

"Help yourself," he said to the kid.

"I'm Railroad Davis. You a square John?"

Peter Kincaid said, "I wouldn't know."

Railroad Davis laughed without sound. "You are." And when he handed back the case Peter Kincaid saw that half the cigarettes were gone.

An elevator dropped them swiftly to the basement. The deputy herded them into a black-sided van and locked the rear door. He rode beside the driver and spoke to them as the van pulled up the ramp and into the street.

"Get tough," he said, "and I'll feed you enough tear gas to make you sick for a month. Ride it out easy and everything'll be swell. Hear me?"

The Negro murmured, "We hea's you, Boss. We do."

Railroad Davis prodded Kincaid with a sharp elbow. "The jig's Po-Po Morrison. He's kickin' in a store when a bull comes around the corner. They give him the book. That little guy's Kaufman. Some old lady let him get too close to the bankroll. He's doin' two years."

Po-Po Morrison's laugh was deep and easy. "I get me so damn' drunk I cain't run. An' do that big cop ever beat my ears off? Anybody got another smoke?"

DAVIS gave him one of Kincaid's cigarettes and then looked up at Peter. "Don't get burned," he said. "We might as well smoke these things now. When you hit the fish tank you won't have nuthin' left of what you take in but your socks."

Peter Kincaid said, "Been up before?"

"Sure," Davis answered, almost proudly. "Twice."

Peter Kincaid leaned back against the seat. There were small windows of thick glass and he could see a flowing strip of green that was the roadside. The tires made a mournful humming sound against the pavement.

Railroad Davis' lips moved: "I hear you killed a guy. That right?"

"It is."

Railroad Davis' peaked eyes flicked over Peter Kincaid and lifted, narrowed and cautious, to look long at Peter's face. "Maybe you caught him with your wife, huh?"

Peter said, "Nothing so romantic."

"But you got a wife?" Davis persisted.

"I have." The words came coldly from between set teeth. "If you can wait a week I'll write my biography."

"You're a mouthpiece, ain't you?"

"I was."

And for a moment there was silence. The roadside turned from green to dusty gray and back to green before Davis touched Peter Kincaid's arm.

"You got a wire in someplace. You got some big shot on the outside that can get you a break with the parole board. Ain't that right?"

Peter Kincaid shook his head. "Sorry."

"Okay," said Davis. "Maybe you want to get rid of your wife. Maybe you took this beef so you could shake her. It's all one to me."

"What do you mean?"

The flickering grin came back to Davis' eyes. "I knew you was a square John. Hell, it sticks out all over your face. You don't know what you're gettin' into. Look." He tapped one grubby finger on Peter's knee. "I'm givin' it to you straight. Every guy has a woman of some kind when he hits the joint. Not one guy in a hundred has one when he gets out. They don't none of 'em wait.

"You play it smart. Start pullin' wires and stay away from all the dopey stir bugs that'll be on your neck. A guy like you ought to make the office right off. The old cons'll know it as soon's they see you, an' they'll try to shine up so you can do 'em some good. Say yes to nuthin' an' keep your nose clean. Get all your friends puttin' a squeeze on the parole board. Stay two years in the joint an' you won't have no woman when you walk out."

Peter Kincaid said, "Why tell me all this?"

"You don't know?" Thinly, Railroad Davis' mouth pulled down, and he lifted one splayed hand. "Maybe it's on account of I lost a woman last time, a swell little blonde. *Damn her!*" All the laughter went out of his eyes, leaving them dark and wise, with a street gamin's wisdom. "An' it could be on account of I can use a right guy out in the office too. You figure it out."

"It's something to do," Peter said.

The prison walls were buff and not gray as he had expected. The rest was strange, too; the thin, sad man who said, "Slide out of 'em, fish," and took his clothes and left him naked in a white-walled room; the chunky little doctor whose grin was a friendly thing, who prodded him with expert fingers and said "Take it easy, son." And then the clothes—gray denim—with fat, black numbers stamped across them. The deputy warden who looked at them, listlessly, and said, "Take 'em out of here."

The days are just days in prison, and they walk with the slow soft tread of the night guards upon the walls—and those men aren't guards but "gun bulls" to the convicts who watch the long shadow of their passing. They were "gun bulls" to Peter Kincaid too, just as a cell was a "drum" and the yard guards were "screws." Easier to talk that way than to remain apart—alone, even in prison.

And in prison the days are pencil marks scratched across a thousand calendars. The long gray lines climb into the cell blocks, and a guard trots along each tier counting the wrists thrust between the bars. His call rings out. The bolts crash home, tier on tier, and the day is dead. And it is then a thousand pencils mark it so.

AND it was then Timberline O'Hara said, "I got twenty-six years and eighty-one days left. A cinch."

He leaned against the bunk and squinted at Peter Kincaid through a swirl of cigarette smoke. He was slim and small and dark, and there was breeding in his face, though the clean line of it was blurred. He was more cat than man in the smooth softness of his movements. And he was a good cellmate, for he was clean.

"Twenty-six years," he repeated, "is long."

"You'll get a break," Peter said.

Timberline smiled with his eyes. "There's another state waiting for me when I walk through the gate," he said. "I'm making my own break. I'm going to beat this joint."

This was no dream of escape, but fact. Peter knew that without being told, and the knowledge was a tight hand about his throat. There was cold danger here—even in the knowing—for should Timberline's escape fail he would blame Peter. And then . . . well, a machine-shop file can be stolen and shaped into a thin and wicked blade. A deadly thing, in a hand as swift, as deft, as Timberline's.

"Look," he said as he shrugged out

HONEY, I GOT THE JOB!
BUT JUST A SHORT TIME AGO...
WHY, JOE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
LOOKING FOR A JOB, DON! THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN BREAKING RIGHT FOR ME FOR A LONG TIME NOW!
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LISTEN, JOE--I KNOW OF A FINE OPENING! AND YOU CAN GET IT, TOO, IF...WELL, IF YOU'LL ONLY SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
MY BREATH!
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of his blouse and pulled his shirt up over his head. There was cord wrapped around his waist, tight against the flesh. A dozen kinds of cord—soft grocer's twine, silken fish line and the waxy stuff that came from the machine shop—all knotted into one long piece.

"My ladder," Timberline said.

Peter Kincaid nodded silently and watched as Timberline separated the stuff into bits of equal length. And then he produced a piece of mottled line about the thickness of a man's thumb. Carefully, he added bits of the thin cord to the ragged end of the thicker one and began to weave.

And always it was thus. Peter Kincaid never knew where or how Timberline obtained the string, for that was a thing he never mentioned, and Peter didn't ask. Nor did he know where the ladder was hidden—it wasn't in the cell—or how much of it was completed.

They had celled together for a month before Peter Kincaid said, "You're good at that, damned good."

"I should be," Timberline said, "I've been working on it four years."

PAULA came twice that first month. The strain showed in the broken line of her lips, and her face was very white against the soft brown of her coat. They sat on opposite sides of a scarred table. There was a foot-high partition between them, topped by a mesh of woven wire. Paula tried to laugh, but it was hard, for the still-faced guards were always there.

"What, no stripes?" she said. "Fine jail!"

"The best," Peter Kincaid told her. "We've got hot and cold running guards; an air-conditioned warden, wired for sound . . ." His smile was torn. "Old Ugly," he whispered, "what I've done to you!"

"Don't, Pete!"

"You don't want to be tied to a convict," he said. "You're young, Paula, and there's no reason you should suffer for my mistakes. You could get a divorce and . . ."

"No, Pete!"

Peter Kincaid's mouth jerked. "I've thought it out," he said. "Life's going to be pretty rough with you as long as I'm here. People are going to talk, Paula. They're never going to let you forget your husband's in prison. You see? A divorce would stop all that."

"Let them talk! I don't care what—"

"We could be married again—the day I'm released."

"No!" Paula said, in a quick and shaken voice. "We're married, and we'll go on being married. And don't mention divorce again, Pete. Not ever."

"You're grand," Peter whispered.

"Pete, Mr. Sandstrom is doing everything he can to get a parole for you. He's gone to see the governor twice."

Thinly, Peter said, "Damn Sandstrom!"

"It wasn't his fault, Pete. He tried to help, but they double-crossed him. He'll get you out soon, very soon." Paula looked away. "He's given me a job. I'm working as a typist in his office."

Peter Kincaid said, "I thought the baby bonds would carry you till I got out. I thought—"

"But, Pete," she said, "I've got to do something."

"Have it so," he whispered.

And they talked of small things as the remaining moments of her visit fled away. Paula's new job was not mentioned again, nor was Sandstrom's name, and yet they were a wall between them. The warning buzzer had sounded when Paula said, "I saw Mrs. Bascom and she . . ."

Peter said, "I know. I saw Freddy here. They gave him two years. I'm going to have Dad see if he can do something about that."

"You're grand," said Paula, and leaned forward to press her lips against the wire. Peter could barely feel the warmth of her kiss through the thick mesh. . . .

THAT night was the longest Peter Kincaid had ever known. There was too much to think about; too many questions for which he had no answers. . . .

And the cell block was alive with sound. There were whisperings, murmurings, that ebbed away to a soft low. And then, thinly, came the shrill wail from the upper level. A man cursed, another hammered his cell door with a shoe, and the swelling roar washed over the cell block, as surf breaks, thundering, over a rocky shore.

Again the near quiet, and a husky voice that could be only Po-Po Morrison's chanted softly: *"Ain't got no hands, ain't got no feet. 'Bout as sad a wreck as a gal could meet. . . ."*

Peter Kincaid knew, then, he could never again hear a Negro sing and not remember Po-Po's haunting voice. Just as he could never again see a bit of rope and not remember Timberline O'Hara's tireless hands. . . .

The kid on the upper level howled for the tenth or hundredth time. The beat of shoe on steel went stubbornly on. Somewhere close by a whistle shrilled, and from the throats of a hundred men came curses, catcalls, jeers. . . .

"Two o'clock," Timberline said. "The guard's changed."

Peter Kincaid pounded the lumpy pillow. "Doesn't that kid ever stop?" he asked. "He's been yelling ever since they turned off the lights."

"Goofy's about half wolf. Visiting day gets him that way." A match flamed, throwing a bright splash of light across Timberline O'Hara's lean face. The red eye of his cigarette blinked once and was gone, and then there was the soft rustling of his hands as he fashioned bits of cord into a ladder rung. Quietly he asked:

"Doing it tough, Pete?"

Peter Kincaid didn't answer.

"There ought to be a special hell for the guy that dreamed up this visiting day," Timberline said. "He ought to have to talk to his wife through a screen with four men watching him. He ought . . ."

Peter Kincaid said, "Drop it, Timberline."

"Take it easy," Timberline murmured. "Take it easy, guy, or you'll be howling like Goofy."

Peter Kincaid whispered a curse into the rough blue of the pillow, and wondered how many times he'd heard those words. A hundred, a thousand times a day? The cons muttered that greeting in the mess hall, in the yard, and when they passed one another in the gray corridors. "Take it easy, boy!" Another way of saying, "Relax. Drift through the days without thought, or they'll be taking you to the asylum across the way. . . ."

There was a week when the flax mill was down and the men spent most of the time in the yard. And Peter met the old ones who passed the hours where the sun warmed the eastern wall. He talked to Whereas Jones.

"Been hearin' about you," said Whereas Jones. He was old, a spry little cricket of a man, whose eyes were sharply black. "They tell me you was a mouthpiece outside. Must've been a dumb one or you wouldn't be here."

Peter Kincaid said, "I must have been."

Whereas Jones rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I seen 'em come, an' I seen 'em go," he said, "and the guy that knows his limitations is the guy there's hope for." He scowled. "Did you appeal your case?"

"You can't appeal a plea of guilty," said Peter, smiling.

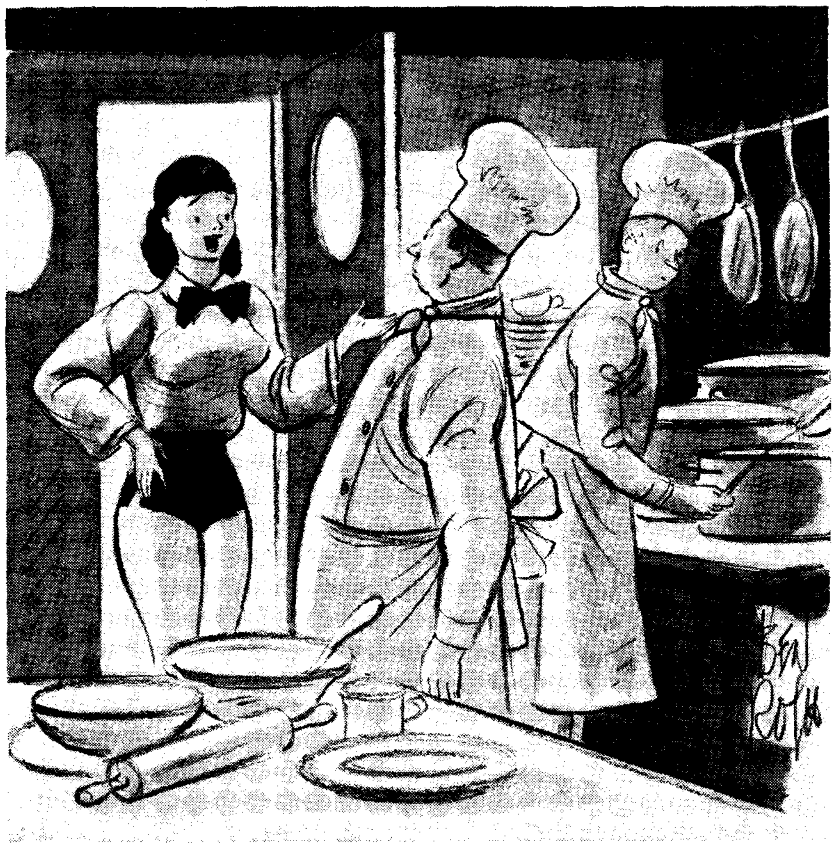
"YOU'RE a boob," said Whereas Jones tartly, "a fall guy. You pled guilty, whereas if you'd fought 'em to the last ditch you could've appealed the verdict. See?"

"I get the general idea," said Peter smiling.

"I been here thirty years. I read my way through ten feet of law books the first year. I been readin' ever since. Ain't nuthin' you can stick me on, either. Try it! Ask me any kind of question."

"In a civil suit," Peter began, "how would—"

And that was as far as he got.



"I'm in that giant cake recipe for the Lodge banquet" BEN ROTH

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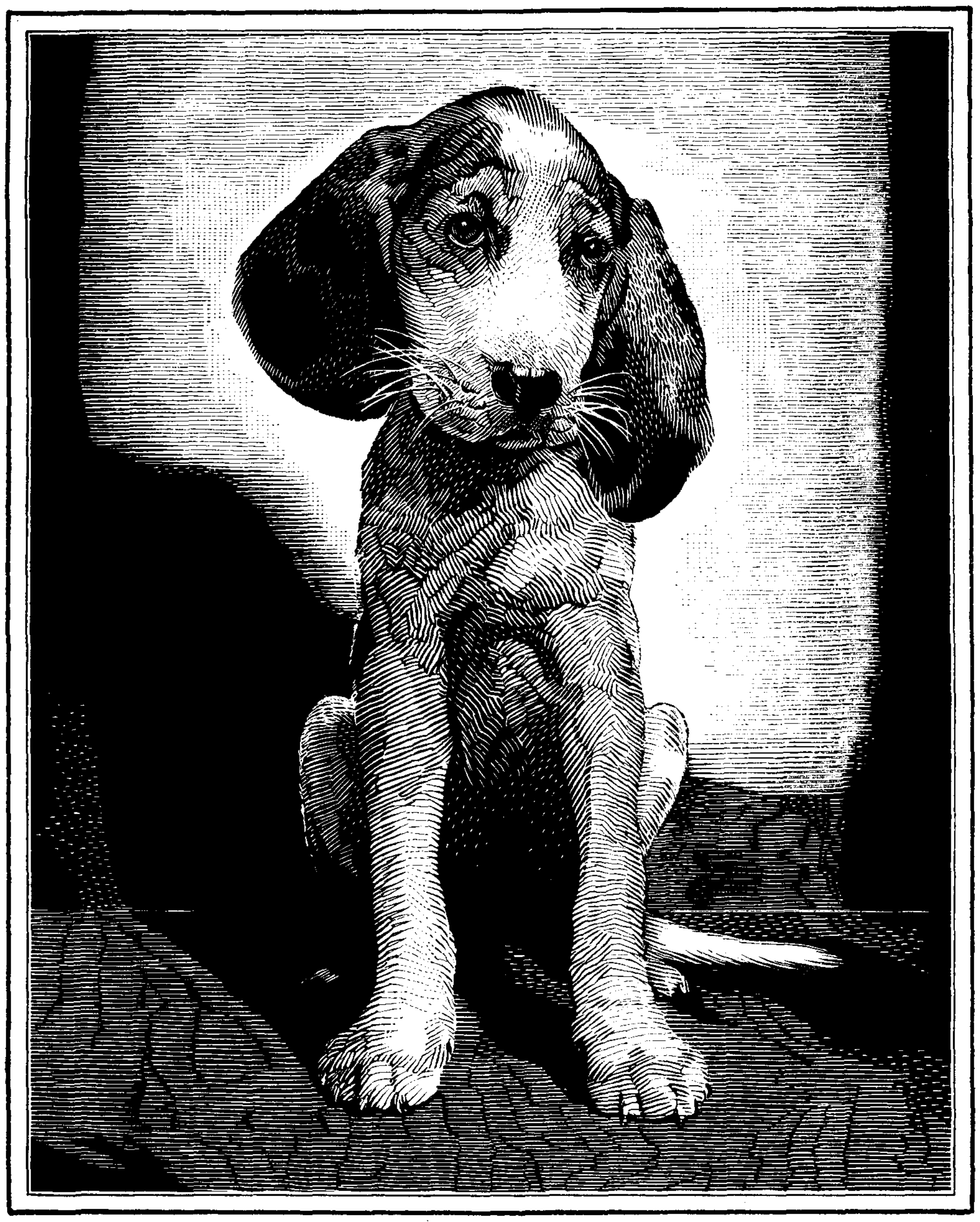

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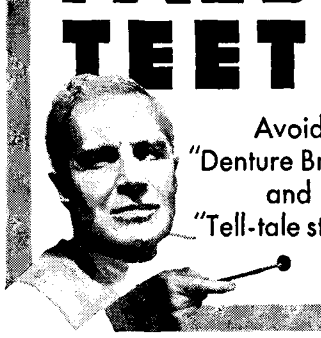
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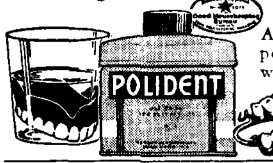

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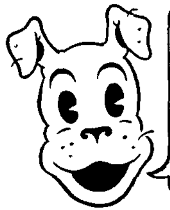

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Whereas Jones bristled with indignation and snorted. "Civil law," he shouted, "nobody gives a damn about that pap! Whereas criminal law is—" He shook a bony fist under Peter Kincaid's nose. "Criminal law's the stuff I read! That's the stuff for a man!"

MAX SANDSTROM stopped beside Paula Kincaid's desk just at ten o'clock. He smiled, as he always did, and his voice was low and pleasant:

"Marion Cantrill and I are driving down to see your husband today. Wouldn't you like to ride along with us?"

"I'd like it very much," said Paula. "I've been shivering every time I thought of the bus." She looked down at the papers on her desk. "I hope you've good news for Peter."

Max Sandstrom said, "It's not the best."

And he left it at that, for Sam Krause came then—a thin, slouching lath of a man, who laughed without sound and said, "Come on, honey, we got things to do."

Sandstrom turned angrily. "Don't talk to me that way," he said in a thin, flat voice. "I mean that, Sam!"

"Okay," Krause said, "I'll whistle next time." The words were insolent, but his tone held only weariness. His wet eyes were hard as they flicked from Sandstrom to Paula. "Or maybe you'd rather I talked to the gal here while you did your own groundwork. Like that better, honey?"

"We'll leave at one, Paula." Max Sandstrom caught the tall man's arm. "I'll talk to you inside, Sam."

Sam Krause winked at Paula. "He scares me."

And then they were gone and Paula Kincaid wondered why Max Sandstrom allowed Sam Krause to talk as he did. She wondered, but there was no answer. There never was an answer to any question concerning the pale, tall man whose smile seemed cut across his face with a knife.

Sam Krause was seldom in his office, though only Sandstrom's quarters were larger. His phone was unlisted and did not go through the switchboard. He did not sell or buy, for no vouchers came through the office; he dictated no letters and received none. And there was no one on the staff who knew what his salary was. . . .

PAULA KINCAID was waiting when Max Sandstrom came into the building lobby. He said, "The car's outside," and took her arm. Together they went out into the raw wind, and Max Sandstrom handed her into the car.

"You remember Marion Cantrill," he said.

Paula said, "Of course," and Marion Cantrill smiled at her and murmured, "How could she forget?" in a tone as lightly mocking as her eyes.

There was the same hard brilliance about Marion Cantrill. Her hair was done in a different way; her face seemed thinner—changes, but none that mattered. Hers was a studied beauty, an expensive beauty.

"I'm sorry about your husband." She tucked the robe around Paula's legs. "I was going to drop in and tell you so, but it seemed an imposition."

Paula said, "I wish you had."

The road, outside the city, was a paint stripe of frosty black that ran straight and clean through open country. The sun was blindingly white upon the snow. A cluster of houses, far back against the hills, glittered like a Christmas-card drawing, and the land had a bleak, drear look.

Marion Cantrill said, "We can ski tomorrow, Max."

And Paula Kincaid bent her head, thinking, "I hope Peter has warm clothes and I hope his cell is warm . . ."

A thick chain blocked the prison driveway a hundred feet short of the main gate. Max Sandstrom snapped up the collar of his greatcoat and said, "Coming, Marion?"

Marion Cantrill smiled. "I think not."

The gate guard touched the brim of his cap as he let Paula and Max Sandstrom through. They went on, along a curving walk, heads bent to the bitter wind.

"I called the warden this morning," Sandstrom said. "We'll talk to Pete in one of the offices."

It wasn't an office but a kind of lounge. The walls were a soft, rubbed brown, and there was no screen, no bars, no watching guards. There was nothing between Peter's lips and Paula's.

"Paula," he said, "you look grand."

"And so do you," she whispered.

But he was thin and pale and the white shirt he wore only made the poor cloth of his jacket more plainly what it was. His cheekbones jutted sharply; his eyes looked out of dark hollows.

"Sandstrom," he said, and the lines about his mouth were deep. "What brings you here?"

Max Sandstrom lifted a square hand. "News," he said, "and news I thought I'd better bring myself. I tried to get you a pardon, or a parole. I had no luck."

PETER KINCAID winced, and a white stiffness came to his face. "You came to tell me that?"

"To tell you the reason."

"Get on with it."

"I've been in prison," Sandstrom said. "I know how you feel." His head was bent; his up-looking eyes were widely blue. The total effect was one of gentle earnestness—a strange thing in a man so blunt.

Paula said, "But when—"

"Not until after election. The governor's up for a new term and his chances aren't the best. The papers are looking for a peg on which to hang a good howl—and they'd find it in your parole."

The life went out of Peter's voice. "Like that?"

"It's not what your case is," said Sandstrom, "it's what they could make of it. Hicks was a deputy sheriff, and that alone could be twisted into something ugly. It could cost the governor the election, it's going to be that close." He smiled. "Election's only a month away, and by the first of the year the shouting will be over. The papers won't give your pardon three lines on page ten."

Peter Kincaid's mouth jerked. "That's nice," he said, "but what if something slips?"

"It won't."

"You made a deal with the D. A., remember? And that was nice until the judge forgot to suspend sentence. He couldn't, you said, because Hicks was a deputy. The governor couldn't pardon me right away, and now, there's an election coming up. What next, Sandstrom?"

Max Sandstrom met Peter's eyes steadily. "I rate that," he said, "I'll take it. But I have tried to get you out of here; I'll go on trying. I'm holding that job open for you. And your salary started the day you were arrested."

"I don't want money. I want a parole."

"You won't get a parole," Max Sandstrom said. "You'll get a full pardon—after the first of the year."

They faced each other through a full moment of quiet. It was Peter Kincaid who first turned away. He dropped his hands lightly upon Paula's shoulders and whispered:

"That's it. There's nothing I can do."

Max Sandstrom cleared his throat.

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"I'll wait in the car," he said, and went quietly from the room.

Paula buried her face in the rough cloth of Peter's jacket. He stroked her hair with an open hand. "Hear me, Paula," he said. "I want you to wire my father today—as soon as you can. Tell him I want to see him."

"Do you think he can help?"

Peter said, "He can try. Sandstrom's done no more."

"January's not long away," Paula said, and the trembling in her voice made a lie of the words. "You'll get your pardon then and . . ."

"Don't," he murmured. "Don't talk. I want to look at you, Paula. I want . . ."

THE office was small and on the second floor of the prison administration building. Max Sandstrom waited there, alone, until a guard came, bringing a big man who wore the gray denim of a convict.

"Here's George Elstach, sir," the guard said.

Max Sandstrom nodded. "Wait outside while we talk. I'll call you if you're needed."

The guard went out of the room. Sandstrom turned narrowed eyes to the convict. "George Elstach, lifer," he said. "How are you, big guy?"

"I'm okay, Max."

The convict was a big man, deep-shouldered and tall. The white blaze of a badly healed knife scar made a crooked line on one cheek. He was scowling now, worrying his cap in huge hands.

Sandstrom said, "What's wrong, George?"

Big George did not look up. "Nuthin'."

"Life is twenty-five years in this state. Fifteen years from today you'll be eligible for parole. Right?"

"It's close enough."

"I can get you paroled, George. Tomorrow."

"Sure." Big George's mouth tightened. "You got the parole board in your pocket—any sucker knows that. But there's plenty guys doin' time in this joint. How come you pick me?"

"It's simple," said Max Sandstrom. "I need you."

"Maybe."

Max Sandstrom smiled. "If I'm big enough to get you a parole, I'm big enough to keep you here. I could, for example, see that you spent the rest of your life in the hole—in solitary confinement." Max Sandstrom made a temple of his fingers. "You're not the man to hunt trouble; you'll play along."

"I'm listenin'," said Big George.

"I've a job for you, George. Your parole will go through the day I hear it's done, and I'll stake you to clothes and a bankroll. What do you say?"

Big George grinned. "Who do I kill?"

"A guy named Kincaid. Peter Kincaid."

"Yeah?" A muddy light flickered in Big George's eyes. "An' how do I keep from gettin' hung? The screws is goin' to tear this joint apart when Kincaid gets his. The word'll go around, an' some trusty'll turn me in on th' chance he'll get a parole. Then where'd I be?"

Max Sandstrom's smile was cold. "We'll give the guards so much to watch they'll forget about Kincaid." He leaned forward. "You see . . ."

EARLY dark had come before Max Sandstrom's car again reached the city, and light flakes of fresh snow swirled on the wind. They were crossing the ramp, breasting the full flow of evening traffic, when Sandstrom touched Paula's arm.

"I'm dropping off at the office," he said. "Marion will see that you get home."

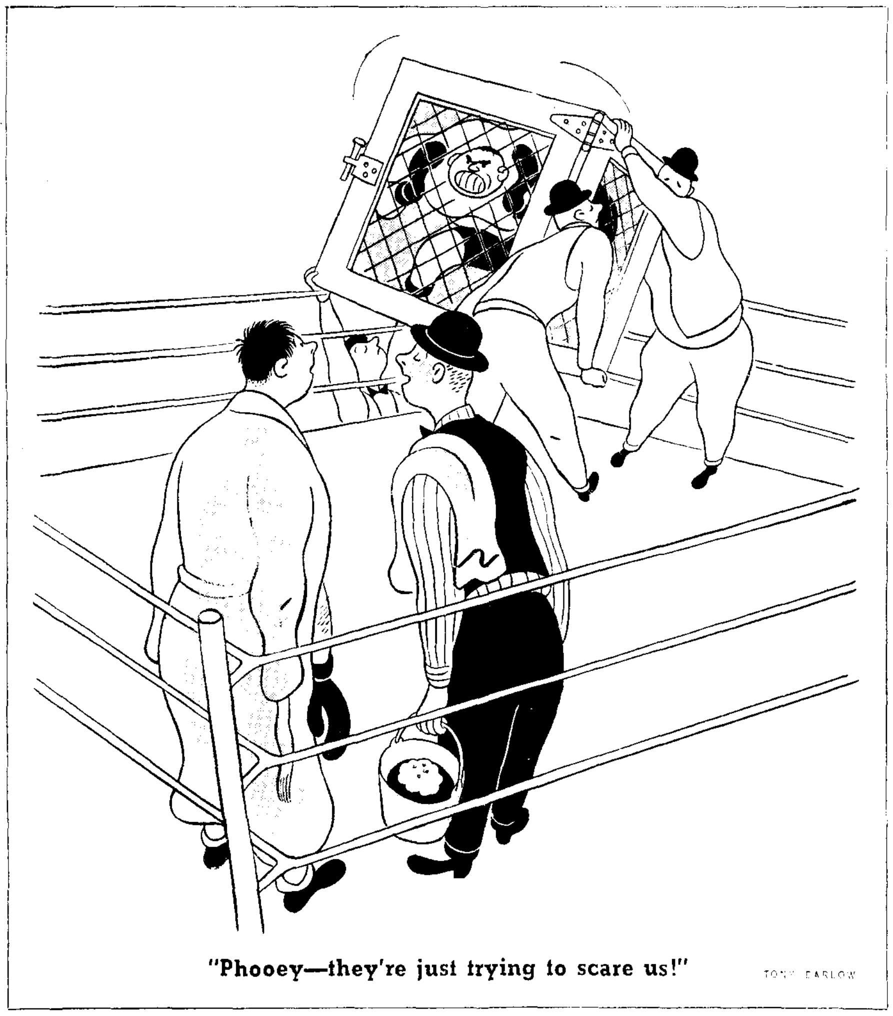
And then he was gone and the driver was repeating the address Paula Kincaid gave him as the car plunged deep into streets that were dark and narrow.

"Heaven is still doing business," Marion Cantrill murmured, "at the same old stand."

Paula Kincaid said, "I suppose."

"Heaven and Max Sandstrom take care of poor working girls." The cutting brightness was in Marion's voice. "It's nice work if you can do it. I know. I worked for Max Sandstrom once."

"You don't think I . . ." Paula Kin-



"Phooey—they're just trying to scare us!"

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caid stopped helplessly, as a sudden dryness caught her throat.

"Max likes you," Marion said easily. "I think that's splendid—if it stops there."

Paula whispered, "You've a filthy mind!"

Marion Cantrill inclined her head. "Possibly. But I have Max Sandstrom too, my dear, and I keep what I have. Remember that."

Neither spoke again until the driver said, "Here we are, miss," and snapped the door open. Marion Cantrill's soft, "Good night, dear," rang in Paula's ears as she crossed the walk.

Paula did not look back. Her nails cut deep in the palm of her gloveless hand. She said, "Damn her! Damn her!" in a fierce, low voice, and found it in herself to wonder if she cursed Marion Cantrill or Paula Kincaid. . . .

THE guard said, "Ten minutes," and stood aside. Peter Kincaid went past him, squinting against the deep shadows of the room. A tall man turned away from the windows. An erect, square-backed man, an old one.

Peter Kincaid said, "Hello, Dad."

"I came as soon as I got Paula's wire." There was strength in the wiry grip of Stanley Kincaid's hand. "What's wrong, son?"

"Remember Freddy Bascom, Dad? He lived across the hall from me, and he's the boy I saw in front of the courthouse a couple of minutes before he was supposed to have robbed a store out in Rosemont." Peter Kincaid's hand went to his father's arm. "Dad, I want a transcript of Freddy Bascom's trial. I want you to check with Don James and the papers. I want all the information you can get."

"Want to tell me why?"

Peter Kincaid said, "Max Sandstrom sent me to prison! He had it fixed before I ever went up for sentence. I can't prove that, but I know it's true! He's keeping me here, Dad. Yesterday he told me I can't get a parole until after election."

Stanley Kincaid's mouth jerked: "Yes?"

"The reason he wants me here is buried somewhere in the records of Freddy Bascom's trial. Sandstrom didn't offer *me a job until after I'd said I could clear* Freddy. Hicks didn't show up until then. The three tie together!"

Stanley Kincaid said, "Bascom was accused of robbery, and you were sentenced for manslaughter. I don't see how . . ."

"Will you do this for me?"

"Of course. If for no other reason than to set your mind at rest."

"Find out if anything else happened the day of the robbery, anything that might be tied to Sandstrom." A bleak grin flattened Peter's lips. "And you might see if the expansion he talked so much about has gone through."

"I'll do what I can."

"How long will it take, Dad?" asked Peter.

"A week, possibly two." Stanley Kincaid looked steadily at his son. "But you were sentenced for killing Hicks. And nothing we learn about Max Sandstrom is going to change that."

Peter Kincaid said, "You may be right."

He said no more, for the guard came back into the room then. But later that night, after all but the watch lights had been turned off, he talked to Timberline O'Hara.

"When I learn what Sandstrom's trying to hide," he said, "I can force him to push my pardon through."

"Things change," said Timberline. "What was hot when he sent you up may not be important now. You could be hunting something every guy an' his dog knows now."

Peter growled, "Then why is he keeping me here?"

"I'll say it—" Timberline began. And the words were lost in a raw curse from the next cell. A convict on the tier below hammered savagely on the bars. Quiet had come again before Timberline went on:

"You'll get mad, but I'll say it anyway. Your wife's something special, if she looks anything like her picture. She's working for Sandstrom, ain't she?"

Peter Kincaid said, "Damn you!"

"And Sandstrom's a chaser," Timberline continued, slowly. "Maybe you can figure it out."

"You're rotten clear to the bone," Peter snapped. "Paula isn't like that. Anyway, I'll know in a week what's back of this. And then . . ."

"You," said Timberline, "can be dead in a week."

Peter Kincaid whispered, "Be funny." And yet he was suddenly cold. Timberline's voice had been light—it is in some men to laugh at danger—yet he'd meant exactly what he'd said.

Peter Kincaid said, "What's the rest?"

"Know Big George?"

And with the name Peter Kincaid could see the man as plainly as though he stood within the reach of his hand. Big George Elstach—lifer. A great-shouldered ox who ran a dozen petty rackets from his cell, who used his strength to take what he wanted from the other prisoners. . . .

Peter Kincaid said, "You're wrong, Timberline. Big George has never said as much as a word to me."

Timberline O'Hara dropped out of his bunk to crouch beside Peter Kincaid. "I got it over the grapevine. It's straight. There's no secrets in a joint like this. Big George's out to get you!"

"But why . . . ?" Peter began.

"He's got somethin' against you, somethin' big."

"I tell you he doesn't even know me!"

Timberline's voice was thin and dry: "Maybe he's workin' for somebody. It's been done that way before, an' from what you say there's one guy that wants you—"

"*Sandstrom!*"

"You're sayin' it," answered Timberline. "An' you might be right. Nobody but a politico could reach inside the walls to put a finger on you."

PETER KINCAID said, "What do I do now?"

"A killing will turn this joint upside down. Big George knows that an' he's goin' to have things just right before he makes his try." The pressure of Timberline's fingers burned deep in Peter's shoulder. "We got a day or two . . . but watch yourself, guy!"

"You're not in this," said Peter. "I—"

Timberline laughed. "You're a good cellmate. I got a ladder to make an' the next guy might talk too much. Remember . . . watch yourself."

And the signs were there for the prison wise—in the wordless whisperings that ran through the mess hall; in the quick mutterings, barely heard above the pound and roar of the shop machines.

On the third night Timberline said, "It's comin', Pete. Big George made his talk. He's got to get you quick or every punk in the place'll be laughin' at him."

"I'll watch him."

"I'm in this." Timberline made and lighted a brown cigarette. His eyes were as yellow as the match flame. "I sent Big George word that I was coverin' your back. He's got to get both of us now."

"You're a sucker, guy, but . . . thanks."

"He's got help," said Timberline. "You can use some. I'd say he'd make his try at mess. The mob's thickest there, an' as bad as he wants to get this done he don't want to hang for it."

"What about the guards in the ceiling cages?" asked Peter. "Won't they see him if . . ."

"Not if they've got a riot to watch."

"What can we do?"

Timberline O'Hara's mouth jerked. "Not much," he said. "He sits four tables away. We can take turns watching him, and at least we won't starve."

They did it that way, through two long days. One of them ate, and the other watched the great shoulders of Big George. It was Peter Kincaid who saw Big George's hand go up in what might have been a signal.

"It looks funny," he whispered. "He . ."

At that instant a bull's voice shouted, "This stuff ain't fit to eat!" and a loaded plate skimmed over bent heads to clatter on the kitchen door. A table on the far side of the room went over in a splintering crash; a thick cup shattered on the wall close by. And then the curiously cold voice of Timberline O'Hara cut through the clamor:

"You better say what prayers you know, Pete!"

THE huge mess hall was still for just a breath, and then an alarm bell clanged out its frantic message. A white-faced trusty bolted for the rear of the room as the big doors there crashed shut. He yelled, "Let me out! Let me . . ." and the sound was as thin as a woman's scream. He pressed flat against the steel panel, hammering at it with his fists, crying.

A tall man grabbed at Peter Kincaid's shoulder and Peter Kincaid drove his elbow up and back. The tall man went down.

Timberline O'Hara was beside Peter. A ragged grin, terrible in its strain, was stamped deep upon his lips. "The kitchen!" he shouted. "They'll be shootin' here in a minute. We got to find cover!"

Peter Kincaid said, "Okay!"

He was turning when he saw Big George. Head and shoulders above the swirling mob, the lifer was but one table away, and coming fast. Peter Kincaid hurled a cup at the dark face, and plunged in Timberline's wake.

The wall speakers bellowed orders that went unheard in the roar of a thousand voices. Tables and benches were smashed, and the bones of these converted into new weapons of destruction. The guard's cages—high above the floor—rang under a hail of missiles. One cage was empty, and a brown figure huddled on the floor of the other.

Half the ceiling lights were gone, and the others blinked out as Peter Kincaid and Timberline fought their slow way toward the kitchen.

The loud-speakers were torn from their iron brackets, silenced. The only light came from tiny windows—the reflected glare of the gun-tower searchlights—and ugly shadows leaped upon the walls. Dimly they could hear the howl of the prison siren.

The weak went down to be trampled underfoot. A sobbing Negro slammed into Peter Kincaid; a kid, whose upturned face was blood-streaked, struck, clawing at his eyes. And from behind came the hoarse cry of Big George:

"Grab that stool pigeon!"

The kitchen lights still burned though the floor was littered with wreckage. Timberline O'Hara was there, backed against the wall, out of the way of the men who swarmed through the big room.

He shouted, "Hurry it, guy!"

They trotted past metal worktables strewn with upended pans. A convict squatted on a bench there, eating with his fingers; another probed the splintered shelves of a near-by cupboard. A trembling kid peered up at them from a place beneath the sink.

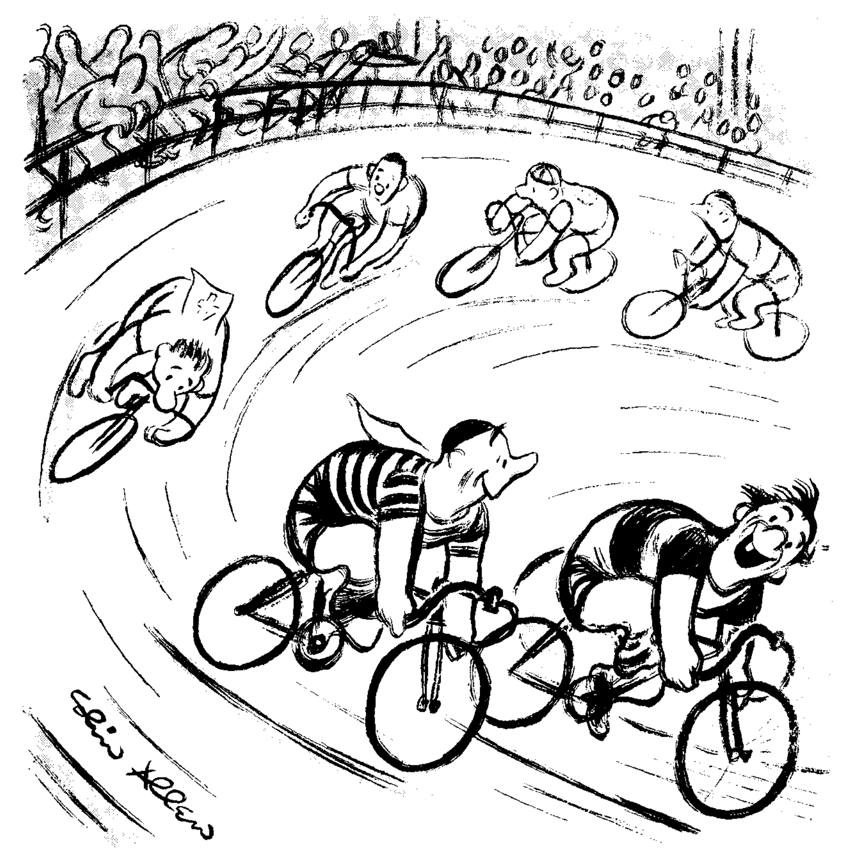
The unending roar went on behind them, savage, full-throated, thunderous. The prison siren screamed. Moving searchlights threw hot, white glare into the room. And from somewhere outside came the heavy boom of an automatic, the staccato *chut-chut, chut-chut* of a submachine gun.

"Keepin' them back from the windows," Timberline muttered. "Now it comes!"

And with his words a new note struck through the solid din. A fearful cry rang out, again and again, "Gas! They're using gas!"

"Down here," said Timberline. "*Quick!*"

(To be continued next week)



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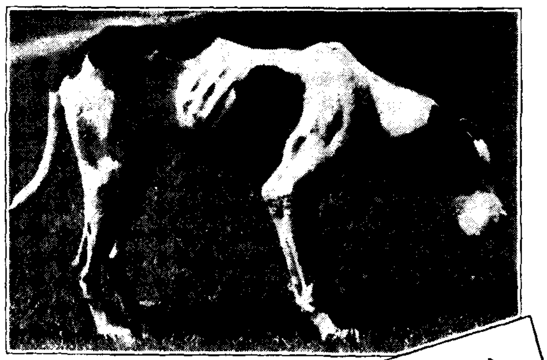

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Queen Bea

Continued from page 21

be a piano solo with Muriel playing Asleep in the Deep. Then she advanced to the point where she'd sing a song herself. She had a small, amazingly true voice but there was a mischievous quality to it that often caused giggles when it should have caused tears. This was not at all Bea's fault.

She did her best but she couldn't make people cry. However, she picked up a couple of funny songs and she did all right with them and with her imitations, which were quite the rage in those dear dead days of what we once called vaudeville. Bea's mother finally decided to storm England. She and Muriel would do concert or music-hall work. Bea went along as an added starter and England received all three with terrific calm.

The war was over and there were a great many Canadian soldiers in London waiting to be shipped home. These three ex-patriots entertained them and nostalgic yearning translated itself into enthusiastic applause. The three Canadians were moderate hits and for the first time Bea began to attract attention. Muriel's Chopin and Beethoven were just a bit over the heads of the soldiers, but they loved the mimicry of Bea.

Sweet and Funny

Bea's big day arrived when she was given an audition by the great André Charlot. She sang her serious songs and Charlot said happily, "My dear, that is the most amateur performance I ever saw."

Bea said, "Oh."

Then Charlot said, "But I liked it and now I'd like to give you a five-year contract at fifteen pounds a week."

Bea walked out of the office dancing on air. Fifteen pounds a week. Wow! And just to sing. She rehearsed faithfully the sweet ballads that André Charlot gave her to sing. She was a little puzzled at the elaborate costumes he gave her to wear. When opening night of Charlot's Revue came, she sang her simple little songs and the audience screamed with laughter. She was a bit puzzled at that because the songs were quite sad. She is still often puzzled at audience reaction but no longer surprised.

From then on the story of Bea Lillie is just another success. She gave up the stage once to marry the late Sir Robert Peel and the tangible success of that union is the present very likable youngster known to Bea's friends as Bobby but to Gotha's Almanach as Sir Robert Peel.

Bea's real hit came when she arrived in New York in 1924 to play in Charlot's Revue with Jack Buchanan and Gertrude Lawrence, one of the greatest theatrical three-laugh parlays a producer ever bet on.

Miss Beatrice didn't know how good she was. She knew that she could panic 'em in Covent Garden but she didn't know about Broadway. She had a funny Canadian-British accent that wasn't much of either and her songs were distinctly designed for English consumption. Yeah, man, her ladyship was scared stiff.

But she forgot something. She forgot that another product of English music halls named Chaplin was then the hottest thing in comedy and that he was just as popular in New York as in Timbuktu.

Had anyone told Bea that she was full of the Chaplinesque quality of wistful frustration she would have laughed like anything. That is, before the opening of Charlot's Revue. The next morning she awoke to read those awful critics and she found that one and all had gone completely overboard on one Bea Lillie. Several of them discerned the Chaplin quality without any difficulty.

Since then Bea has been—let's face it, folks—the world's funniest gal. The sophisticates adore her. The lads in the gallery shriek at her antics. She is the only funmaker on the stage today who has a truly universal appeal. Coincident with her rise there appeared a tall, bright young man named Noel Coward. They first came together in his This Year of Grace. It has always been a moot question, "Which came first, Bea or the Noel?" In any case, they complemented each like bread and jam and the union of their talents threatens to become one of those ideal ones we hear about but which most of us so seldom see.

Recently Bea appeared in a Coward creation called Set to Music. When you try to explain Bea's extraordinary gift, her deft mimicry, her ability to achieve a mock dignity in spite of the most embarrassing humiliation, you are trying to describe something so intangible and elusive that the very weight of words destroys the impression you are trying to produce.

I once talked with Noel Coward for an hour about Bea's gift. He is one of the most articulate men alive, and yet he couldn't explain what it was that Bea had.

"Why is Chaplin funny?" Coward said. "I've never seen his genius described or explained. I know Bea has many of his qualities. I know that Bea has a positive genius for understatement and for the small gesture. Her inflection is always perfectly timed." Someone once said, "Bea is a dancing dryad in furtive terror of slipping on a banana skin." That describes Bea as well as anything.

Like many great fighters, Bea looks terrible in the gymnasium. That is, in rehearsal. Coward directed his Set to Music and there was no doubt that Coward is as fine a director as the stage has ever known. Coward is master of pace just as he is a master of the unexpected phrase. Watching him direct Bea in the final week of rehearsal was quite an experience.

Extra Business

Bea would sing her song, but not very well. Coward would say, "Beattie, just learn those words. Don't worry about business."

Day after day Bea went through her paces learning her lines but not adding much to them. She wasn't very funny because, if the truth be known, Noel really fell down on her a bit in Set to Music. Much of the material was of course Coward at his best and that is absolutely top theater. But much of it was dull Coward and that wasn't very good. But Bea doesn't need much material.

On the opening night Bea was terrific, just as Coward had known she would be terrific. The stimulant of a gay, laughing audience brought out the best in Bea. She made up bits of business as she went along and yet never spoiled the timing or threw her supporting cast out of step. Bea has an amazing gift of adding a small gesture to a song line that will more than double its effectiveness.

Bea herself can't explain it. "You sing a song and you try and think out a bit of business and it doesn't work. Then one day while you're singing the

tasty brain teaser
1ST

BRIGHTENS FOOD FLAVOR

What Is America's Most Popular Meat?

ANS.—Beef is first in favor. Boil it, stew it, fry or broil it. No matter what your recipe, there's nothing like a little Lea & Perrins Sauce for bringing out the full, natural flavor of the meat. Fish, soups, sea foods, salads and gravies are likewise improved by a dash of this fine old sauce. Good cooks always keep a bottle handy in the kitchen. And a second bottle always goes to the table with the meal for those who like a little extra touch of Lea & Perrins' spicy goodness.

LEA & PERRINS
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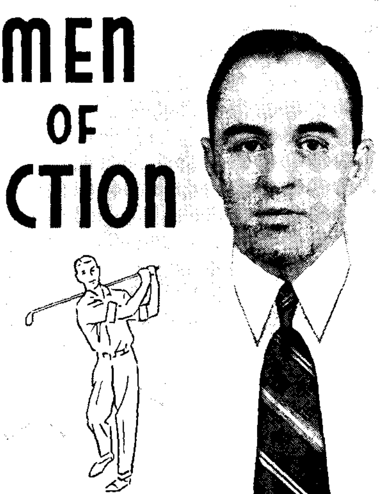
FOR MEN OF ACTION



SAM SNEAD, well known golf professional, says: "These Beau Brummell ties are 'tops' with me."

Sam Snead

Burton's Poplin Ties
by Beau Brummell

IN tune with Fall, these mellow Burton's Poplin ties are styled with the snap of an early frost. Finer silk-and-wool fabrics—crisp pattern originations — subtle color effects. Rich looking and distinctive, these fashion-first ties drape gracefully and knot perfectly. At your favorite men's shop.

$1. MADE IN U. S. A.

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Beau Brummell Ties
Makers of 4Fold Sportown Wool Ties, Burton's Poplin Ties and Palm Beach Ties
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NOW, ADVERTISING is spreading the message of Crosby Square—bringing the news of its fragrant, mellow smoothness to you. Try Crosby Square. We will rest our case on your opinion.

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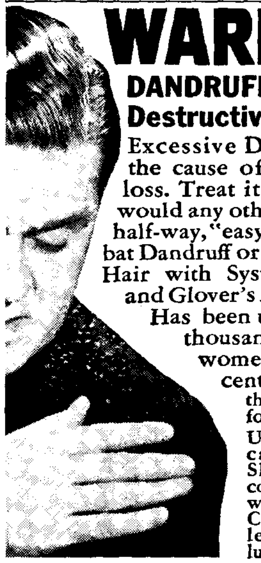
An easy way to mend or bind FABRICS, LEATHER, WOOD, METAL, GLASS. No heat or tools required. Withstands heat, water and air. Repaired parts stronger than before mending. Ask for METALLIC-X at all good hardware stores. Only 35¢ a tube.



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DANDRUFF Can Be Very Destructive To The Hair!

Excessive Dandruff is often the cause of permanent hair loss. Treat it seriously, as you would any other disease. Avoid half-way, "easy" measures. Combat Dandruff or Excessive Falling Hair with Systematic Massage and Glover's Mange Medicine. Has been used by countless thousands of men and women for over half a century. Persist and the result will speak for itself.

Use Glover's Medicated Soap for the Shampoo—specially compounded for use with the Medicine. Cleanses thoroughly; leaves the hair soft, lustrous.

MANY BARBERS are skilled in following Glover's System for the scalp and hair. Ask for Glover's!

NOW—2 SIZES—LARGE and SMALL

Glover's Mange Medicine is now available in TWO sizes for your convenience. Large Economy Size, 75¢. Small Special Size, 40¢.

FREE! Learn how to take care of your scalp and hair. Glover's booklet treats this subject fully. Write for it today to Glover's, Dept. S, 468 Fourth Ave., New York City.

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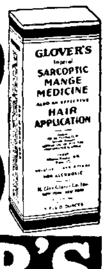


GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

song you'll do something almost instinctively and people will laugh. Of course when Noel directs it's easier. He has a great flair for small bits of business and for getting the last laugh out of a situation or a song."

It is often most disillusioning to meet professional masters of humor off stage. Some of the brightest of our comedians are in truth very doleful lads and lassies once the grease paint is removed and the prop of clever lines and situations are taken away from them. It is heartening to know that La Lillie is even funnier and more ingratiating off stage than she is when she's working.

There was the never-to-be-forgotten time in Chicago when Beattie took two show girls from her play to a hairdresser's. First she had made an appointment. While she was in a booth being worked upon by Pierre or André or Henri she heard the angry voice of the wife of a newly rich meat packer outside.

A Quick Wit and a Fast Tongue

"It is disgusting," the angry voice said, "that I have to wait because my favorite hairdresser is engaged with some music-hall performer."

About then Bea finished and she said in a calm but far-reaching voice, "Tell the butcher's wife that Lady Peel is finished now and could the butcher's wife spare Lady Peel a flitch of bacon until the weather clears?"

Pretension, affectation—these have no part in the life of companionable Bea Lillie. The only aristocracy she recognizes is the aristocracy of the intellect. Once at one of the stuffiest parties ever given by a New York dowager Bea came forth with another of her remembered lines. The hostess, a dreadful woman, had spent most of her time telling her guests how horrible the stage was, how decadent it was and how fearfully awful the people of the stage were, in her opinion.

Bea made her exit as quickly and as gracefully as possible. She bade her hostess good night with utter politeness, tempered somewhat by the wording of her adieu.

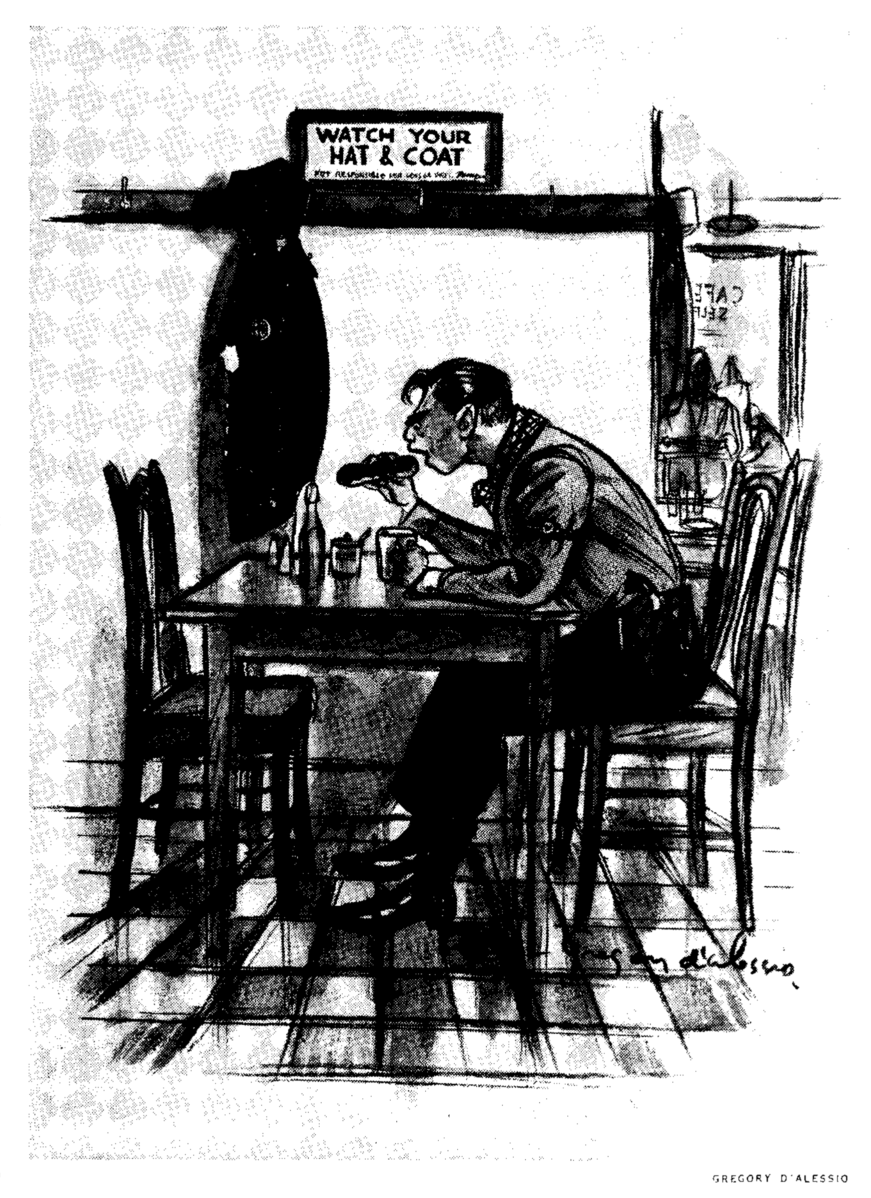
"Don't think it hasn't been charming, Madam," she said, "because it hasn't."

Legends about Bea Lillie gags have sprung up just as legends have sprung up about the bright quips made by Dotty Parker. Most, of course, are inventions of press agents or columnists. Neither Bea nor Dotty, praise be, is the professional funny woman who feels that she must be amusing at all times.

Bea and Coward have been the targets for friendly but none the less pointed gibes from each other for a long time. Only recently Bea was having a party at her home to which she very politely asked Mr. Coward.

Her invitation read: "Miss Lillie regrets the necessity of asking Mr. Coward to a party at her home next Friday." Mr. Coward, no less polite, wired his acceptance in kind.

Of course, what we should do is lock up Mr. Coward somewhere with a typewriter and a lot of white paper and compel him to write two plays a year for Miss Lillie. Then we should compel Miss Lillie to act in them. It is altogether incredible and disheartening to know that we can see Miss Lillie in only one play a year. If you are a Lillie fan, you want to see her practically every few minutes. But now perhaps you might get the idea that I'm a Lillie fan. I can refute that by saying that I saw Set to Music only six times. Me? I love the hussy.



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

She can give you the "right number" for soothing jangled nerves

SITTING at a telephone switchboard eight hours a day is far from the world's easiest job. You must be fast and accurate . . . ever on the alert. You can't lose your temper nor your poise even though you're called upon to put up with all kinds of people.

So you'll find that telephone operators, during their 20-minute rest periods and also at luncheon, usually drink coffee. And for these very good reasons—scientific reasons:

Coffee brightens the mental faculties . . . improves judgment and self-control. It takes the strain off taut nerves . . . increases physical endurance by removing the very cause of fatigue.

So apart from the fact that there's sheer pleasure in a cup of coffee, there are excellent reasons why you should make it a part of every meal. Research shows that coffee's pleasant pick-up lasts only two hours with 97 out of 100 people.* So you can enjoy coffee in the evening and enjoy a good night's sleep too.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE SHARPENS THE MIND
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

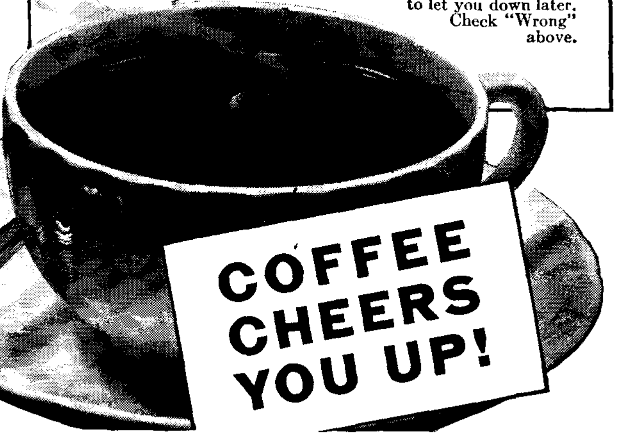
For centuries, the greatest writers and scholars have turned to coffee for inspiration. And now scientific writers say that coffee sharpens the analytical faculties, increases the flow of ideas, enlivens conversation. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE LEAVES A "HANGOVER"
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

It is true that coffee is stimulating, but this stimulation lasts only two hours. And, unlike most other stimulants, coffee does not pick you up only to let you down later. Check "Wrong" above.

DID THE BOY FRIEND STAND YOU UP?

CHEER UP!—What you need is another cup of coffee!



COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough—a heaping tablespoonful to each cup

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

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"To give teeth brilliant, shining lustre, I like Calox Tooth Powder"

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Like many of Hollywood's brightest stars, use Calox Tooth Powder to polish *your* teeth. Calox is a pleasant-tasting, money-saving dentifrice made specially to give teeth a bright, high polish—to help bring out natural lustre without harm to precious tooth enamel. Take a tip from Hollywood about bright, sparkling smiles—get Calox Tooth Powder at any drug counter. Five long-lasting sizes.

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Help your teeth shine like the stars... Use Calox Tooth Powder

Get Your Man

Continued from page 23

did was effective. Taking her to Linda's, for example, and making love to other girls. Afterward, Christine said, "I couldn't help seeing, but you don't have to explain, darling. It was because you were drinking."

"But I was sober as sin."

"I understand," she said tolerantly.

It had been a mistake, too, having Linda and his other friends talk him down to her. "You won't have to make anything up. Just tell her what a bum I am. Not too obvious, but just work on her."

GOING home, "I don't think much of your friends," said Christine angrily. "The things they say about you!"

"Chances are, they were true."

"They don't understand you. I told them where to get off."

He had stood her up on a date, having Linda call and say he had passed out in her apartment. Christine had come down at once, not furious, to take care of him. And found him sober. He was sober too often these days.

Sadly, "You can break a date without lying, Alec. I won't ever expect you to make excuses." In her mind this was something to go on and on. In his, it had gone on for an interminable hell already.

It had been hard enough, more than once, not to say, "I've been a tramp, Christine, but I never met anyone like you. With you I could have been different." Whining stuff. He loved her too much to say it. Anyway, it was too late to start being different. He was made for no one woman. Integrity was something in his past.

His latest failure had been last night. In a tough joint used to only one class of women, he had figured insulting remarks would be inevitable and he would leave them unchallenged. A man can't be yellow and glamorous at the same time. But he had lost his head and fought, until the bartender broke it up and invited him to take the lady away.

From heel to hero, and the dark bruise on his chin was there to remind her. No, he wasn't good at this business.

There was one thing he hadn't tried.

The boat docked and he took her away from the crowd waiting for busses, and found a cab. He gave the address of his own apartment house on Twenty-eighth Street.

"What do you say to a drink in my place, to pick you up?"

"All right. Thanks." Christine didn't want a drink. But anything to keep him from taking her home now. Anything to give her another hour with him.

She huddled back in the corner of the seat away from him, hands wearily in her lap.

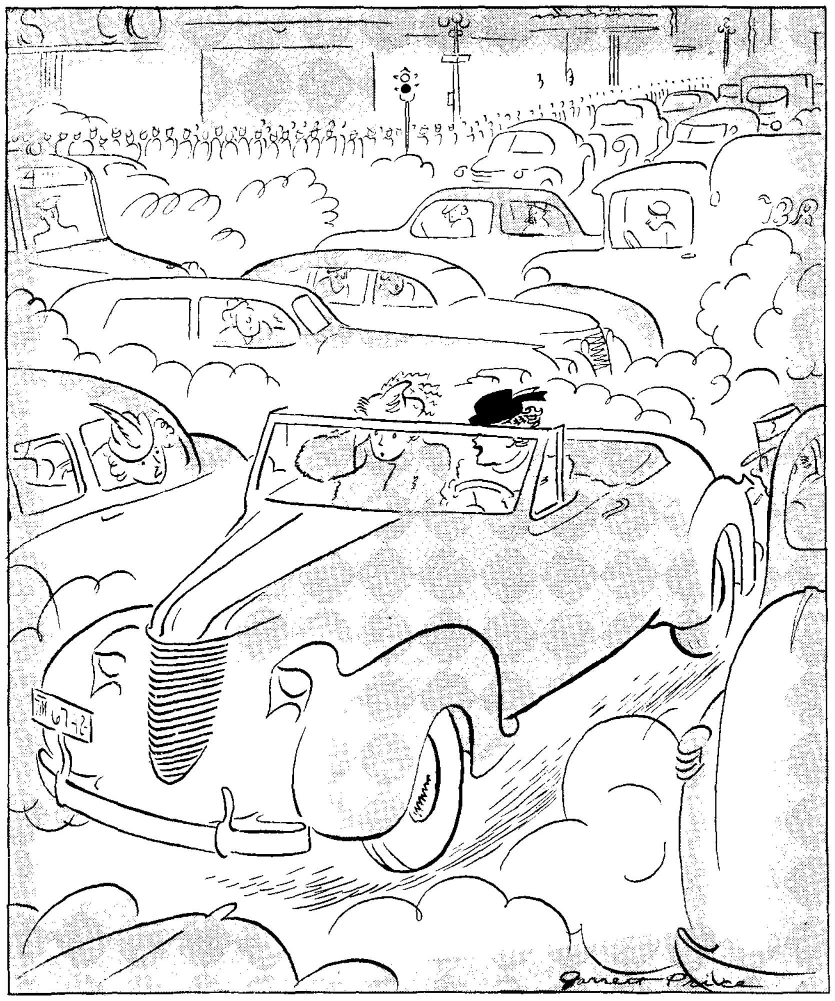
It was terrible to be this way about anyone, so that nothing mattered except to be with him. To hope that some day he would love her back. . . .

If only some time he would kiss her, and ask her again to marry him. He didn't, though. He didn't seem to want to kiss her, since that night, nor to touch her.

It was hell to love a man like this, but she didn't know what to do about it. There had never been any other man. Everything she had was for Alec.

HE HAD one large room with hotel service. It was only when he closed the door behind them and switched on the light that it occurred to her as odd that she had never been here with him.

She looked around the room. The furnishings were simple: a straight chair



"Tom has promised to teach me to drive in traffic next week"

GARRETT PRICE

THANKS A MILLION!
TAX COLLECTOR
FEDERAL STATE AND LOCAL

ONE MILLION JOBS *have been made by beer, since re-legalization . . . in over 100 industries . . . reducing unemployment.*

A MILLION DOLLARS A DAY *is paid by the brewing industry for Taxes . . . in fact, over 400 million dollars a year.*

THREE MILLION ACRES *of farm lands are needed each year to grow the agricultural products used in the making of beer.*

Even the non-beer drinker enjoys beer's economic benefits!

THE workers of America would be wondering where to find *another million jobs* . . . if it weren't for the work made by beer.

The nation's taxpayers would be wondering where to raise *another million dollars a day*...if it weren't for beer's taxes.

And farmers would be wondering where to find *another hundred million dollar market* for their grains that are used in brewing.

How can we keep these benefits . . . for you and for us? Brewers realize this depends on keeping beer retailing as wholesome as beer itself.

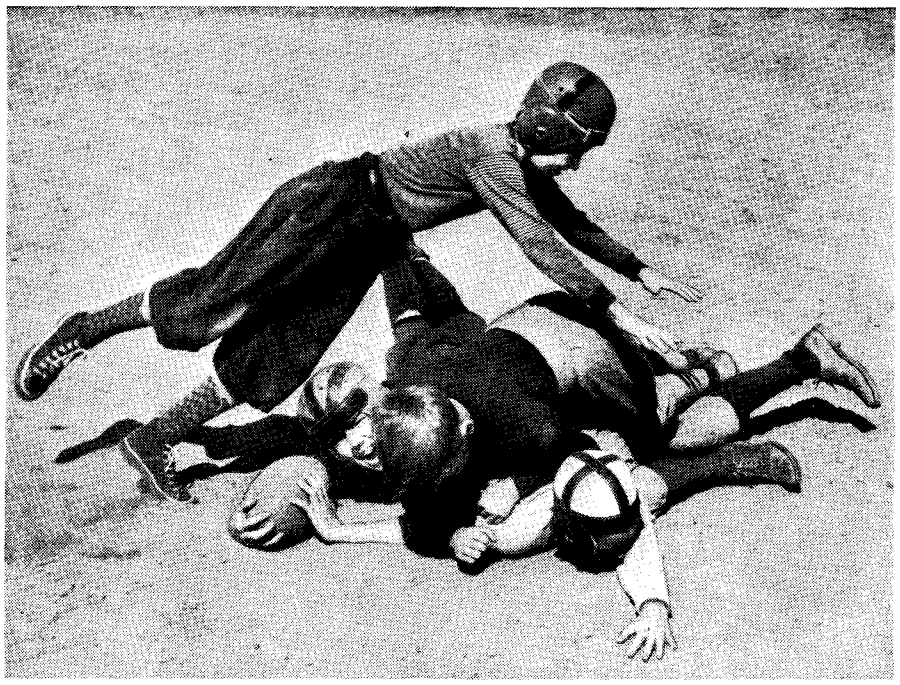
True, they cannot enforce the laws. But they can . . . *and will* . . . cooperate with all law-enforcement agencies. That, in fact, is the basis of the brewers' unusual plan of self-regulation . . . the "clean-up or close-up" plan.

Carefully developed, and applied in several states, it is showing definite results. It will be extended into a few more states this year, even more next year.

Brewers cannot usurp legal responsibility, but they are creating, within their own industry, a strict code of social responsibility.

FREE BOOKLET, *describing details of this plan, will be sent you on request. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B 8, 21 East 40th Street, New York.*

BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION



BILLY PICKED UP THREE YARDS! And three minor cuts. But after proper treatment of the hurts, Band-Aids will help protect them . . . help keep out dirt. For Band-Aid is a neat, ready-made adhesive bandage. Just stick it on! And it *stays* on—even on hard-to-bandage surfaces. Be sure you get the *genuine Band-Aid*. It's made *only* by Johnson & Johnson. Look for the red cross on the package.

WATERPROOF
BAND-AID
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36 ADHESIVE BANDAGES
THREE SIZES ASSORTED
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BAND-AID
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ADHESIVE BANDAGES

AVOID GASTRIC disturbances and other common stomach ailments. When food or drink disagrees and discomfort results, take 1 to 4 tablespoonsful of angostura bitters (aromatic) in a little water, hot or cold. Unruly stomachs are effectively calmed this easy, pleasant way. All druggists sell angostura.

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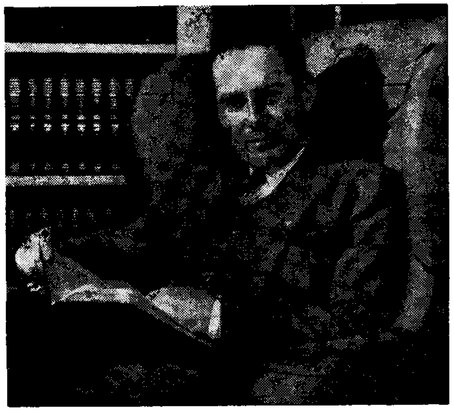
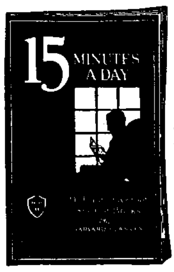


YOU TOO WILL ENJOY—
-15 Minutes a Day

What is your home like? Does it contain worthwhile books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of current novels or the daily newspaper—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow?

We all want our homes to be real homes, warm and hearty, where the latch string of welcome is prominently displayed, a place where our friends will want to come and return again and again. To make our homes attractive and to draw about us interesting and entertaining friends, we too, must be interesting and entertaining.

Dr. Eliot. America's greatest educator, and for forty years President of Harvard University, chose for his Harvard Classics, the texts that are the backbone of college training. Enlightenment, stimulation, a release from reality, an ability to soar to new heights of thought, explore new worlds of interest and experience new realms of enjoyment are in store for those who own



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and desk, a studio couch, an easy chair. The radio, however, looked expensive. Across the fireplace from it several albums of Chopin records stood in a little cabinet. On top of the cabinet was an electric pickup for playing the records through the radio speaker.

"The fireplace," Alec said, "gives a romantic blaze, but not in August. What kind of drink?"

"Anything." She sat in the easy chair and stretched her legs straight before her, with a wan smile. "I'm tired. I shouldn't have taken that hike at Bear Mountain in shoes like these."

"I'm sorry. I should have thought of that." He knelt and, without asking her, unlaced the flimsy sandals and took them off. He held the sole of her foot, making a stirrup of one hand. For a moment his wrist touched the silken ankle.

"Darling . . ." Her voice was tense, almost a whisper. She moved to sit up, then relaxed. Her fingers touched his head, stirred his hair and rested motionless.

He got to his feet.

"I'll mix the drinks." His voice was smooth, with just the right shade of confidence and impatience. He was afraid it wouldn't be. He wasn't doing this right. He wanted it to seem common and cheap to her and he wasn't a good actor.

Or maybe he didn't have to act. It would seem cheap to *him*, he knew. How could he tell her that he hadn't kissed her since that night in the kitchen because, suddenly, his mouth felt stale with the lipstick from other girls' kisses, all those years.

THEY finished their drinks. Alec put the glasses aside and sat on the arm of the chair where she half reclined, slim as a boy almost, in the white silk sweater and pleated silver-gray skirt. He rested his hand on her shoulder.

"I really brought you here to see my etchings, you know."

Flippant, that was supposed to be; but his voice was harsh and his chest felt paralyzed. He could hardly breathe.

If he could make her see this as a routine, herself as one of a dozen girls he had brought to his room like this. . . .

She said weakly, "Did you?" without smiling. She looked up, searching his face. Her lips didn't stir beneath his kiss; she didn't lift her arms.

He touched her casually in a way that should have made the caress an insult, but still she lay unmoving. There was a strange shininess to her eyes, as though if she closed them the lashes would be wet. She looked away finally, her hand groped and closed fiercely on his fingers.

"It's awful the way you've made me, Alec." Her voice was all choked up. "I have no shame any more, no pride. You can do anything with me because I . . . love you so much. You don't understand, but it's just the way I am about you."

Alec stood up, taking his hands from her. Damn Christine's father. Damn this whole ridiculous business. No man in his right mind would be trying to convince the girl he loved what a heel he was!

"I think," Alec said quietly, "that it's time I took you home." He couldn't tell whether she was crying or not, for she had bent forward to put on her sandals. He stood there and let her lace them herself.

He didn't trust himself any closer than this to the girl who couldn't do anything but love him.

On the telephone next evening he was impersonal and spare of words, as usual. But when Christine saw him, he looked like a different man. The faint lines about his mouth were set and grim. She wondered what, since last night, had happened to change him. He had brought his car, and beyond saying hello he was silent until he had driven directly to his own apartment house.

"I want to talk with you, Christine. Will you come up to my room again?"

They went up.

A light was burning in the floor lamp. He lit a cigarette and offered it to her. She shook her head, noticing how his hand trembled. "Don't you need a drink?" she asked.

"No. I just want to tell you something." He walked nervously to the record cabinet, then to the fireplace and turned, his shoulders touching the mantel. Christine sat on the straight chair by the radio. She took off her hat and her hair sprang out, alive, into its loose waves.

"I never saw a girl with hair that color," said Alec. "I'm glad it's not quite red. I'm glad you aren't like other girls in any way at all." He spoke breathlessly. "If you were, I guess I wouldn't love you and I do. It never happened to me like this, Christine. I didn't know it could—I thought I was too wise.

"I've been trying to make you see that I'm no good for you, darling, but you won't."

She didn't answer. She sat very still, watching him in that funny way he had noticed, as though her nearly green eyes couldn't get enough of him.

"I'll tell you the truth. I've been trying for the past week to get rid of you."

She looked away, flushing. "I didn't know—"

"I tried a lot of things to make you fall out of love with me but I was a fool. I love you and I want you." He looked at his wrist watch. "There's a boat leaving for the West Indies in three hours. Will you go with me?"

She stood up. "Elope, you mean? Marry you without telling Dad?"

"This cruise," Alec said, "is for three weeks. By the time we get back, you'll know whether you want to marry me."

"But I do—" She broke off, her face draining of color. "All right," she said faintly. "If that's how you want it, Alec, I'll go." She moved into his arms then, and she was trembling and small against him. Her head lay on his shoulder.

Alec pressed his mouth into her hair. His arms strained her close and it seemed in this moment that he had never done it before.

A chime sounded once. "The door," Alec said. "Wait."

SHE watched him go to the door. She saw the short little man come in. Plump, his body like a big egg in blue serge. She heard him say, "Your name Frazier? Alec Frazier?"

"That's right."

"This is your picture, ain't it?"

From his pocket the man pulled a folded paper. Attached to it was a photograph. "Yes," said Alec. "Where did you get that picture. I gave it to—" He stopped.

"Yeah. I know. She gave it to the police. This other thing is a warrant."

Christine ran to Alec's side, clung to his arm.

"What is it?" she cried in a frightened, breathless voice. "Alec hasn't done anything wrong."

"Sorry, lady. I don't know about that. I'm just a detective. But it seems your boy friend left his wife about six years ago and now she wants him back. The charge is desertion and nonsupport."

"Darling!" She turned to him frantically. "It's not true. It can't be!"

Alec didn't look at her. Gently he forced her hand from his arm. "I'm sorry, Christine," he said. And to the detective: "Okay. I'm ready."

They went down together. On the street he said, "Goodby," and she said, "Goodby," and he watched her cab until it disappeared around the corner. He turned to the detective.

"All right. How much do I owe you?"

"An hour is the minimum the agency can charge for," said the plump man. "Call it ten bucks."

"Take fifteen." Alec paid him. "You acted enough like a cop to be one."

WHEN he woke up next morning, it was still there. He wondered if it would make him ill if he couldn't stop thinking about her. Hearing her say, "Darling, it's not true!" Seeing the tender, hurt mouth.

Any day now, he was going to forget Christine, but this wasn't the day.

He didn't return home until after dinner. The telephone message blanks all said, "Mr. Loudon called." Alec slung his hat into the fireplace. Grimly he called the operator. "This is a person-to-person call. I want to speak to Mr. John Loudon, nobody else." He got Mr. Loudon and said, "What's the matter—did I leave some more work undone?"

"Don't be angry, Alec. You did your best. I wouldn't have thought of that detective gag myself."

"Gag?"

"My detectives are as good as yours. If you'd been married, they would have known it."

"Well?"

"I suppose," John Loudon said resignedly, "we just don't understand women. Love is blind; also deaf and dumb. She didn't blame you; said you loved her enough to run away with her whether you could ever marry her or not. You had a mean wife, she decided, who wouldn't divorce you."

Alec said dully, "I don't want to talk about it."

"Well, I wanted to thank you. If I can help you, if you want a job . . ."

"I don't need your jobs," Alec told him coldly. "I sold my remittance today—at a discount. I put nearly all the cash into a studio. I'm starting work tomorrow." Work. He had to get her out of his mind somehow. And he had to prove to himself that he could stand prosperity; the kind you work for. What then?

Hope sprang eternal and slugged him over the heart.

"Look—" he said. "Maybe it'll take a year but I'll get hold of myself. Then if I can ever explain to her—if she'll still have me . . ."

"A year?" Loudon chuckled. "If you think I'm going to keep her for more than two hours—hey, Alec . . . Alec!" He turned. "The young fool hung up on me, Christine. I give him five minutes to get here if he isn't stopped for speeding."

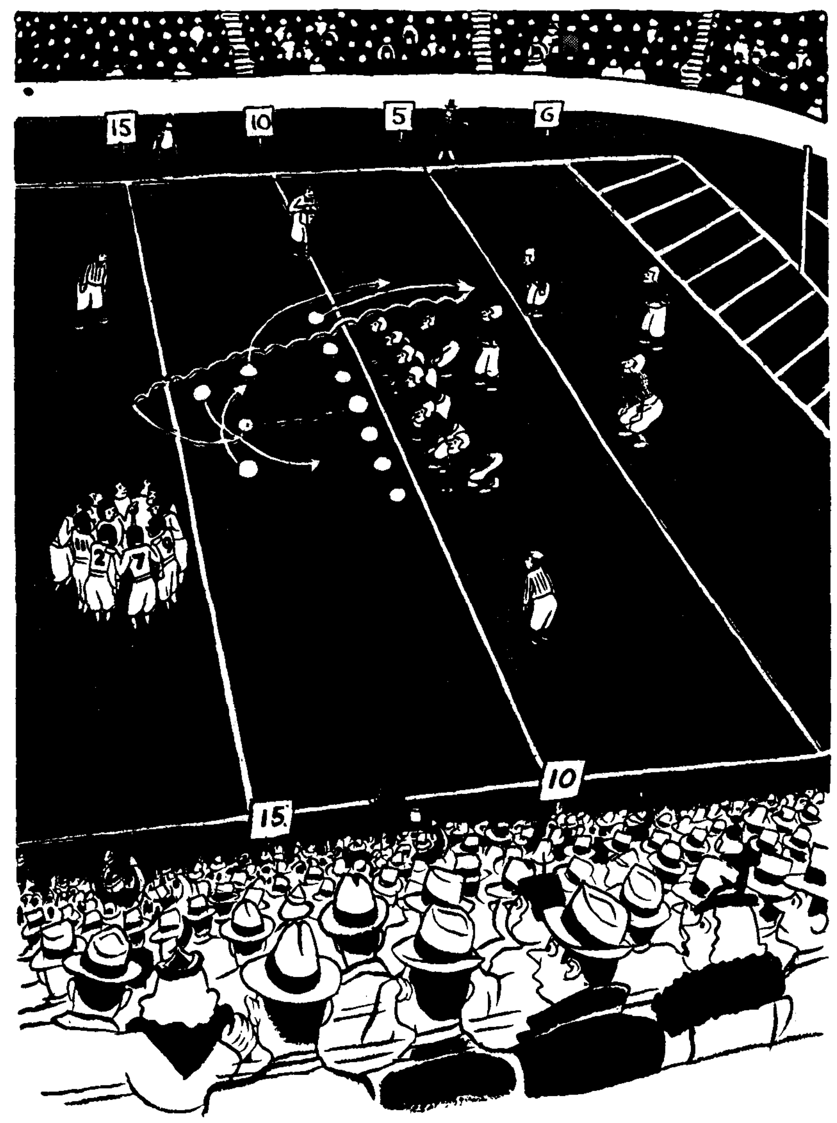
SHE laughed, hugging him. "Thanks for phoning," she said. "If I had called, he might have thought I was running after him."

"He will never learn the truth from me."

"Don't be mean, Dad. You know very well the whole thing was your idea."

"Whatever you say, my dear," her father blandly agreed. "It was my own idea to curse Alec that night for letting you down easy. And to wish out loud that he would do something to make you get over him. All *you* did was persuade me to talk him into it."

Christine colored faintly. "I didn't know," she confessed, "that he would try so hard." And she said defensively: "I wanted to see him again—you can't change a man's mind by remote control."



"The new coach doesn't seem to think much of our team's memory"

ROBERT DAY

"I never knew the light from two bulbs could be SO DIFFERENT!"

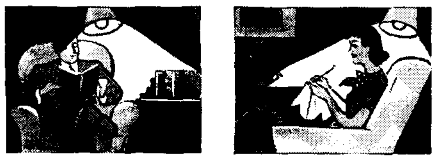
Above: Ordinary inside frosted bulb, when lighted, has a harsh, harmful "filament-fire" glare spot at center.

At Right: New Wabash Superlite glows gently, evenly from its very edges . . . saves your eyes, nerves.

NEW SUPERLITE GIVES LIGHT CONDITIONING AT THE LOW COST OF BULBS, ALONE!

A mere set of photos can hardly do justice to the remarkable difference in the light given off by the new Wabash Superlite and that of an ordinary electric light bulb! Where the ordinary bulb shows a harsh, glary light at its center, the Wabash Superlite glows softly, gently . . . with a smooth, *even* light spread from its entire surface.

That's because the Wabash Superlite *conditions its own light!* Thanks to a new, scientific, inside-the-bulb treatment, the light you see from a Superlite is correctly filtered . . . perfectly diffused. It's an amazingly restful light that really protects your eyes . . . helps prevent eyestrain, fatigue.



Superlites help you to see *faster . . . better!*

You'll want to Light Condition every room in your home with these new Superlites. And you can do it for the cost of bulbs alone! Just screw Superlites into your present lamp sockets. You'll need no extra equipment, no special installations! Wabash Superlites are made by the makers of the famous Wabash Superflash Photolamps. Ask for Superlites at dealers' everywhere.

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WABASH

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The Modern Light Conditioning Bulb

WABASH APPLIANCE CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SUPERFLASH
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GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PIPES PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

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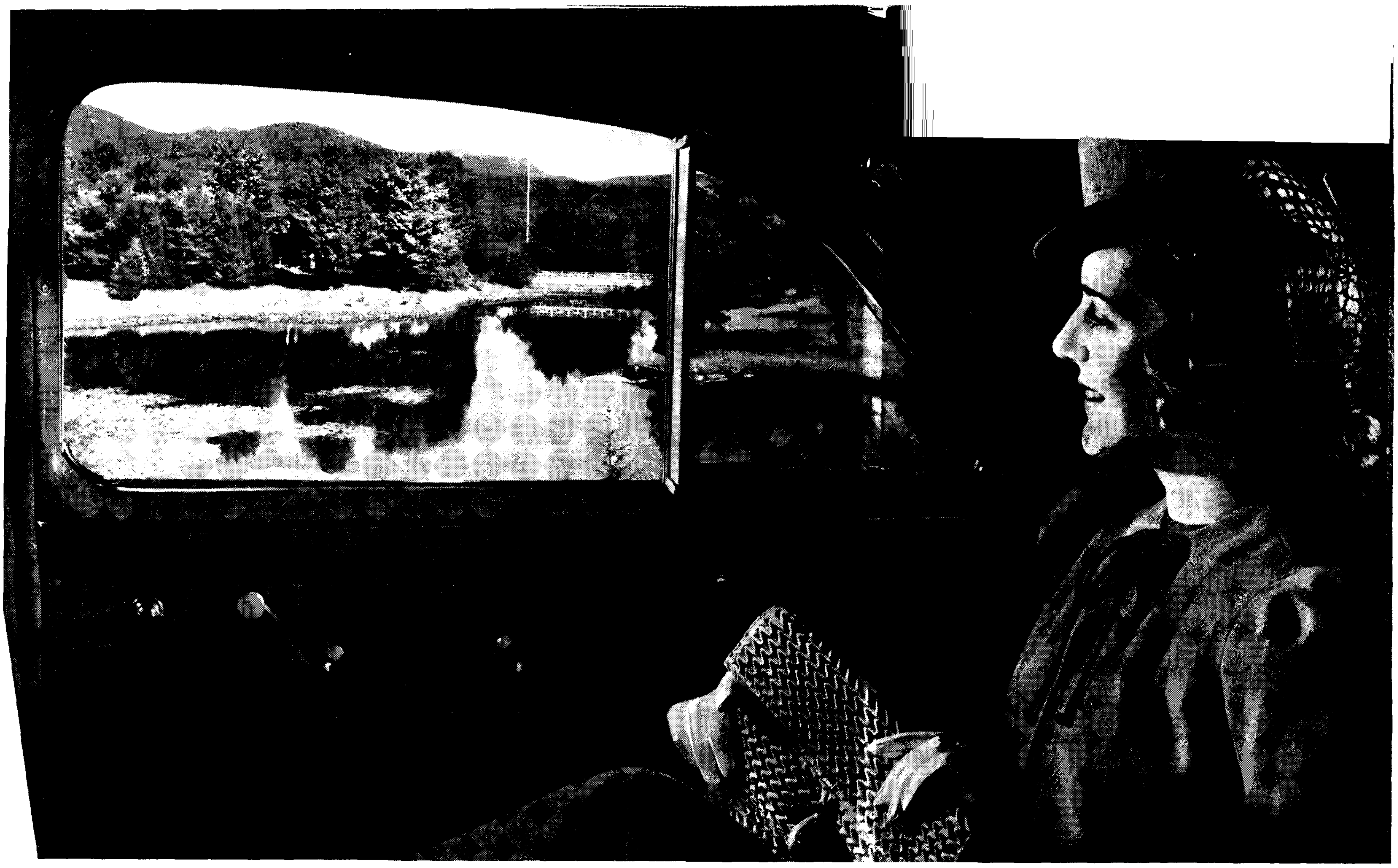
in any direction . .

HI-TEST SAFETY PLATE



You see better
AND ARE MUCH SAFER

Automobile *drivers* get a clear, undistorted view of the road ahead—there are no zigzag effects in the rapid-fire picture they get of the highway. They have Safety *Plate* Glass for *their* view.

For a long, long time automobile manufacturers have seen to it that the drivers can judge distances accurately and have a clear view ahead by giving them Safety *Plate* Glass in the windshield.

* * *

But how about the Lady in the Back Seat? Yes, and all the rest of the Back Seat Passengers?

Many of these passengers resent being called "Back Seat Drivers", just because they get nervous over onrushing cars appearing scarily out of line when they really are only out of focus. They're demanding Safety *Plate* Glass in *their* windows too.

And in many 1940 cars they're getting Plate Glass—the new L·O·F Hi-Test Safety *Plate* Glass—in the side windows as well as in the windshield.

The Hi-Test plastic—tougher, stronger, more flexible—with which this Plate Glass "sandwich" is laminated makes this the *safest* safety glass ever manufactured.

* * *

Sheet or window glass is all right for houses. Houses don't move. A little zigzag doesn't matter much if it's standing still.

But when these waves get to moving, as they do in an automobile, they set up a regular shimmer.

And while you may think you have adjusted yourself to it in the side windows of your car, your eyes have not. They get tired and ache.

Plate glass doesn't give the distortion—the zigzag effect of moving sheet glass—because it has been manufactured by special precision processes. It has been ground like an eyeglass, and polished like a gem.

Look for the L·O·F *Plate* Mark of Quality—on the side windows and the windshield.

Safety *Plate* Glass is necessary in the windshield—It's *important* in the side windows.

* * *

Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

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HI-TEST SAFETY *PLATE* GLASS

SAFER BECAUSE IT'S *LAMINATED*
CLEARER BECAUSE IT'S *PLATE*

HI-TEST L·O·F SAFETY PLATE

LOOK FOR THE L·O·F "PLATE" MARK OF QUALITY . . . ON THE SIDE WINDOWS AND THE WINDSHIELD

5

You Have to Know How

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Singular experience of Mr. Sylvester Dow, who did not need a rabbit's foot. He had his wife

- 15¼ - 5¢

MR. MACKUBIN, president of the North End Bank, was thoroughly ashamed of what he was about to do. It revolted his every professional instinct. His shrewdly lined little face was grim, and his faded blue eyes glared behind his glasses as he looked at the three people seated in his office.

They were a large, handsome and ox-eyed young man, a thin and fidgety girl and a stout baby seated in the girl's lap.

"Looks," reflected Mr. MacKubin, jerking open a drawer and snapping out the printed form of a promissory note, "like a muttonhead. Baby looks smartest in the family. Good heavens."

Mr. MacKubin's spike of white beard jerked as he spoke crisply, biting off the sentences without relish:

"Mr. Dow, you owe this bank the interest on your mortgage. You're back in your taxes. You're out of work. Your account here is down to eight dollars. Your house is in bad condition. The roof leaks, the furnace is broken, the plumbing is out of order—"

His voice rose till it squeaked and was pinched off.

"Now, Sylvester," said the girl, bobbing her head at the young man. "Listen to Mr. MacKubin."

Sylvester poised his derby hat on one large hand, put the other hand into his bosom and looked profoundly contemplative. He did not look like a muttonhead at all; he looked like a statesman.

"Put in a new oil burner," jerked Mr. MacKubin. "Put on a new roof. New plumbing. Plaster—paper—paint! Cost you nine hundred dollars. Handy with tools? Do the work yourself while you're doing nothing. Save money. Save enough for your interest and taxes."

"You hear Mr. MacKubin, Sylvester?" said the girl. "Oh, but, Mr. MacKubin. Nine hundred dollars! Nine hundred dollars, Mr. MacKubin."

"I know," said Mr. MacKubin softly and disgustedly. "The bank"—he paused to sigh—"will lend you the money. . . . Want it? Sign here, Mr. Dow. . . . Sign there, Mrs. Dow."

Five minutes later he watched them go.

"Muttonhead," he whispered. "Good money after bad. Rotten old house. Security no good, borrower no good—well, if the government wants to guarantee such loans, it's good business for the bank!"

WHEN the little family was on the sidewalk, Sylvester Dow opened his bankbook.

"Look, Molly," he said slowly, puzzled. "We thought Mr. MacKubin sent for us to tell us to get out of our house. Instead, he lent us a lot of money. Some mistake about this, Molly, somewheres."

Molly looked.

"Why, no, sweetheart," she said. "No mistake! Look, they wrote it in the book; we got nine hundred and eight dollars in the bank!"

"Some mistake," said Sylvester; and he glanced behind them. "Give me Junior, Molly, and we can go faster."

"Oh, Sylvester, now I can buy you a suit! Let's go right home and settle Junior. Then we'll go downtown, and we'll go through all the stores, and try on—"

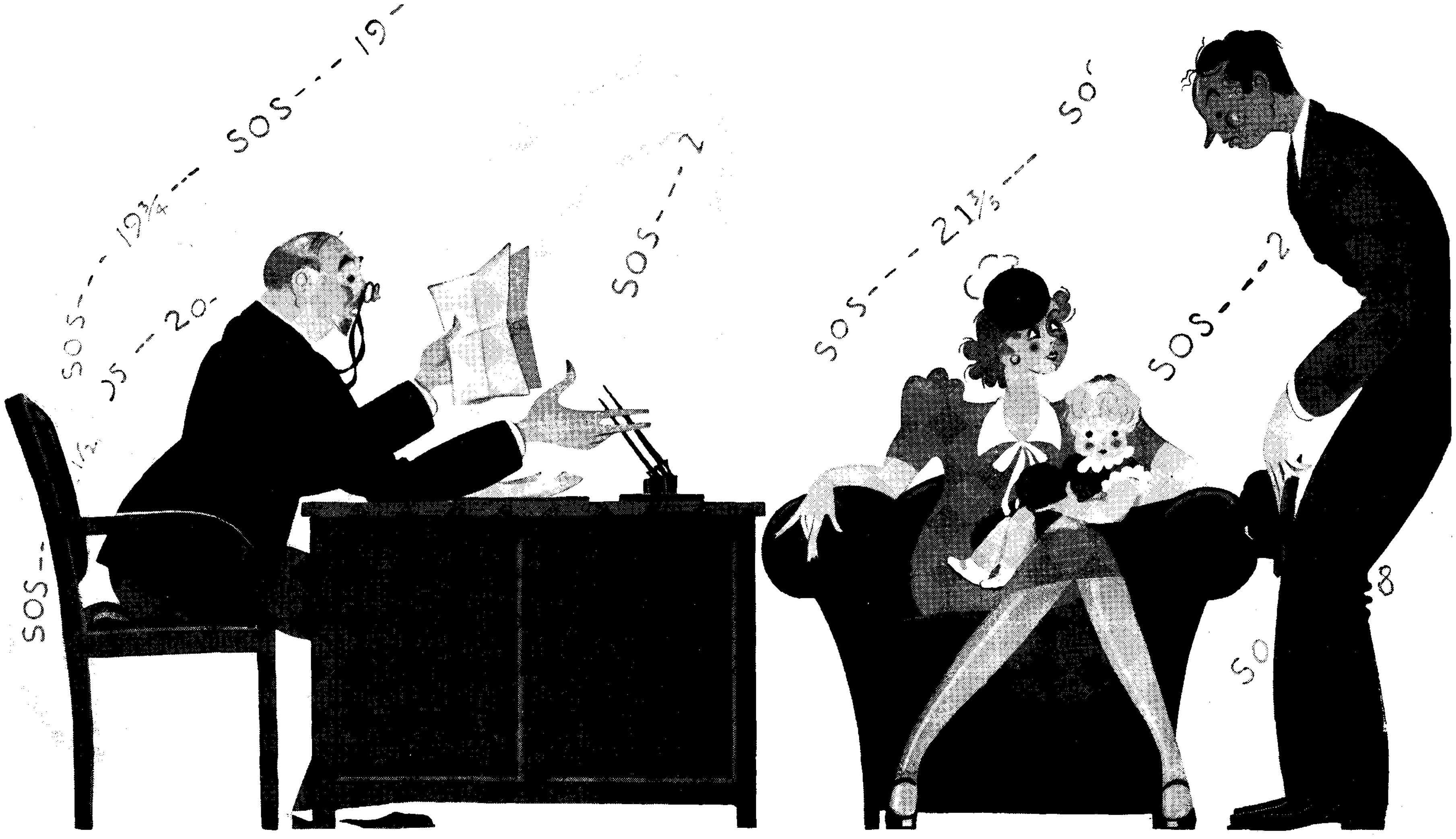
"Will you? Well, you won't," said Sylvester, halting. "Here, take Junior. Take Junior home. Think you'll drag me through forty stores, hah, and try on forty suits, will you? Well, you won't! I got to go downtown and see builders, like Mr. MacKubin said."

"Sylvester Dow," said Molly, taking the baby with one arm and shaking a warning finger with the other, "don't you dare buy yourself a suit. I know your buying. Go in the first place you come to, and take the first rag they put on your back, and pay anything they ask. And I"—she hung to the word and put the finger on her chest—"will return it. Oh, Junior, will you grow up to be a perfect fool with your money? . . . Look at him smile, sweetheart. Look at him smile!"

"All right, I will not get a suit at all," said Sylvester, whose secret design had been to do just as Molly feared. "I'll go in rags. I'll go naked! But you're not going to drag me in and out and up and down and disgrace me with bargaining and bartering and— See you tonight, angel. 'By, Junie! 'By-by!"

ARRIVED in the downtown business district, Sylvester loitered into the Stock Exchange board room of Mooney & Blampey.

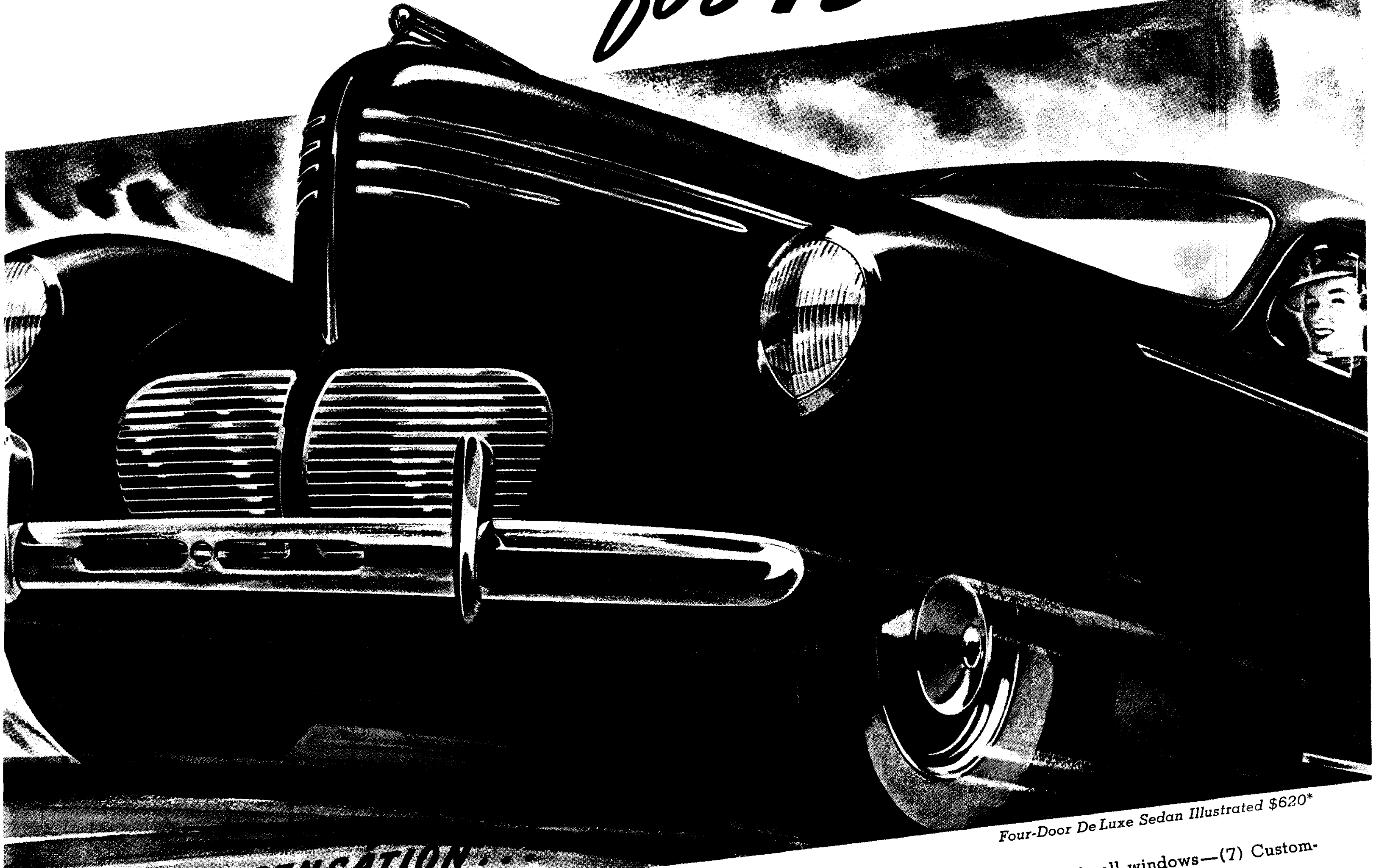
There were two board rooms in town, and Sylvester, unemployed for several months, had discovered that they were pleasant places to loaf in. They were hospitable spots, and one didn't have to buy drinks. The customers' chairs were comfortable, the company was sociable, Sylvester's opinion of the market and the course of national trade and affairs was often asked. That was the way it had been, anyway, until war had come to Europe. After that everyone was too



SOS---19-
SOS---19¼---
SOS---20-
SOS---2
SOS---21⅗---
SOS---2
SO
SOS--

"Playing the stock market, Mr. Dow," he said creakingly, "is the road to ruin. I infer it's been a short road in your case"

Watch WILLYS for 1940



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They saw for America an automobile with big-car roominess and comfort . . . but without clumsy, big-car weight and high operating cost.

They built the New Willys for 1940 . . . lithe, smart, comfortable . . . the most economical, easily handled, full-size car in America.

They lavished upon it such luxury features as (1) Bigger, roomier, all-steel body—(2) Steering-post gearshift★—(3) Ventilating wings★—(4) Smart dual-grip steering wheel—(5) Oversize hydraulic brakes—(6) Safety glass in all windows—(7) Custom-tailored interiors.

Stunning in style, the New Willys will startle you with its low price, economy and the power and performance that's packed under its hood. See the New Willys today. Drive it. Buy it. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

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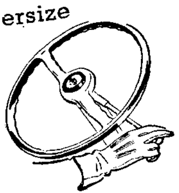

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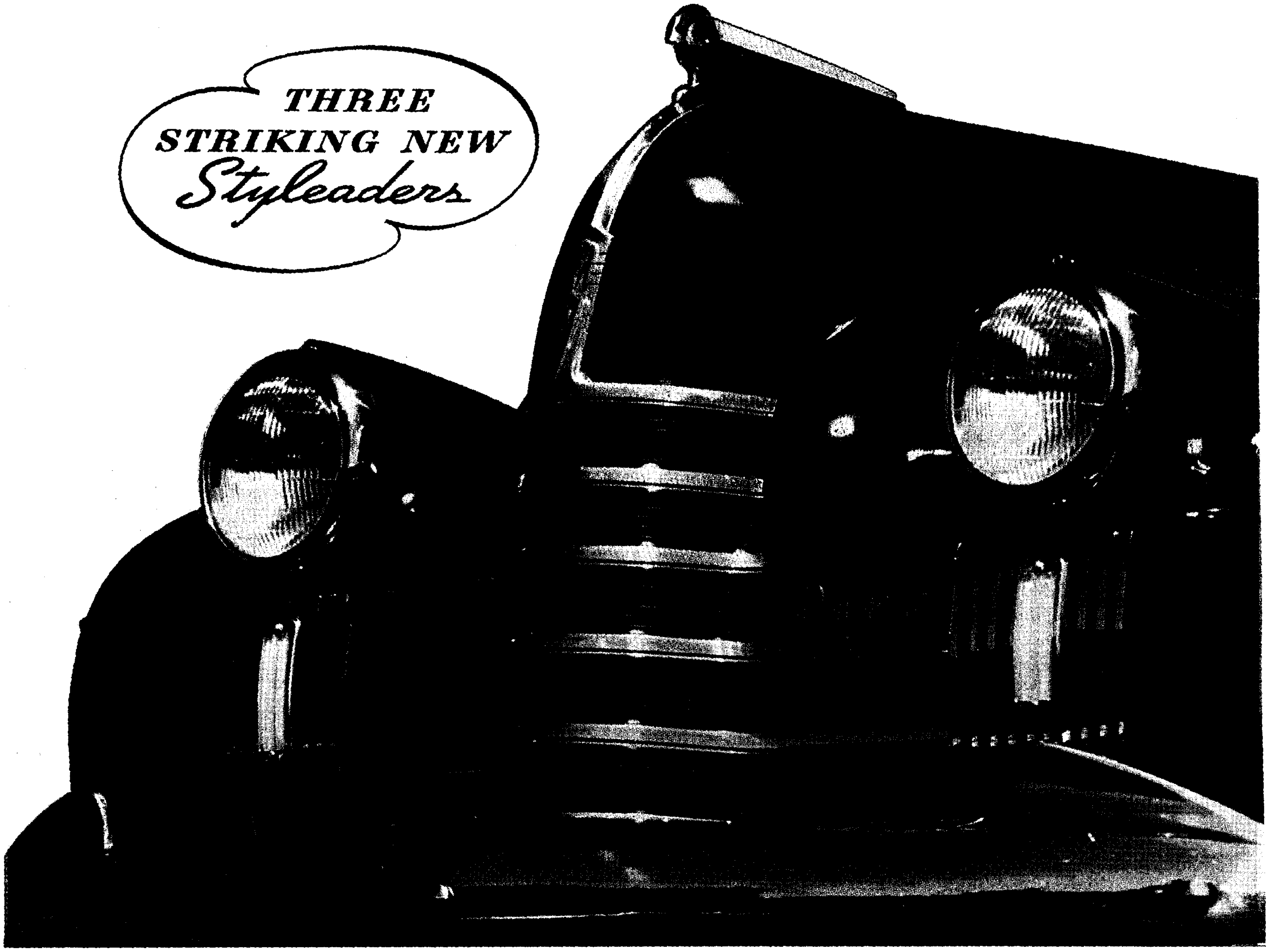

BIGGER and BETTER in

MORE *SIZE!* MORE *STYLE!* MORE *POWER!* MORE *LUXURY!* MORE *COMFORT!* MORE *SAFETY!* . . . *AND WITH ALL THESE EXTRA ADVANTAGES EVEN BIGGER SAVINGS IN GAS, OIL AND UPKEEP!*

THEY'RE BIGGER! They're better! They're *bigger and better buys!* That's the big news about Oldsmobile cars, right up and down the line. For Oldsmobile offers three great new models for 1940 . . . each bigger in *size* . . . each better in *quality* . . . each bigger and better in *value!* The new low-priced Olds Sixty is longer, wider, roomier. Its power has been stepped up . . . its performance is finer . . . yet it's even more economical to drive. The new popular-priced Olds Seventy is larger and more impressive than ever . . . with new interior luxuries and refinements that mark it as truly de luxe. The brand new Olds Custom "8" Cruiser, with its longer wheelbase, larger body and modern-to-the-minute design, represents the absolute last word . . . *a definite new standard* . . . in medium-priced, eight-cylinder, custom-car luxury. And each of the three offers a finer, smoother, *improved* new Rhythmic Ride. Try out these great new Oldsmobiles today. You can *see* that they're *bigger* . . . you can *prove* that they're *better* . . . bigger and better in *everything* and priced for *everybody!*

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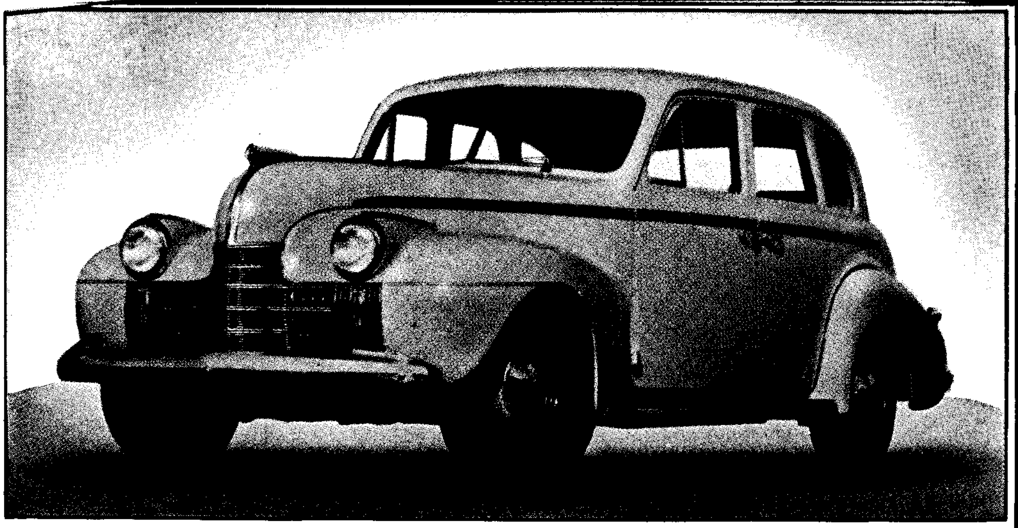

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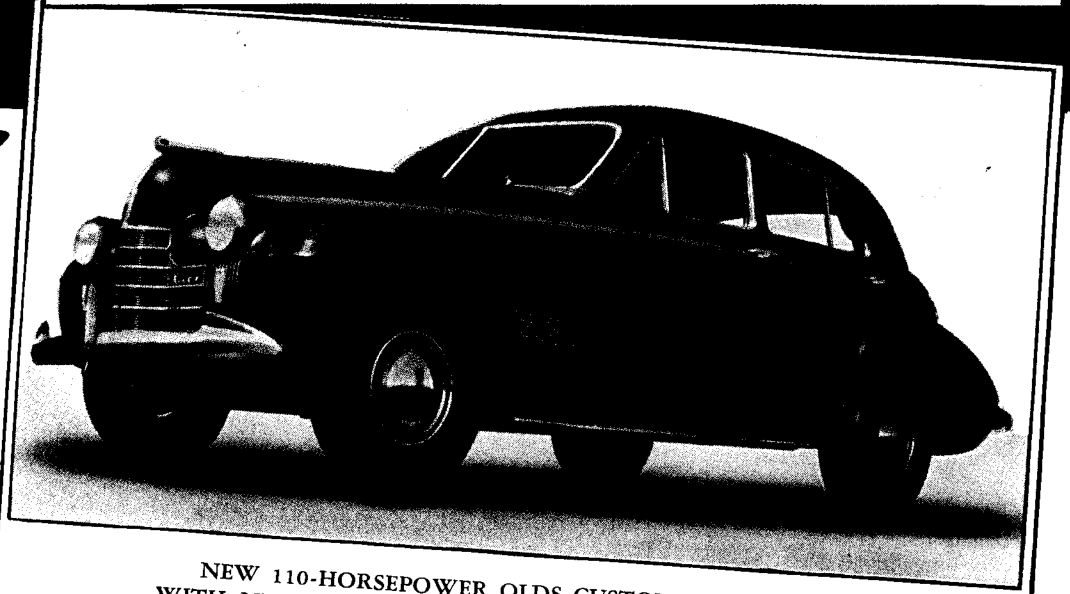
Everything!



NEW 110-HORSEPOWER OLDS CUSTOM "8" CRUISER
WITH NEW LUXURY BODY BY FISHER—124″ WHEELBASE

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All around you, you'll see that friendly white package . . . that means more and more smokers everywhere are agreed that Chesterfields are milder and better-tasting . . . *for everything you want in a cigarette, CHESTERFIELD WINS*

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busy to pay much attention to Sylvester.

Of the two board rooms, Sylvester preferred Mooney & Blampey's because Mr. Wissel was there. Mr. Wissel was a customers' man. He was a lank, hunched man with eyes and nose that were owlish; and Mr. Wissel was a wise old owl. He had been in the stock market for thirty years, and he knew all about it; and that wasn't all he knew. He knew the horses too.

Sylvester admired Mr. Wissel very much. . . . Mr. Wissel, let it be said, did not admire Sylvester; an occasional deft and darting question had placed Sylvester exactly for Mr. Wissel. Out of work; had no dough; never would have.

Mr. Wissel was pretty busy, but there had been a slight lull that morning. Sylvester sat by Mr. Wissel's desk, opened his bankbook and coughed. He coughed again. It had penetrated to him that he would rally in Mr. Wissel's estimation if he had money.

"Ahem! How do you like them today, Mr. Wissel?"

"I hear," said Mr. Wissel, "that they are going to take the blanket off Gallant Boy in the second at Bowie." He looked up from his race news. "Oh, hello, Dow."

An owlish eye drooped onto the bankbook, and spotlighted the fresh entry: $908.

Mr. Wissel straightened in his chair. He was a little man on long legs, so that he was dwarfish when he sat, and seemed to be on stilts when he stood.

He looked at the translux.

"The war babies are getting hot, Mr. Dow. I have been clocking those babies, and they've been going like a scalded cat. Look, there goes SOC, at 20, up two points on the day! . . . Mr. Buckner, you see that last SOC? That's one you ought to buy, Mr. Buckner."

"I have a dog, Wissel," said Mr. Buckner without interest.

"SOC, hah, Mr. Wissel?" said Sylvester.

"SOC—Sonora Copper," said Mr. Wissel. "Big Mexican copper producer. There's ten points in that baby. Watch that one, Mr. Dow. Don't buy it on my say-so; just watch it. Fellow had eight, nine hundred dollars—pick up a hundred shares on margin about here—he could double his money and better. Take ten points out of that one."

Mr. Wissel let that percolate. He unfolded himself to his unexpected height and lounged away, listening in here and there, dropping an exciting word, but the image of Sylvester and his bankbook was always on the rim of one of his round and unwinking eyes. Mr. Wissel had to make a living. If Sylvester speculated and lost money, that would be too bad; but if Mr. Wissel didn't make a living, that would be too bad, too.

Sylvester sat and watched the translux and listened to glad cries and encouraging shouts as the customers urged on their favorite stocks.

"Could I talk to you, Mr. Wissel?" called Sylvester, looking about. "Oh, I didn't see you standing right there."

"YOU didn't ask Mr. MacKubin for the loan?" said Mr. Wissel. "And you didn't give him any security? Go away! Why, I know Mr. MacKubin, and the North End Bank is one of our customers, but—well, all I can say, Mr. Dow, is that Mr. MacKubin must be going wild."

Mr. Wissel's surprise was not pretense. He knew all about the stock market and horses, but he didn't know all about the efforts of the administration to stimulate building and the making of loans. This was no kind of lending that Mr. Wissel ever heard about.

"Mr. MacKubin did act sort of funny, Mr. Wissel, and that's a fact," said Sylvester.

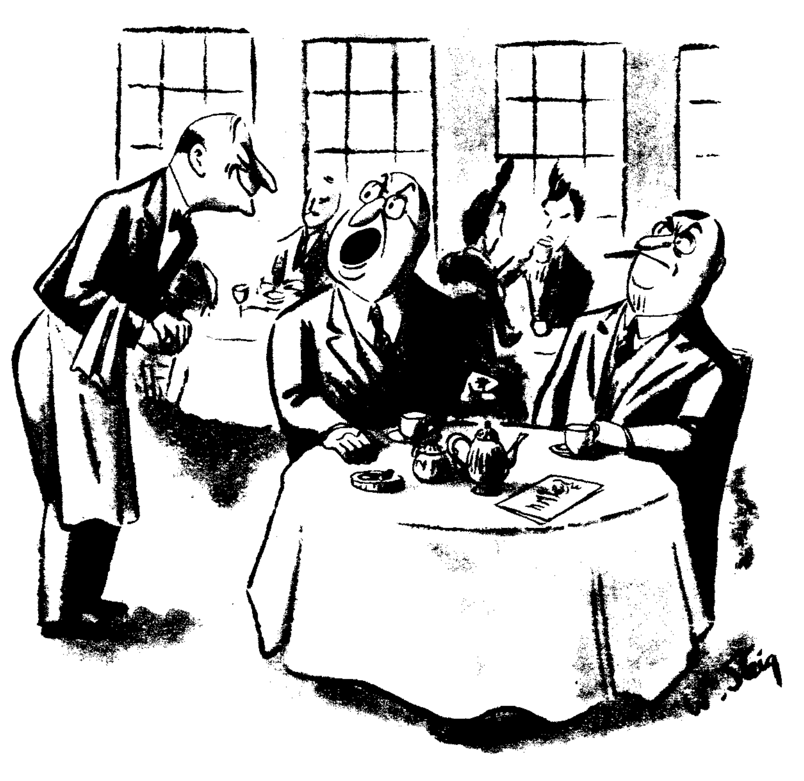
"Funny?" said Mr. Wissel. "And that's how he's lending the bank's money these days? Well, Mr. Dow, all I can say is, if Mr. MacKubin is not light-minded, what's the matter with the babies they take away in wagons? They're not crazy; they got brains enough to be the president of a bank. Don't let me influence you, Mr. Dow, and don't say who said it, but I wouldn't have nine hundred and eight dollars in the North End Bank if it were mine."

"Think so, Mr. Wissel?" said Sylvester.

"Look, there goes SOC," said Mr. Wissel. "Will that baby go when they turn on the heat!"

"Mr. Wissel," said Sylvester. "That nine hundred and eight dollars is all we got in the world and it is our life savings and borrowings. We wouldn't want to lose it."

Mr. Wissel lit a cigarette, funneled a



"For heaven's sake—a little less service, please!" WILLIAM STEIG

Don't let winter catch *you* unprepared

If you want to be sure of quick smooth starting, perfect lubrication, and carefree driving this winter . . . if you want to be free of worry about the Winter hazards of sludge, carbon and corrosion . . . then head right away for your nearest Quaker State dealer and

Change now to Acid-Free Quaker State Winter Oil

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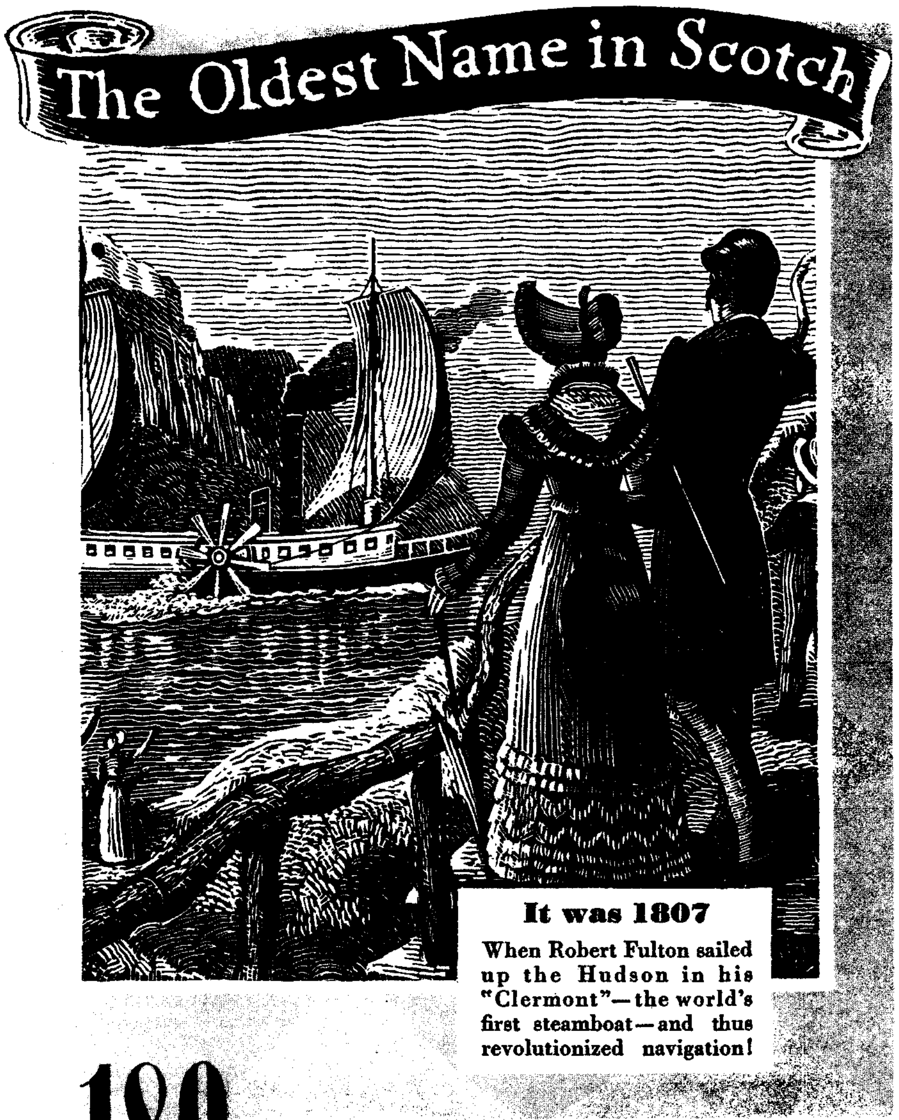

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It was 1807

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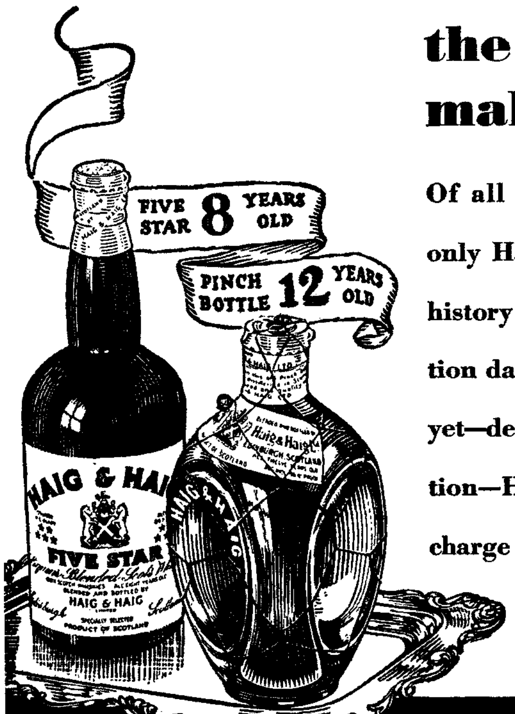

the Haigs were making Scotch!

Of all the existing Scotches—only Haig & Haig can point to a history of uninterrupted satisfaction dating back 312 years! And yet—despite this exclusive distinction—Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame!

Don't be vague - Ask for Haig

Haig & Haig

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corner of his mouth and blew smoke.

"Speaking personally, Mr. Dow," he said, "I haven't a dollar in any bank myself. I don't believe in it. What can you make? Nothing. What can you lose? All you got. The bank might fold up! If it don't, you get your own money back. Where's the percentage? Where I would put my money is in the market, in a good stock, where you can make."

"Well, Mr. Wissel," said Sylvester, "the way Molly and I had our account of eight dollars in the bank, we could both draw out all the money we wanted. If we had our money in the stock market, could we both draw it out like a bank?"

"Joint account," nodded Mr. Wissel. "Just like a bank. . . . Look, there goes SOC at 21! Is that a stock! If a man had a hundred of that baby on margin, he would right now have profits of a hundred dollars."

"YOU have made a very wise decision to open a joint trading account for you and Mrs. Dow, Mr. Dow," said Mr. Wissel. "Sign here; and I'll give you a form for Mrs. Dow. Make the check to Mooney & Blampey. . . . Like me to get you a hundred of that SOC at 21? I been clocking that baby for years, and she's one of the fastest in the list. Did I say ten points? Yes, and I've seen her do fifteen and twenty points in fifteen and twenty minutes.

" 'Buy one hundred Sonora Copper at 21,' " said Mr. Wissel, writing. "Sign here, Mr. Dow. I'll hold the order and put it in for you as soon as your check goes through. Might be tomorrow morning."

Mr. Wissel returned to studying his race news, and Sylvester went home to tell Molly what he had done to make them a nice fat profit, as well as to save their money from the heedless lending of the probably whacky Mr. MacKubin.

Molly was boiling Junior's bottles in the shabby kitchen.

"But, Sylvester! What is this I always heard about people losing their money in the stock market? Oh, sweetheart, why don't you wait till I can go with you? You're such a fool with money."

Sylvester laughed and petted her.

"Angel, that stuff about people losing their money in the stock market is a lot of propaganda. Well, maybe people that don't know about the stock market; but you go in Mooney & Blampey's yourself, and all you will hear about is winnings! All the times I was in Mooney & Blampey's, I never heard of any losings."

"Besides," said Molly, "it is borrowed money, too; and that is lucky. . . . If they're not charging you too much for the stocks, sweetheart! How much is Mooney & Blampey charging you? And are they the only ones in the stock business? Wait and I'll look in the telephone directory."

She got the classified telephone book.

"Mooney & Blampey, stock brokers," she read. "And here is another place in the same business. The name of the other place is Glickman & Company. Sweetheart, did you go in Glickman's and price their stocks before you opened a charge account in Mooney & Blampey and gave them an order?"

"Of course not, angel. The prices of the stocks are the same in all the board rooms, all over! Just the same."

Molly sighed loudly, slowly shaking her head. "I understand, Sylvester. You are the same about buying stocks as you are about buying that suit. Oh, sweetheart, why are you so pigheaded? Why don't you look around first? Yes, of course, Mooney & Blampey told you their stocks are the cheapest, 'considering quality.' They won't be undersold, hah, sweetheart? O-oh, I wonder what Junior will grow up to! Sylvester Dow, I can only warn you: if that's your buying, I'll return every stock you buy!"

"But—"

Sylvester shrugged helplessly.

"Now, angel, you're not going to tangle me in any arguments. You always win, whether you're right or not! Go look for yourself, will you? Go in those board rooms or call them up and see for yourself that they are all the same price.

"The name of the stock," continued Sylvester, "is Sonora Copper; I'll write it down for you. It's very good stock; if you don't think so, argue with Mr. Wissel. Now sign these papers."

"What are they for?"

"So we can have a joint account, like in the bank. Our money is in Mooney & Blampey now; I gave them a check. Sign here, angel, and I'll mail them."

Sylvester left the house early the next morning. He had got a day's work, lifting ashes out of the cellar of a vacant house. It wasn't the sort of work he was used to; his last position had been Deputy Assistant Superintendent of Plant and Structure at the local university, where he had worn a uniform and had never lifted ashes, or hardly ever. Picking up odd jobs was quite a comedown for a university man, but Sylvester wouldn't be proud if it was for Molly and Junior.

Molly went about her household tasks; but she was uneasy in mind.

It was not only that she feared the perils of the stock market—that might be all silly gossip, as Sylvester said—but also she had no confidence in Sylvester's buying. He was always getting stuck.

At eleven o'clock she called up Mooney & Blampey and asked for Mr. Wissel.

"Yes, Mrs. Dow!" said the customers' man on the wire. "Your husband's check went through okay and I put his order in to buy Sonora Copper. We didn't get it yet, though. The market opened higher, and—"

"How much is your Sonora Copper, Mr. Wissel?"

"Twenty-four dollars. It might be cheaper later in the day. A little selling is coming into the list now."

MOLLY hung up, ran through the directory again, and called Glickman & Company.

"I'll give you the board room, madam," said Glickman & Company's girl. And in a moment a male voice said, "The board room . . . Sonora Copper, madam? It's selling for twenty-two dollars and a half."

"Aha!" ejaculated Molly, hanging up.

It was just as she thought. The prices were not the same.

She called Mr. Wissel again.

"Mr. Wissel," she said, "we changed our mind about buying that stock. We thought we would look around first and see if we couldn't do better."

"You want to cancel the order, Mrs. Dow? Okay, I'll cancel it. . . . But, just a moment! Sonora Copper is coming over now; let's see the price . . . Mrs. Dow, it's selling now for twenty-two dollars."

"Oh, you are coming down," said Molly gratifiedly. "Well, I will call Glickman & Company and see how much they will come down, and I will buy it wherever it is cheapest."

"Mrs. Dow—surely you understand that our prices are exactly the same as Glickman & Company, don't you?"

"Oh, are they, Mr. Wissel? You might tell my poor husband that, but not me. I want to give you the order, Mr. Wissel, as you're a friend of Sylvester's, but you got to meet Glickman & Company's best price, and you better make up your mind to it! So you can just sharpen your pencil, and I'll call you back."

And she called Glickman & Company.

She had to stay home to mind Junior, but she had unlimited telephone service and she went on a perfectly gorgeous bender of shopping. She shopped Mooney & Blampey and Glickman & Company till she wore the two customers' men very thin indeed.

They cut and cut, but Molly wouldn't give them the order. She had them on the run. It wasn't until it was time for Junior's bottle that Glickman & Company finally made a stand. Then Glickman's customers' man said that he didn't give a whoop what Mooney & Blampey were selling Sonora Copper for, and that he was sick and tired explaining that Mooney & Blampey couldn't undersell him, and that his last price stood unchanged.

"Mr. Wissel," said Molly to that harassed man in turn, "I can't keep calling you up because I have to attend to the baby. Can you hear him? Mr. Wissel, what is your very best rock bottom? And I'll give you a big order. And I'll buy all that we can get for our money. . . . Oh, Mr. Wissel, can't you make it a teeny bit cheaper? Well, all right, Mr. Wissell; we'll take it."

SYLVESTER came home at half past five, looking ashen, but it was nothing that a bar of soap couldn't cure.

He put head and shoulders into the washtub in the kitchen, and, to make Junior laugh, emitted under water the battle cry of the bull seal.

Emerging in the pink, he said, "Wonder what the market did today, angel. Wonder if we bought that Sonora Copper stock."

"We did," said Molly.

"Mr. Wissel called up here, hah?"

"No, I called Mr. Wissel. Oh, Sylvester, why are you so easy? Telling me that the prices of stocks are the same all over, when they're not even the same in the same place."

"For Pete's sake, Molly," said Sylvester, "are you starting that again? . . . Am I tired!"

She seated him in the parlor with the just-arrived evening newspaper and went back to attend to the supper.

"Molly!"

"Yes, sweetheart! What is it—your back?"

"L-look what's in the paper."

THE big news was the refusal of the British to finance further development of Sonora Copper. The headlines told it.

"G-give a look," said Sylvester. "It's down fifteen points."

"Well, what, Sylvester?" asked Molly, looking. "Sweetheart, does that mean Sonora Copper stock is no good?"

"It means," said Sylvester, "that we lost the nine hundred dollars Mr. MacKubin lent us to fix up the house. And our own eight dollars too, I'm afraid, Molly."

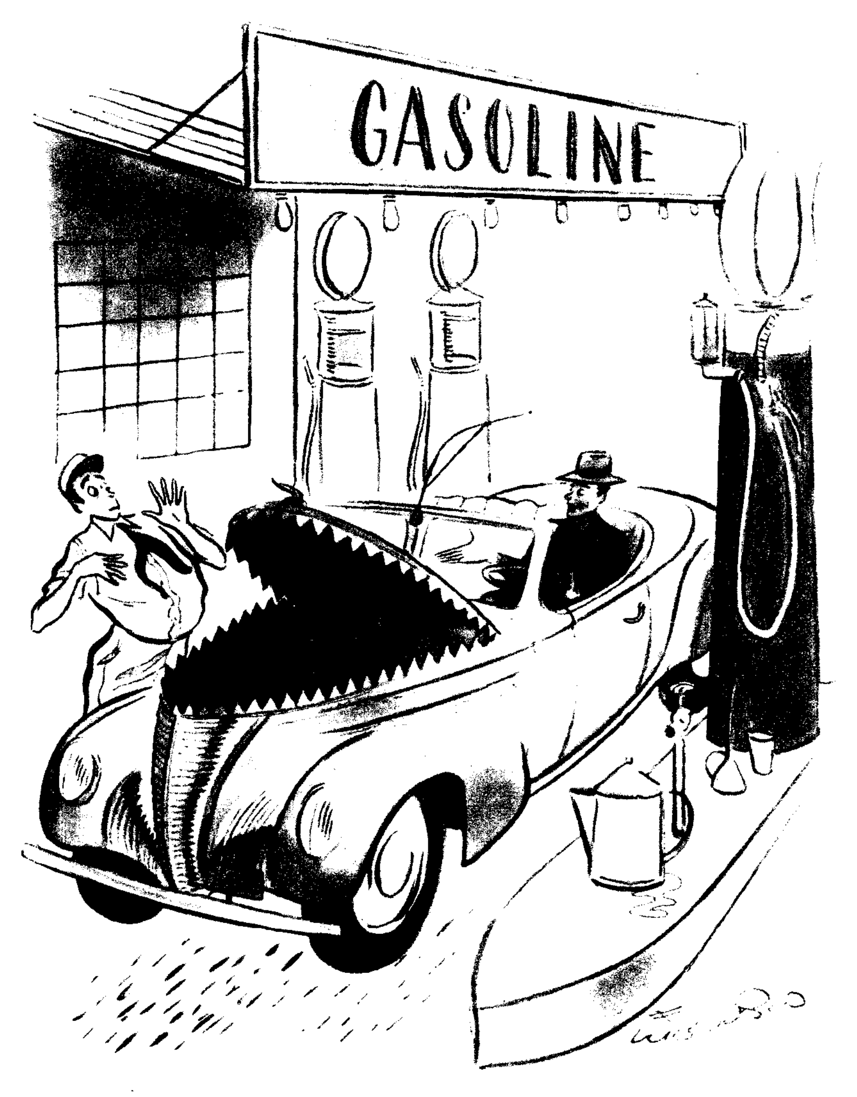
"Oh, what a gyp! Sylvester, we can have them arrested. When the stock comes, we'll just return it and make them give us back our money. Why, I never heard of such a barefaced gyp."

"Positively no returns," said Sylvester gloomily. "So what will we do now? We got no money at all. We will have to go on the relief. And Mr. MacKubin—"

"Maybe, sweetheart," suggested Molly, "Mr. MacKubin would like to lend us some more. Maybe! We didn't even have to ask him for the last. Anyway, he wants you to call him up when you come in. I forgot to tell you he was calling up this afternoon."

"What did he want, Molly?"

"I couldn't understand him so good because he hollered so loud, and when



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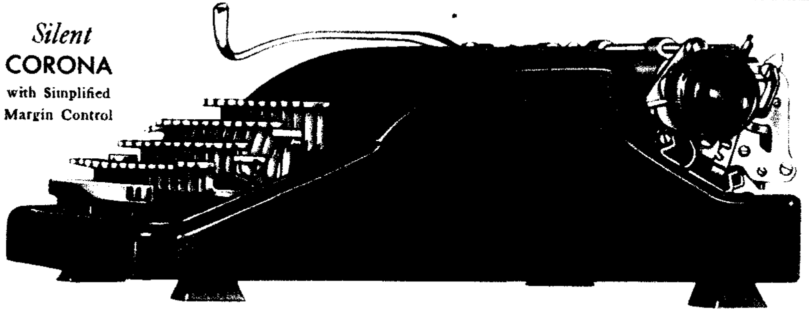

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LOOKS LIKE
LINEN

Mr. MacKubin hollers, he squeaks. Something about us having money in his bank."

"Well, unless he wants to lend us some more— Angel, did you ever think Mr. MacKubin was a little whacky? Mr. Wissel thinks so."

"Mr. Wissel ought to hear Mr. MacKubin shriek in my ear. He was violent! Do call him up, Sylvester."

Sylvester pondered, staring at the headlines.

"Maybe, angel, it would be nicer if we would go around and see him in the morning, than get him up from his supper. Molly, did you tell him we put the money he lent us in the stock market?"

"Yes, Sylvester. That's when he got violent. He shrieked in my ear, 'Wha-a-at!'"

"Said 'What?' did he, angel? He didn't understand you. Huh? Just said, 'What? What?'"

"'Wha-a-a-at!'"

"Huh. Anyway, they can't do you anything if you lose your money in the stock market. That's no crime. . . . Angel, remember the messenger years ago that stole some money off Mr. MacKubin's bank, and Mr. MacKubin stuck him in Sing Sing? How much was it he stole, and how long did Mr. MacKubin stick him in Sing Sing?"

"I'll remind you to ask Mr. MacKubin tomorrow when we go see him," promised Molly, rising. "The supper's getting cold. Now, don't you worry about the money a teeny bit, Sylvester. I'm going to march right in Mooney & Blampey's tomorrow and if they don't give me the money I'll call a policeman."

AT TEN o'clock on the morning following, Sylvester, Molly and Junior entered the North Side Bank.

Sylvester had had a poor night. Passing now the amiable and superannuated gentleman who was the bank's uniformed guard, Sylvester shied. Policemen had figured in Sylvester's dreams.

He recovered, to encounter the hostile stare of Mr. MacKubin.

"Come in," said Mr. MacKubin gratingly. "Sit down."

Mr. MacKubin was enjoying a fit of temper.

He was a just and bad-tempered man. He was easily goaded; with keen pleasure he could have flown into a tantrum ten times a day. But he wouldn't let himself go, usually. There wasn't just and sufficient cause; and he wouldn't do anybody an injustice.

Mr. MacKubin's exhibitions of rage were therefore infrequent, but historic. Several of them were part of the folklore of the town. When he blew off the lid, he blew great guns. And he liked to let go, being naturally a very irritable person.

He had just and sufficient cause here, and he looked forward to letting go. Against common sense and his professional instinct for getting his money back, he had lent nine hundred dollars to this muttonhead—meaning Sylvester. The muttonhead, acting like a muttonhead, had promptly tossed the money to the wolves of Wall Street.

Being a just man about to burst, Mr. MacKubin reviewed now the cause of offense in the presence of the culprit.

"Not forty-eight hours ago, Mr. Dow," said Mr. MacKubin in a voice that squeaked and threatened to pinch out, "you borrowed nine hundred dollars of this bank. A government-guaranteed improvement loan; don't blame me. I wouldn't lend you a dime."

"Yes, Mr. MacKubin," said Molly.

"That loan," said Mr. MacKubin, "was for a certain and specific purpose designated in the body of the instrument. It was not—it was not, Mr. Dow—to gamble in the stock market. Before we proceed and take measures, Mr. Dow, close out that trading account. . . . Miss Hagerty, get Mooney & Blampey. . . . Talk to them, Mr. Dow."

"Let me, Mr. MacKubin," said Molly. "Take Junior, Sylvester. Hello, is this Mr. Wissel? . . . Hello, Mr. Wissel, this is Mrs. Dow. Mr. Wissel, close out that trading account! We changed our mind and we don't want the stocks; we want our money. We can make trouble for you, Mr. Wissel. . . ."

"Let me speak to him, kindly," said Mr. MacKubin, taking the telephone. "Hello—Wissel? Mr. MacKubin. Sell out that Dow account at the market and call back. Call back and tell me the cash balance, if any."

Mr. MacKubin hung up. He resumed:

"On the very day, and perhaps the very hour, that this money was loaned to you with the co-operation of the government, for the specific and designated purpose and none other, you embarked it in a totally foreign and utterly precarious enterprise. You gambled it in the stock market."

"Listen to Mr. MacKubin, Sylvester," chided Molly. "Oh, Mr. MacKubin, aren't you right! The stock Sylvester picked out was Sonora Copper, and it turned out to be good for nothing. It was in the newspaper last night. . . . Be quiet, Junior!"

"Sonora Copper," said Mr. MacKubin whisperingly.

"Playing the stock market, Mr. Dow," he said creakingly, "is the road to ruin. I infer it's been a short road in your case. Gambling, Mr. Dow, leads to theft, and theft leads to state's prison."

"You hear Mr. MacKubin, Sylvester? You better be more careful the next time Mr. MacKubin lends us money or you might sit in jail. But that reminds me, Mr. MacKubin; not to change the subject. If we can't get this money back, Mr. MacKubin, would you like to lend us some more? We thought we'd ask you."

"What!" said Mr. MacKubin.

The telephone buzzed. Mr. MacKubin took it up.

"Yes, Wissel? You sold out that Dow account at the market, eh? Is there any salvage? What's the cash balance, if any?"

"How much?" he said petulantly. "No, no, Wissel. You've got this account confused with some other. Just what were the transactions? . . . Hold the wire. . . . Miss Hagerty—put this call into the conference room."

Frowning, he rose and stalked from the office.

RELIEVED of Mr. MacKubin's nagging presence, Sylvester and Molly and Junior reverted to normal. Junior thrust two fingers into his mouth; Molly softly hummed a tune; Sylvester lowered his hard hat to his lap and relaxed his brow. Eyes tranquilly wide, they sat and gazed.

Mr. MacKubin returned.

He was still frowning, but not with any satisfaction. He was balked. His fuse was pulled and he couldn't explode. He was a just man and he would let himself go only when dead-sure that he was right; and there was a reasonable doubt here.

He sat at his desk and folded tenderly the promissory note that he had intended to thump on.

"There may be occasions, Mr. Dow," he said in a light and inflected tone. "Rare occasions when a shrewd and cunning man is justified in—ah—running past a red light—ah—disregarding the dictates of ordinary prudence. In judging a speculator, the result of his precarious enterprise must be considered. If the result is a ruinous loss, he stands condemned for a greedy fool; if the result is a considerable profit, he is entitled fairly to the benefit of the doubt, particularly if he doesn't do it again."

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"Isn't it the truth, Mr. MacKubin," said Molly.

"On the other hand, Mr. Dow," said Mr. MacKubin, "it is the duty of a banker and the privilege of a friend to condemn the embarking of funds in a highly speculative venture and to urge and even insist that the funds be withdrawn to safety without delay. Particularly when the funds are borrowed money. Particularly when the loss would fall finally on a third party: the government, in this case, which guarantees the loan to the bank. . . . You approve of closing out that stock-market venture, Mr. Dow? And you propose now to deposit the money in this bank?"

"Of course you do, Sylvester," said Molly. "Say yes."

"Yes, Mr. MacKubin," said Sylvester.

"Very wise of you, Mr. Dow," said Mr. MacKubin. "Very prudent. And now that your speculation is wound up and not to be repeated, I will say that it was very adroit." Mr. MacKubin adjusted his glasses, leaned over to look past Molly's hat and contemplated Sylvester's statesmanlike countenance with perplexity. "Surprisingly so, Mr. Dow."

He pondered.

"Mrs. Dow told me yesterday on the wire," he said abruptly, "that you were out heaving coal or shoveling ashes to make a dollar. So you're a worker. And you seem to have a head on your shoulders. The bank can use a handy man to look after its properties, and you could be doing it while you're doing nothing. It's forty dollars a week: do you want it? The job will last till you find something or till you're found in a board room."

"Oh, thanks, Mr. MacKubin!" cried Molly. "Say yes, Sylvester."

"Y-yes, Mr. MacKubin."

Mr. MacKubin looked down at the statement just given by Mr. Wissel. "Incredible," he whispered. . . . "Mr. Dow, your balance at Mooney & Blampey's is something over two thousand dollars."

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. MacKubin," said Molly. "It's nine hundred and eight. Eight dollars we had of our own—"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Dow," said Mr. MacKubin, who didn't know who had given the orders. "Here's a list of the transactions:

"The first is an order to buy, on margin, one hundred shares of Sonora Copper at 21. That order was never executed. While the stock was selling at a higher figure, but just beginning its disastrous break, the order to buy at 21 was canceled.

"The stock, inspired by the bad news from London, declined precipitously, down and down. When it was almost at the very bottom, an order to buy was given again, and two hundred shares were bought at 8. . . . The stock recovered somewhat thereafter, as a shrewd and cool speculator would anticipate, and Mr. Dow sold those two hundred shares just now at 14. For a gross profit of twelve hundred dollars. . . . Very adroit, Mr. Dow. You shot the moon. Don't try it again."

"I DIDN'T tell you, sweetheart," said Molly a few minutes later, "till I first got our money back. I didn't want to tell you what I did."

"Yes, angel. . . . Molly, we didn't lose our money at all! We made! Molly, how did you do it?"

"Why, I just— Oh, well, I can't explain to you. You don't understand about playing the market, sweetheart. It's the same as anything else; you have to know how."

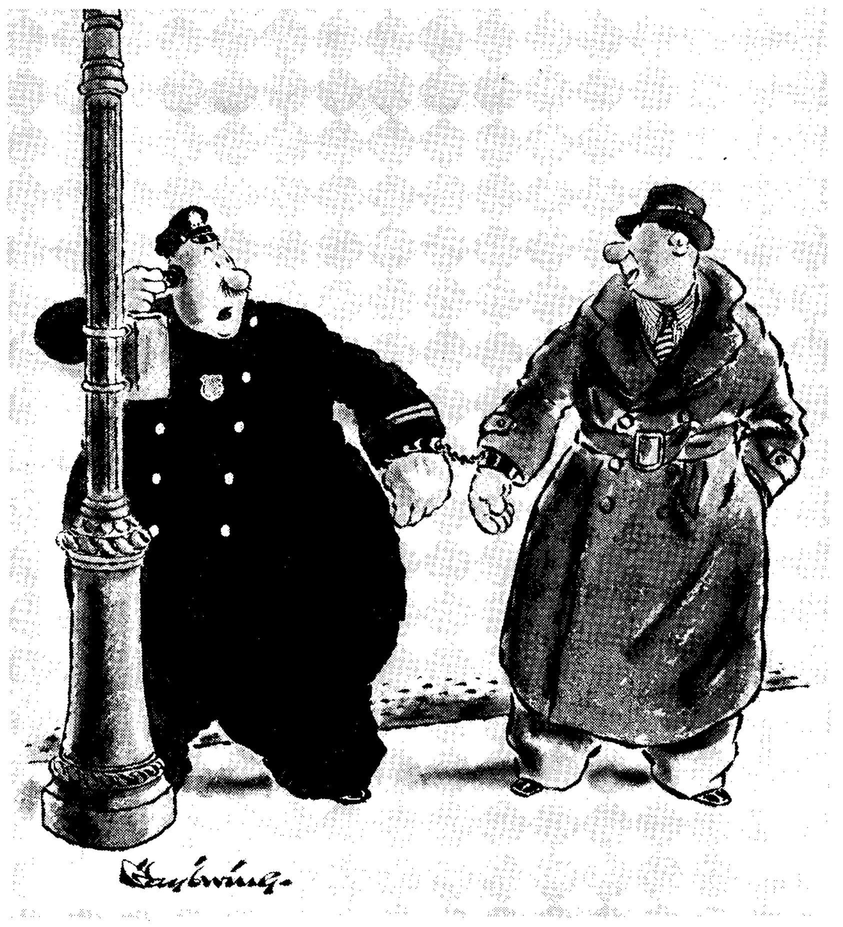
"Yes, angel."

"That reminds me," said Molly, looking up at him with zest. "Oh, sweetheart, why are you such a funny shape? So big in the shoulders and small in the waist and such long legs—nothing fits you! I just know it's going to take us all day and we'll have to try every store in town. Well, let's go home and leave Junior next door. And then we'll buy you the suit."

Sylvester bristled. "Will you? Well, you—"

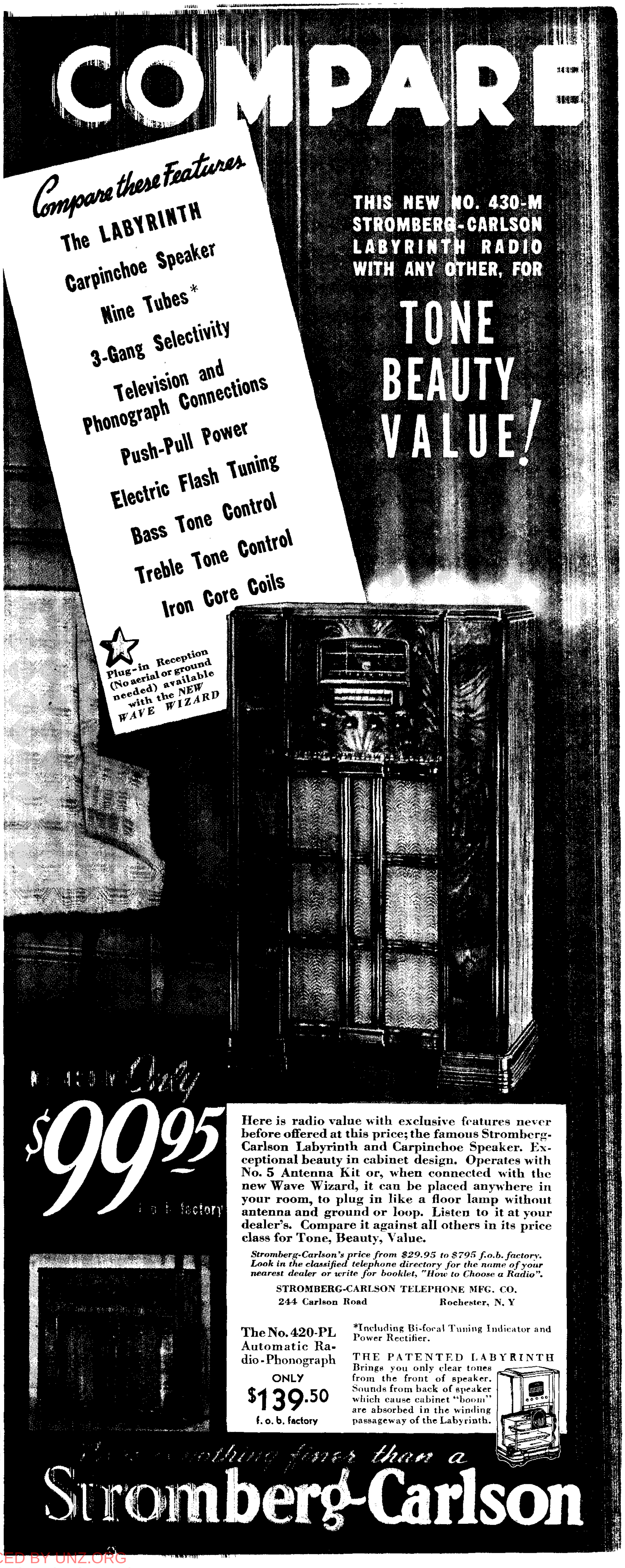
And then he suddenly went meek, looked like an oversized martyr.

"Yes, angel."



"Th' wagon's out right now. D'yuh mind waitin' around a little while?"

JAY IRVING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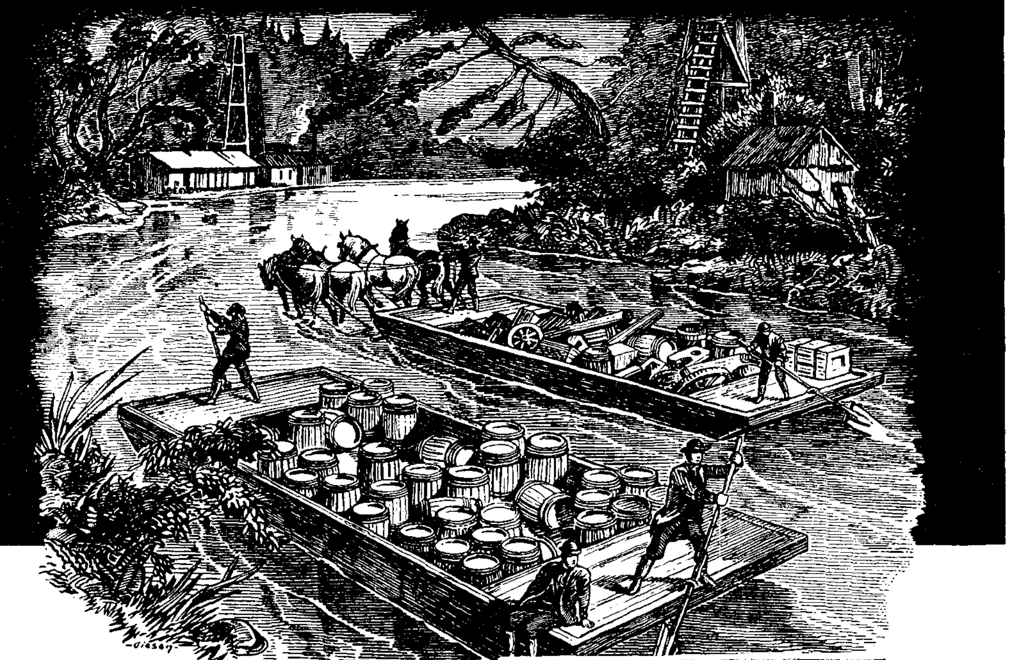

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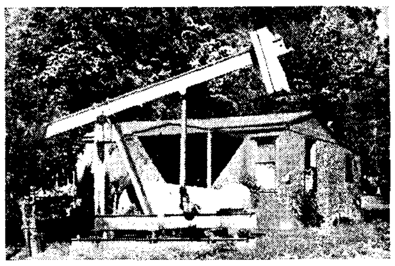

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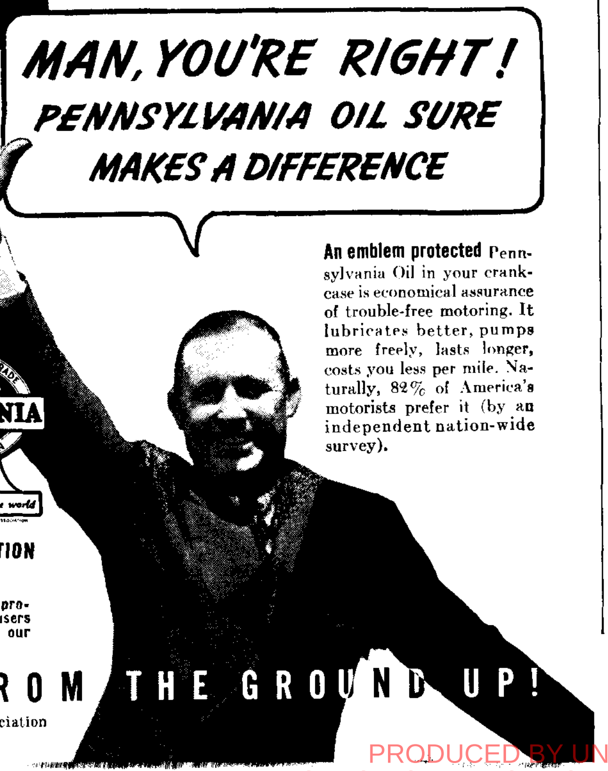
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The World is like That

Continued from page 20

Jocelyn took possession then and waited, and everything had the unreality of a dream.

At eight o'clock she went downstairs and had coffee at a dining-room window commanding the driveway at the front of the hotel, and a few minutes before nine, when she had taken a chair on the veranda, the party arrived and she went down to meet it.

Ponny Sears was driving; Larry Bickford beside him. The girls were huddled in the back seat. Peggy Wilson, a big, bold, overdeveloped girl, with a very white skin and very black hair, looked frightened as she saw Jocelyn. Larry had jumped out of the car, and he and Peggy helped Norma out. Norma, in her draggled evening attire and big white fur evening wrap, looked white and bewildered. She had evidently been asleep; there was a bright red spot on the cheek that had been resting against Peggy's shoulder. Her eyes fell on Jocelyn, concerned and serious, and she began to cry.

THE others, all in their early twenties, were young enough and scared enough to show relief at the appearance of authority, and to begin their apologies at once. Some feeble attempts at laughter died away; they surrounded Jocelyn, in their fantastic attire, with the men's overcoats striking still another incongruous note in an unbelievable scene, huddled after her into the hotel and up to the warm, comfortable, orderly rooms to collapse into chairs and onto beds with all the frankness of exhausted children.

Jocelyn paid small attention to the half-hysterical girl and the jaded-looking men. She concerned herself exclusively with Norma, who was pale and quiet, and who confessed in a whisper that she had been "damn' fool enough to be sick in the car. And they *wouldn't* go to the hotel in Santa Maria!" sobbed Norma, "because they said the people there didn't know them, and Peggy's uncle knows the man who owns this hotel!"

"It was all a sort of joke," Peggy Wilson began impressively. "We were fools to try it, but it sounded like so much fun to leave a New Year's party and go swimming in Santa Barbara! We were going to telephone for clothes—" Her voice died away; no one was listening.

"I think you boys had better go into the next room; there's a bath there, too," Jocelyn said quietly, cutting across this explanation without apology. "I want Norma to get into bed for a while. I brought you a change," she said to Norma, "and I brought something Peggy can wear. Now the first thing is a bath."

Norma, who had had the fearful and humiliating experience of being actively ill in a small car occupied by three other young persons who had also had too much to eat and drink, submitted meekly to Jocelyn's ministrations. To Peggy, Jocelyn did not speak at all and Peggy was silent, too; she evidently was feeling the same physical sensations that had attacked Norma earlier in the morning. Her color was ghastly, her breath reeked of liquor and tobacco smoke, and when Jocelyn suggested breakfast she merely leaned back with closed eyes and whispered, "Oh, God!"

On the other hand, Norma made a rapid recovery. A warm bath, a change into fresh, suitable morning wear, a cup of hot coffee resuscitated her at once. Her embarrassing illness in the car had at least had the effect of relieving her of the symptoms that were making the others wretched, and after breakfast she lay down, was covered with a light blanket and slept peacefully during the entire morning of New Year's Day.

It was a queer morning. The spacious hotel rooms were warm and peaceful; from the windows Jocelyn could see the beautiful Pacific and the cheerful holiday movement among the cottages and garden homes. The young men, appearing unshaved and in rumpled fancy-dress clothes at about ten, had mumbled some awkward apologies and departed in the car. They observed that if they needed sleep they'd stop at some auto camp on the way. Peggy had said impulsively, with a challenging glance at Jocelyn, that she would go with them. Jocelyn had made no comment; her bland silence had been sufficient indication to Peggy that she was not in the least concerned with that young woman's plans or conduct.

But Ponny and Larry had objected. Both had splitting headaches and bad color; they did not want a girl along today. So Peggy remained to nurse her own headache, yawn over the glossy pages of a hotel magazine filled with photographs of Monterey cypresses and film folks' homes and mutter at intervals that she felt "like hell."

At three o'clock the Fordyce car with two drivers arrived; the girls and Jocelyn got in, and they started on their long drive home. Norma was subdued, friendly and almost timid in manner; it was Peggy's turn to feel ill, and Jocelyn could see that Norma enjoyed the sight of her friend's discomfort thoroughly, and was ashamed to find a certain reflection of the same feeling in her own heart. Eventually, at about nine o'clock in the evening, still without a word of reproach or cross-examination from Jocelyn, Peggy was deposited at her own door, and the others went on to Hill Acres.

"I didn't know exactly what I was doing," said Norma then. It was as near to an apology as Jocelyn would ever have from her. "I'm glad you came," she said. "I was sick of them all. I hated them all! I didn't know what to do."

"No more liquor, Norma."

"Oh, it wasn't the liquor; it was everything!" said Norma.

HER father and grandmother were in the latter's room. Mrs. Fordyce was in bed. She explained that some fish she had eaten the day before had been poisoned. Nita Royce had been scared to death about her.

"Have a lovely time, lovey?" she said to Norma. "Another time let your father know when you're going to Santa Barbara. You might have told them to let us know," she said to Jocelyn.

"What was the idea of driving down there so late, Miss Britton?" Philip asked, quiet and unsmiling.

"Those crazy boys weren't half sober," said the older woman. But indifferently, and snipping at her nails with a microscopic curved scissors as she spoke.

Norma gave Jocelyn a quick glance.

"We were so hot, Dad," she said.

"I think I'd discourage that sort of idea another time, Miss Britton," Philip said coldly. "Well, those pills will be making you sleepy, Mother," he added, kissing his mother's hair when he got up to go. "Get a good rest."

He was going downstairs for a men's poker party a few minutes later when he met Norma and Jocelyn in the hall.

"No more of those night runs, Norma," he said seriously. "I'm surprised that Miss Britton permitted it. And I don't like that Sears boy, or any

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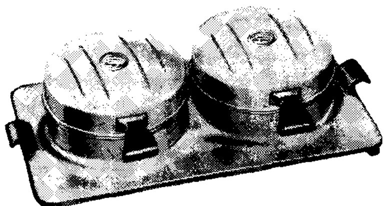

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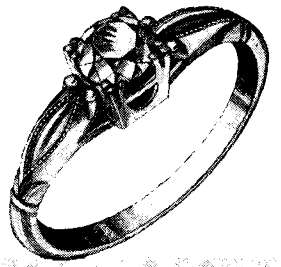

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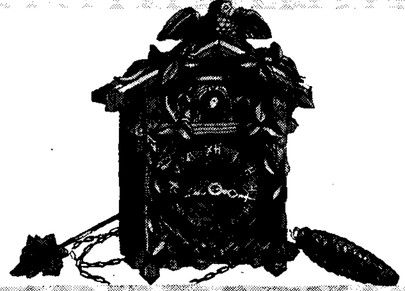

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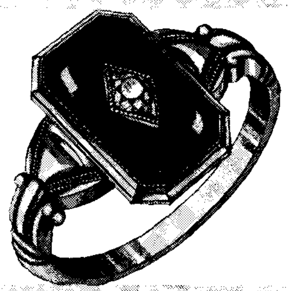

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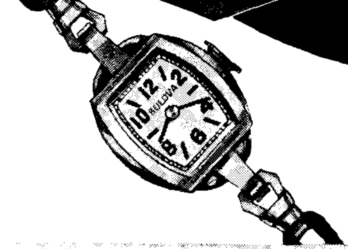

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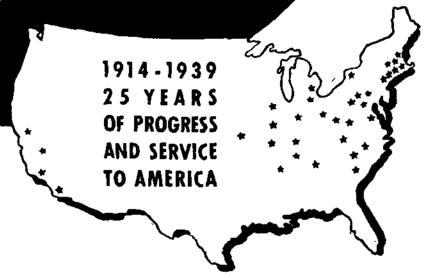

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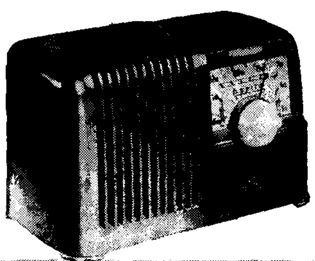

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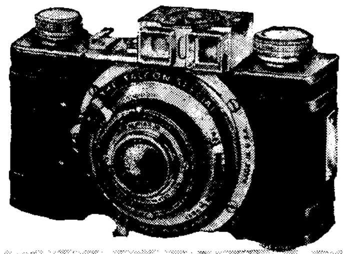

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of that lot! It was all right; I got your telegram when I got home here, before dinner, Miss Britton, and my mother knew only what I told her of it. But I think a party is enough excitement for a sixteen-year-old, and I don't like night driving, especially by drunken boys."

Jocelyn said nothing, not because she intended to keep silent on the subject, but because at the moment she could not decide exactly what the strategic course would be. Just how far to protect Norma, just what to admit and what not to admit puzzled her for a second, and in that second Philip had turned and started to descend the stairs, and Norma had given a triumphant caper and had giggled in delight.

"He *thinks* you were with me all the time!" the girl exulted. "Oh, what luck! But he'll know when he gets the bill for the plane," she added anxiously. "Did you tell them to send him the bill?"

"I did."

"WELL, I'll telephone tomorrow morning and send someone over with the money. I wonder they'd trust you," Norma added curiously.

"They didn't. They telephoned here five minutes after I called them to confirm it."

"All in the middle of the night!" Norma giggled. She eyed Jocelyn uneasily. "You don't have to stay," she said sweetly but rudely. "I'm going right to bed."

Jocelyn went to her room exhausted. But not to sleep. She was reading in bed, her pulses still throbbing to the excitements of this strange New Year's Day when Lena came softly tapping at her door.

"It's Miss Norma, Miss Britton. Mr. Fordyce asked me to call you."

"Miss Norma! What is it now?"

Jocelyn sprang out of bed, reached for a dressing gown, groped with her feet for her slippers, and was flying after the maid within a minute of the alarm. She had only opened the door from the wing into the upper hall when she heard Norma's voice, screaming, sobbing, hysterical. It ceased for a second and she could hear Philip's accents, stern and commanding:

"Stop it, Norma! Stop it. Damn such fools as that Wilson girl, anyway!" Then more gently: "Ah, don't, dear. Quiet down, Spotty. Talk to Dad about it."

Jocelyn went in, her face colorless with terror. Norma was lying on the bed; her father, on the edge of the bed, had his arm about her.

"Come in, Miss Britton," Philip said quickly. "I'm glad you've come! See what you can do for this poor little girl here. That Wilson idiot has just telephoned—at eleven o'clock! It seems—it's too bad—terrible thing, but those boys have had an accident, coming back."

"What boys?" Jocelyn whispered, sitting down weakly.

"Pon and Larry!" Norma whispered back, beginning to heave with wild sobs again, "and Pon was killed! Peggy said so. Larry's been all smashed up and Pon's dead! Oo-oo-oo—he's dead! And we all had breakfast together, and it was my fault—" And Norma began to sob and twist again, writhing against her father's shoulder and trying to free her hands from his grip.

"You never should have gone down to Santa Barbara," said Philip. "It was a mistake. But I can only thank God that you weren't with them. I congratulate you, Miss Britton," he added, with a glance for Jocelyn, "that you telephoned for the car. Otherwise—"

"Dad, will it all get into the papers?" Norma was quieter. Jocelyn's mere presence had had the effect of calming her. But she was still white-cheeked and frightened, and she clung to her father like a storm-blown bird.

"Darling, I'm afraid so. But Miss Britton was with you. That lets you out of any responsibility."

"Pon's dead!" Norma whimpered, beginning to cry again, but with less violence. "Oo-oo—oo—"

"Larry badly hurt?" Jocelyn asked.

"They say so. They're bringing poor Sears home, but they've taken the other boy into a hospital in Watsonville. It's too bad. It's too bad. They slept all day, it seemed, and started back about six."

"Larry told them that I was with them, and Peggy too, and Peggy's mother fainted, and she said that she was going to put Peggy into a convent in Belgium," Norma gibbered. "And Peggy said two reporters telephoned from Watsonville, and they said that Miss Britton flew down and got there before they did—"

"What's that?" Philip said sharply. "What are you talking about?"

"I suppose the papers will have the whole thing tomorrow, if Larry has been talking," Jocelyn said. "You see, the children went down without me," she explained, turning to Philip, "they got away from the dance and went down in Pon Sears' car. I didn't know it until they were gone. I'd seen Norma dancing with Charles van der Lipp—"

"Oh, if I'd only stayed there!" Norma moaned.

"You mean you weren't with them? You mean—Spotty, you didn't go down there alone with that lot?"

"We were just fooling," Norma murmured, tears beginning to run down her face again. "The boys were kind of edged, and we all felt so hot, it was so hot in there! And so we said what fun it would be to go swimming at Santa Barbara—I'd never been there, Dad," she interrupted herself with trembling lips. "And I wanted to see it. And so we sneaked off in Pon's car—oh, poor Pon! Poor Pon!"

"Go on, Spotty. You left in his car."

"Yes, and Pon was plastered, so Larry wanted to drive, but he was sort of silly, too. And they went so horribly fast, and I was sick—"

Philip and Jocelyn exchanged glances; Jocelyn faintly shook her head. The thought of the little befuddled heiress being rushed over the dangerous long roads by a pair of irresponsible half-drunken boys had haunted her all day.

"HOW'D you get there?" Philip demanded, looking at her.

"I flew," Jocelyn answered simply.

"You flew?"

"I telephoned for a special plane."

"At what time was this?"

"About—around half past four."

"And you joined them there?"

"I got there before they did."

"She had rooms and clothes and I had a bath and went to sleep," Norma said. She leaned weakly against her father's shoulder, shut her eyes.

Philip's eyes met Jocelyn's.

"I owe you an apology," he said. Jocelyn flushed brightly.

"That's all right," she said uncomfortably.

"You were there, and you took charge," he said. "And the boys started home ahead of you?"

"They were in their costumes. They were both sleepy and upset."

"I see," Philip said. "Well, you've had your lesson, Spotty. You might have been in that car; you might be dead tonight. Now try to quiet down and get to sleep. I was up all night myself and I feel groggy. I'm going to break up that poker party downstairs—none of the fellows will feel much like going on with it. I'll look in on you again in a few minutes."

He went away, and Jocelyn sat for a while with Norma, talking with her. Having recovered her self-control, Norma

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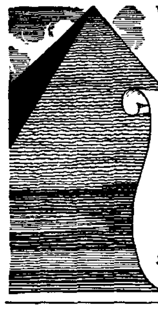

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was in a manageable mood, broken and mild. Jocelyn sat beside her and held her hand and found her for the first time a simple, natural, scared and honest little girl.

"Can't we—isn't there any way we can keep this out of the papers?"

"I'm afraid not, if Larry talked."

"They *can't* print it! Dad can stop them. I mean—everyone can't be talking about me. Not—not with those boys—why, people thought I shouldn't go to that dance at all, that I was too young! And I'm not out yet," Norma said feverishly, her hands tightly holding to Jocelyn's. "And my mother—my mother'll be wild. Mother said that Dad couldn't take care of me, and now she'll think he can't, and I want to stay here, and now they'll all get started arguing—they're always talking about what to do with me—!"

Poor little thing, Jocelyn thought, as Norma gradually relapsed into drowsiness, into sleep. She had had a grilling forty hours since they had discussed costumes in this room only yesterday morning. She was exhausted, and it was not long before Jocelyn could put out the lights and slip away. Norma slept, but Jocelyn lay wakeful and shivering for hours.

SHE overslept the next morning, and guiltily rang for her breakfast at nine o'clock. Philip had gone; Norma was still asleep, but Mrs. Fordyce was walking about her room in great agitation, her lavender draperies floating about her, and her two callers, Nita Royce and a handsome, efficient-looking woman of perhaps forty, who was introduced as Mrs. Verrinder, stared hard at Jocelyn as she came in.

"You sent for me?" Jocelyn asked.

"I've been lying awake practically all night," Mrs. Fordyce said sharply. "I suppose you've heard of the perfectly terrible thing that has happened? Miss Britton, I hold you—and everyone holds you—largely responsible."

"Holds *me* responsible!" Jocelyn echoed, proudly and angrily.

"The idea," said Norma's grandmother, "of permitting that child to start for Santa Barbara at that hour of night! She had been drinking, too, Phil tells me, which never should have been allowed!"

"But you were quite right, Bert," Nita Royce said soothingly, "she was much too young to go to that party. Poor kid! It isn't right that she should be submitted to all this miserable publicity."

"You know that I didn't know they had any such plan, Mrs. Fordyce?"

"My dear Miss Britton, I don't know anything. I ate some poisoned fish at the club and I was desperately ill at Mrs. Royce's house; how could I protect my own grandchild? We'll hear from Janet about this," Mrs. Fordyce went on ruefully to the other women, "and of course I'll get the blame. All I can say is that if Miss Sanderson had been on the job it couldn't have happened. Because, I mean, it simply never *did*."

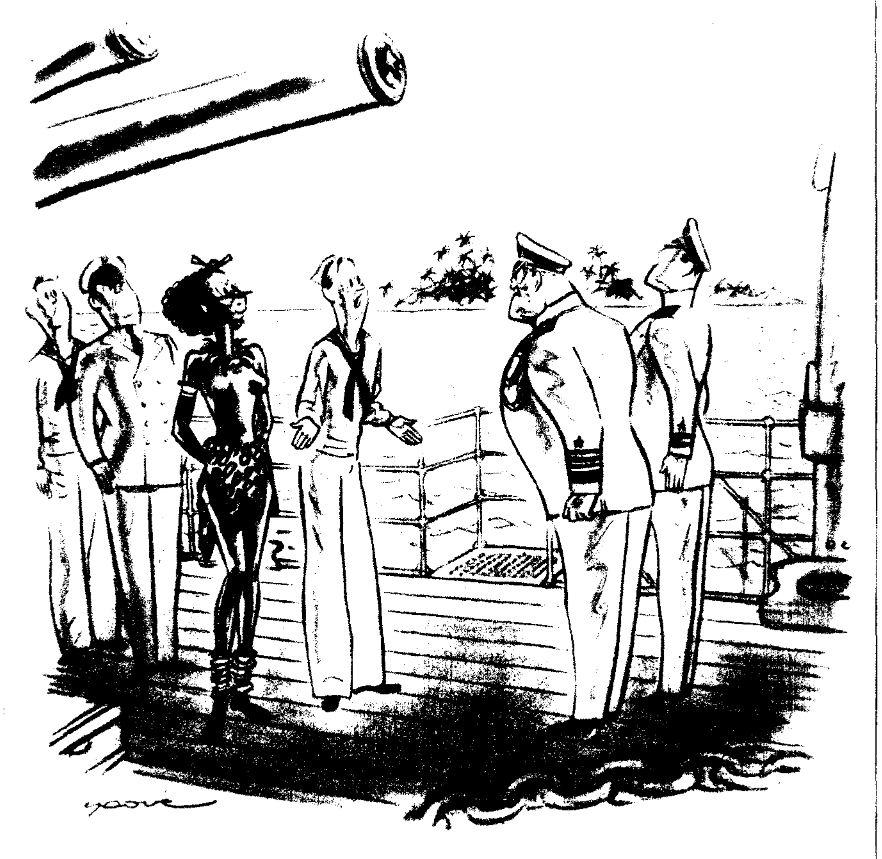
"It was just a wild idea of the poor youngsters," Mrs. Royce said. "Larry Bickford was telling Tom last night that he doesn't know why they did it, they just did it on the spur of the moment. 'Oh, come on, let's go swim at Santa Barbara!' You know how it is. Like that awful party years ago when the men and women all changed clothes—"

For some reason this recollection did not appeal to Norma's grandmother, and she said hastily, "That was all nonsense. But at least we all—they all, were grown up! The thing is that Sandy never would have let Norma get into a condition when she would have considered such a thing. Mrs. Foster telephoned this morning—Sandy was with Doris and Yvonne until they got married, and she asked me why I hadn't kept Sandy, and *why* we'd given Janet a chance to criticize our way of handling Norma. It's just about killing me, the whole thing. And the Sears funeral tomorrow—that glorious big strong boy—"

"You don't think," Jocelyn put into the tearful pause, "that Norma was at all to blame? For drinking when she had been forbidden to drink, for letting them talk her into such a thing?"

"No, I don't!" snapped her grandmother, and Mrs. Verrinder shook her lovely, smoothly curled head and said in gentle reproof: "I think we can hardly blame a child that age for a piece of folly, Miss Britton."

"No, we can hardly blame Norma;



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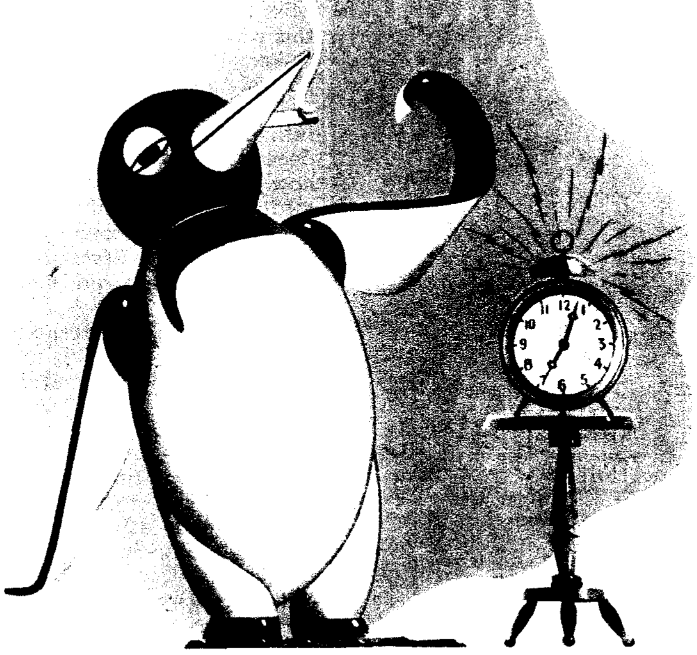

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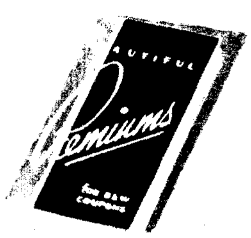

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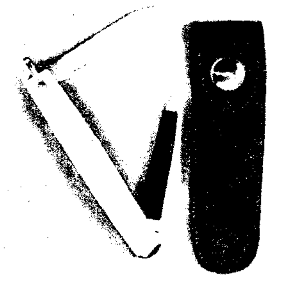

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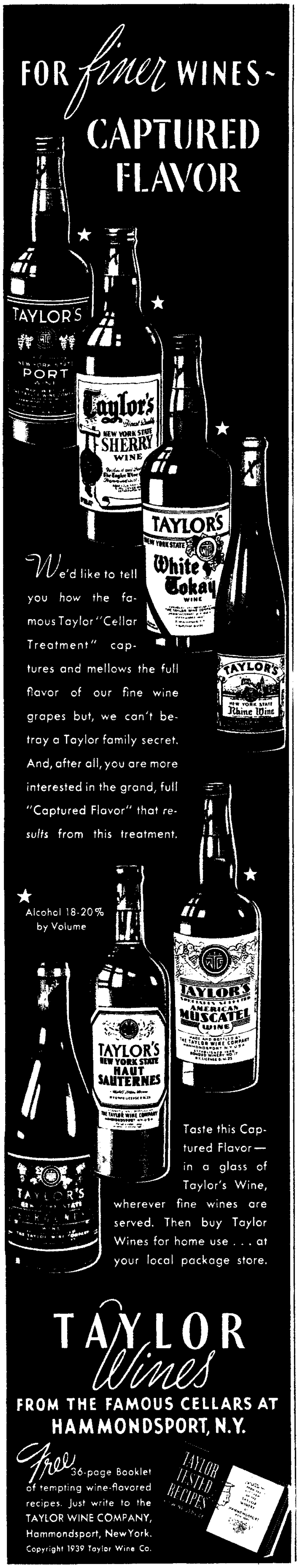
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she's full of fun like the rest of the kids," Mrs. Royce said. "You've *nothing* to reproach yourself with, Bert," she added, to her hostess.

"I reproach myself for ever letting Sandy go! Poor Sandy, in a hotel on Post Street that advertises that it has baths!" Mrs. Fordyce lamented. "Well, Miss Britton, we sent for you to discuss this with you. We don't think it's wise to keep Norma here for several days—possibly a week. She could go down to Hollywood, of course, for her mother's intimate with April Moon, but that doesn't seem just the right thing just now. I mean, it'd be more parties and all that. So we're thinking of the Yellowstone or the Grand Canyon or—"

"A telegram, Mrs. Fordyce," said a maid, offering a yellow envelope on a tray.

"Would you please read it, Miss Britton?"

Jocelyn took it, ripped it open.

"It's signed 'Janet,'" she said. "'Absolutely horrified at this disgusting scandal,'" she read. "'Must insist that Sandy be given full charge of poor darling Spotty and if necessary both placed in some good school. Dull for Sandy but I will make it up to her. Otherwise I will come at once to California to take charge, which will upset my plans here. Am sending Spotty two hats which she can return if she wishes. Please inform me at once of what steps you take and get her out of headlines for God's sake.'"

"You see?" Mrs. Fordyce asked, spreading her hands, shrugging her shoulders helplessly. "That gives me absolutely no choice. But it means we have Norma to deal with!"

"I just waked up," said Norma, trailing in in peacock-blue and silvery-gray striped chiffon, looking pale and weary, and seating herself on her grandmother's bed. "I wanted Miss Britton; Mattress said she was in here. When I was asleep," she said, with watering eyes, "I thought it was all an awful dream. But now it seems that—that Pon really is dead, and they'll all look at me, they'll think I'm an awful person—and I'm no worse than anyone else—"

"Read this telegram from your mother," her grandmother said as she paused. "We know you weren't to blame, darling," she added. "We blame ourselves."

NORMA took the telegram and read it apathetically; read it a second time. Her pale face flushed. To Jocelyn she looked young and helpless and pitiable—a little girl, disheveled and tired, among all these groomed and definite and flashing women.

"I'll not go anywhere with Sandy. I loathe her!" said Norma.

"But, darling, you can't go to Janet," Mrs. Verrinder said quickly and lovingly. "Isn't she going to be married to Count Spazzolari?"

"I don't want to *see* Sandy!" persisted Norma. "And I won't live with Mamma and Mario, either! He kisses me and I hate him."

"Hello, girls," Philip said in the doorway. "Dressed enough for me to come in, Mother?"

"I'm just over a terrible touch of ptomaine," Mrs. Fordyce said pathetically, "and I feel as if I wouldn't care if I never got dressed again! Come in, dear. We're all discussing this thing, and there really doesn't seem to be any way out—there truly doesn't," she went on, with a deprecating smile for Norma, "except to—to make a change, and get our poor, dear, strict old Sandy back—she's always been so *devoted,* after all, Phil—"

Philip had taken a chair, and Norma had gone over to get into his lap, and from the stronghold of his arms to look defiance at the court that was sitting in judgment upon her. "I'll not go to school with Sandy as if I were a baby!" said Norma, in deadly finality.

"We've had a telegram from Janet, Phil," his mother said disconsolately. "I'm sure I don't know what we're going to do! She says it's Sandy or she'll demand Norma back."

"She can't have Norma back. Norma spends nine months a year with me," Philip said, tightening his arm, as he read the telegram.

"Oh, I love you when you're kind to me, Daddy!" Norma, becoming artificial the moment she was made the center of attention, said effusively. He looked down at her thoughtfully, unsmilingly, but did not speak.

"Phil, isn't this awful?" asked Daisy Verrinder.

"Well, we all love this little girl and we've let her get herself into an awful mess," he said in his kindest tone. "It does seem to me that with so many of us here to look out for her we might manage better than we have. All I want for you, Spotty," he went on, "is to keep you happy and keep you safe and see that you have a reasonably good time until I hand you over to some better man. Now here's your grandmother, and here's Aunt Daisy and Aunt Nita all ready to lend a hand, and here's Miss Britton to help out, and one of the nicest crowds of boys and girls in the world to play with. What's the matter with us all that that isn't enough?"

"That *is* enough," Mrs. Verrinder said, perhaps really touched by this appeal, or perhaps, as Jocelyn uncharitably thought, just one more of the striking grass widows of the group who would have liked to play the role of the second Mrs. Philip Fordyce. "And I think the sensible thing is for us to forget this catastrophe, which wasn't Spotty's fault at all, and have lovely, happy, simple times with games and little home dances. I know my Billy, big as he is, would like to take care of Norma—"

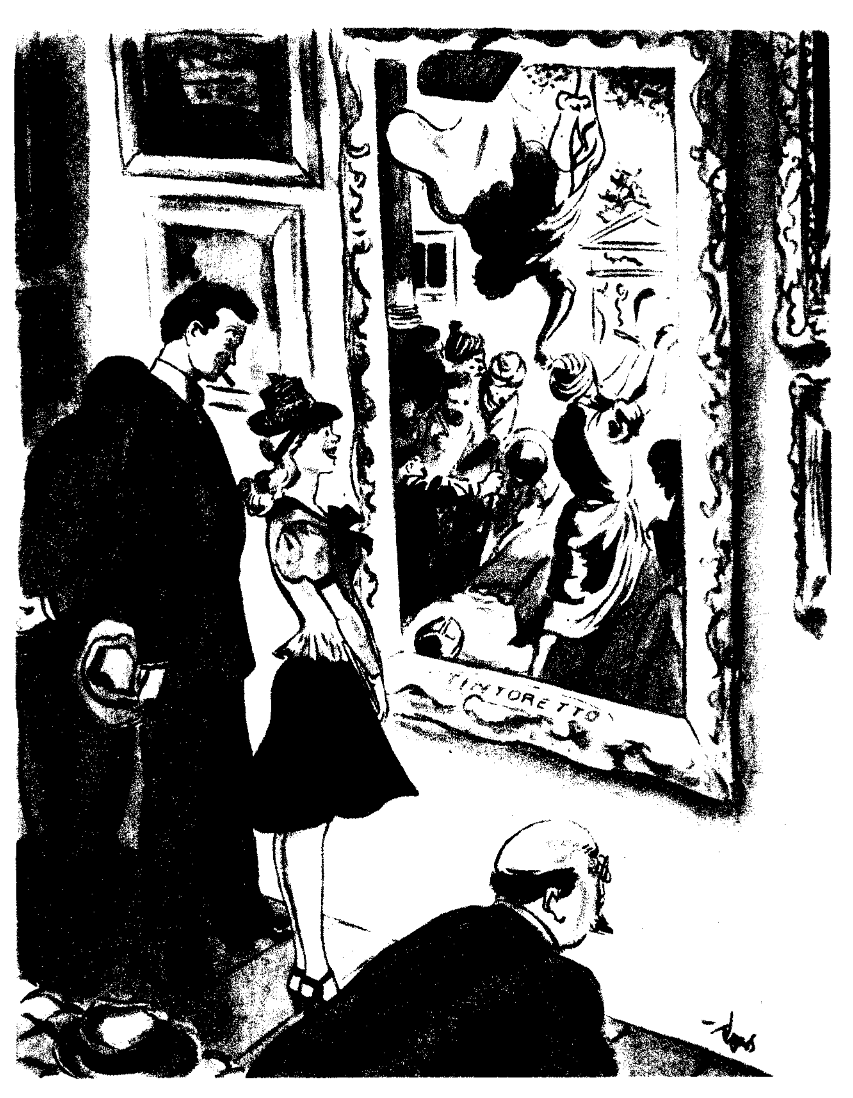
"But Billy's at Yale," Mrs. Royce put in sweetly.

"But he's coming home to Stanford for these two last quarters," Mrs. Verrinder countered with equal amiability. "I had a wire from him this morning."

"And he had a wire from you first that Norma Fordyce was at home," Jocelyn thought. She said nothing; she waited expectantly. These extraordinary people never failed one!

"I'VE been in town all morning," Philip said. "I've fixed everything as far as I can. I went to all the newspaper offices, made a statement that Norma and Miss Wilson and Norma's governess were all down there together; I've quieted it down as much as was possible. Nokes has put five plain-clothes men on the place, watching the gates; we won't have any photographers here. The main thing is to wait until this all quiets down a little, and then start over."

"Yes, but there's Janet and what she says of Sandy! Please stop pulling my hair, Annette. Phil, I will not—I cannot have Janet come on here, especially with one of those foreigners!" his mother said. "You know how she upsets the whole place. Last time we had to have the bathtub torn out and those men in white clothes were climbing all around the roofs and looking in my windows and I know one of them took my bracelet. You remember my emerald bracelet, Daisy? Mr. Castro bought it in Paris when we were first married—I hated the name Castro because Castro Street is so dull—dreadful flats! But he was being perfectly darling then. Now, Phil, do think out something! We can't just go on this way, we've got to



"I've learned to appreciate art since last you saw me. Hmmm, that's cute!"

A. ROSS

wire Janet something that will be completely reassuring. What can we say about Sandy? We could tell her she was dead. That would sort of quiet that down."

"She's very probably in touch with Sandy, Mother."

"Oh, perhaps she is. How horrible!"

"Why not send Norma to me for a few days?" Mrs. Verrinder suggested smoothly. "Diana'd love it and, as I say, Bill's coming home. He ought to be here tomorrow or next day. I've always kept my children *children*," confessed Daisy, with a complacent little laugh, "they may not have had as much fun, I'll grant you *that*—"

NOBODY was listening to her. Mrs. Fordyce said:

"I'm so sorry about making any change, Miss Britton. But you see Miss Sanderson was my daughter-in-law's governess before she went to the Griscoms and the Fosters. Mrs. Foster really bribed her to come to her, and Mrs. Griscom didn't forgive her for years, so you can see how valuable she is. And the French and German are important, don't you think so, Phil?"

"I'll act worse than I ever have," Norma promised calmly.

"No, you won't, Spotty," her father said kindly. "You're only a little girl, and you know we're all doing this just to protect you. I have to go on to Washington in a few days; no help for it. It's a federal case and Uncle Bill's too old to go, and Mr. Sawyer can't. It may keep me there for weeks, and I won't have a happy moment if you aren't being a good girl. Why, Spot, you have everything to make you happy! You're only sixteen—well, nearly seventeen, and that's a beautiful age. You ought to have the happiest years of your life ahead, and marry some nice man, and have some cute little kids, and buy yourself a beautiful place at—say, Tahoe, and another in France, if you liked, or along the Riviera—"

"Pebble Beach," Norma said, smiling sulkily.

"Well, exactly! But we want you to learn a lot more, first, and take things quietly. Leave something for the later years. Your mother's idea was for you to take special courses at Middlefield School, work away there with nice girls, go to simple little parties, as Aunt Daisy suggests, and let Miss Britton get some sleep. How about promising that you'll toe the mark for a few months? Then it'll be summer, and we'll talk about Honolulu—"

"I want a place in Honolulu!" Norma said, petulantly, but mollified.

"Well, why not? You can have any damn' thing you want in the world if you'll just steer clear of scrapes."

"But I won't do anything if Sandy's around!" stipulated Norma.

"Well, now let me see how we can work that. Miss Britton, what would you suggest?"

"Suppose we telephoned the Middlefield School," Jocelyn said, feeling like Alice as they all looked at her seriously, and conscious of a deep inner impulse toward angry laughter. "It's vacation, and they'd have plenty of room. And suppose Norma and I went quietly down there and boarded for a few days. We could make arrangements for her studies with all her teachers and get her books and get started. Then you could telegraph her mother that she was at Middlefield, and that nobody could see her or get in touch with her for several days."

"I think that's the answer," Philip said, with a quiet, triumphant smile of approval.

"But that doesn't solve Sandy, Phil," Daisy Verrinder said, in her gentle, regretful way. "Dear, dear!" she added with a light laugh and a glance at the other women that made the remark the merest nonsense, "if it wasn't for the dreadful eight years between us I'd marry you with or without your consent, Phil, and move right in here with Bill and Di, and then we'd not have any trouble at all!"

"Are you only fifty, Daisy, with that great boy?" asked Mrs. Royce innocently.

"Forty-eight, dear," Mrs. Verrinder corrected. "Although poisonously close to forty-nine," she added hastily, almost as if in prevention of some correction.

"Phil's still in love with Janet," his mother said.

"Say, listen!" Philip protested. "Cut it out! I'm not asking Sandy to chaperon me, or Miss Britton, either!"

This drew all eyes to Jocelyn, who was infuriated to feel herself flushing.

"What—what do you think of the Middlefield School plan?" she asked, stammering a little.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Mrs. Fordyce suddenly. "Send Sandy down there with Norma for three days. Then wire Janet that Sandy and Norma are at Middlefield. She's always thought Norma ought to go to Middlefield."

"If it's a school where every girl has her own horse and takes care of it, and the head mistress wears hunting coats and things, I won't stay," said Norma.

"You'll not have to stay," said her grandmother. "You'll be home in a few days. Meanwhile we'll tell everyone you're in a rest home, your nerves have been all upset by this terrible accident, and in a week they'll be thinking of something else, and you'll be home again."

"But why Sandy?" the girl protested.

"So we can wire your mother you're with Sandy."

"I don't know why everything's so horrible!" Norma muttered. She had left her father's arms to go curl herself uncomfortably on the foot of her grandmother's bed. Now she turned her back on the company, toppled over, pulled a fat satin puff over her, and apparently returned to sleep.

JOCELYN and Philip went into the hall together. The girl, above a sense of hurt, was trying to smile and speak understandingly.

"I'm afraid I've let you down terribly," she said. "But it never occurred to me that she might slip away from the dance. I'd seen her within half a minute of the time I started after her, dancing with that amusing idiot—well, he's sort of an idiot, Charles van der Lipp, and she seemed safe."

"They're never safe," Philip said, shaking his head. "I don't know what gets into them, or how they raise them. A child that age, causing all this fuss and uproar! And the appalling thing is," he added, as he and Jocelyn moved toward the door that opened into the wing where her rooms were, "we're probably going to have six or seven years of this. I don't know how people get them through it. I wish the girl were twenty-three!"

"But that seems such a tragedy," said Jocelyn. "A father ought to be getting much joy out of a daughter as pretty and smart as Norma."

"She's pretty enough," he conceded, "but I don't know why you say smart."

"She's smart enough, too, only it's been all twisted sideways. Mr. Fordyce," Jocelyn said, suddenly turning to her own problem, "I think your mother would be happier with Miss Sanderson here; to have me gone. And I do think it would be a good thing to send them down to the school tomorrow. Norma's frightened enough to go now; she doesn't want to go back to—" She hesitated, changed somewhat the phrase she had been going to use. "She doesn't

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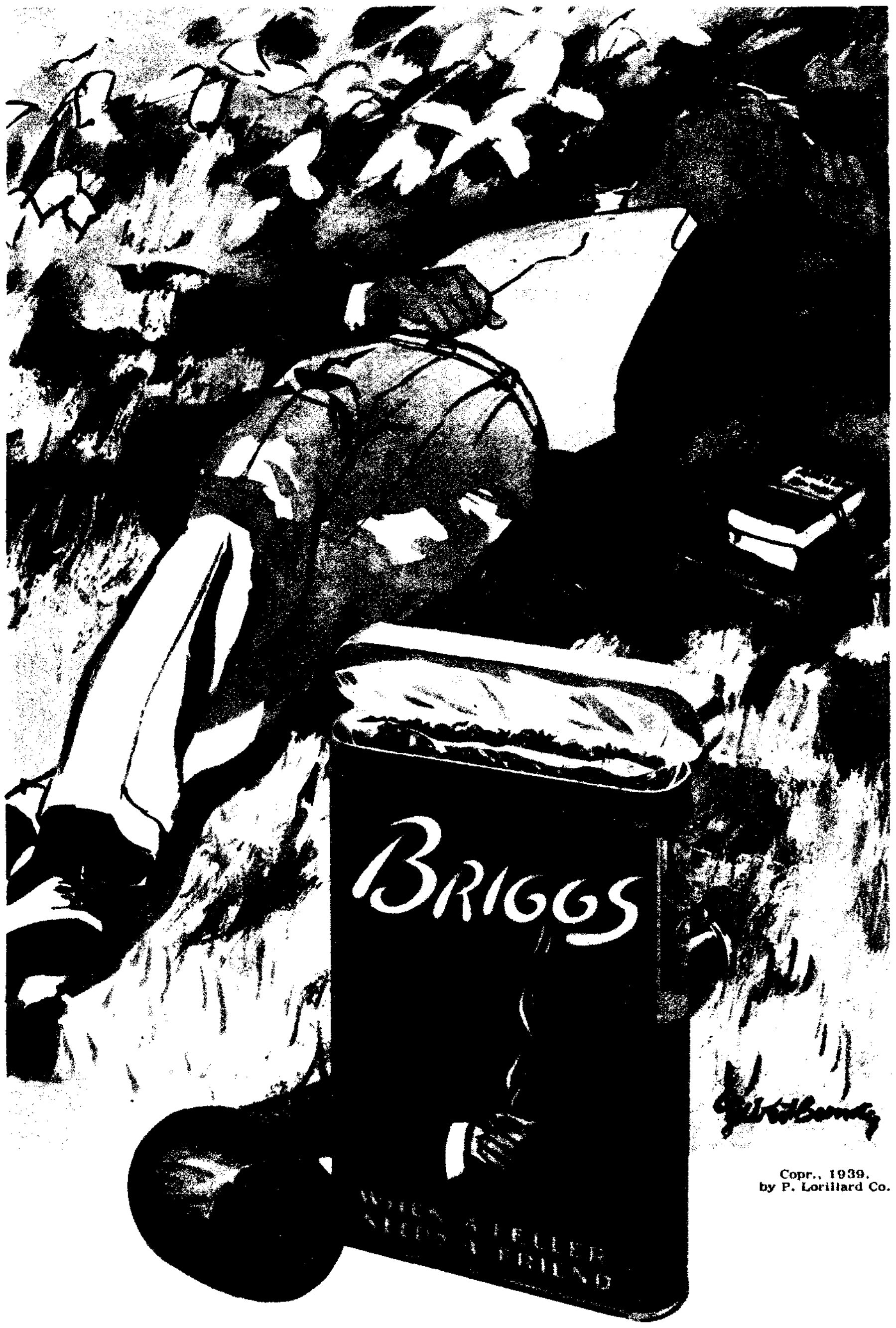
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like New York, and she doesn't like Count—what is it? Spazzo-something. And of course she doesn't want to go back to a European school."

"So here we have the question of one of the richest little girls in the world," he said, with a troubled smile and a shake of his head, "with a mother and father and grandmother, with five or six homes, and nowhere to go. Well, we'll pop her and Sandy into school for a week and see where that gets us."

"And I'm slipping away," Jocelyn told him. It gave her an odd little twinge to say it. She didn't want to leave this fascinating tangle. "I've not been much of a success, and it's possible that Miss Sanderson's Victorian methods will work better."

"SHE'LL not stand Sandy long. That's really to pacify her mother. I feel very bad about the whole thing," Philip said. "I wish you'd kept a stricter eye on her at the party, but at the same time, if you hadn't gotten down to Santa Barbara when you did, and taken charge of them all, she might be lying in her grave, like poor young Sears, tomorrow night."

"I really want to go. I feel as if the tempo had been a little swift for me," Jocelyn said. "I'm going to my aunt, I think. There's going to be a wedding there, and there are two small babies in the house, and I generally straighten out my uncle's bills for him and collect a lot of money he never would. And I feel as if that sort of thing might be good for me, for a while."

"You haven't had much fun. You've been here—what? Just a week," he said.

"It seems like a year," Jocelyn said fervently, and they both laughed.

"Well, when'll you be back in the office, Miss Britton? For I'll be going away next week, and I want to report first, of course."

"I was thinking perhaps I wouldn't come back. It's been—pretty strenuous for me," Jocelyn explained. "You remember under what circumstances you gave me a lift home from Berkeley? I suppose that took it out of me a little. And then this, and the feeling that I've let Norma get herself into such trouble—I'd like to get away from it all for a while."

"You mean you're still in love with Dunham?" His voice, with its sudden ring of authority, its quality of having the right to question her, thrilled her oddly, and she felt a little shaken as she answered him.

"No, I only feel ashamed about all that. That's over. It seemed so—so easy a thing to get into. But when you see it from a little distance—however," Jocelyn interrupted herself, smiling, "you've had enough of that affair! But I'll always be grateful to you for what you did, and glad I had this experience here. Perhaps Miss Sanderson wouldn't have lost sight of Norma, even for that minute—"

"No," he said, as she hesitated, "I don't think she would."

"Well, maybe not. Maybe she knows girls better than I do. I'm sorry anyway. And if you'll be here until—say a week from today, I'll come into the office and tell you whether I can come back or not."

"But we can't get along without you!" he said, really troubled.

"Oh, yes, you can. Only I am glad you want me. I've been four years with Fordyce and Sawyer, and of course I feel at home there. But I really would like—I'd like awfully to go to my aunt's for a few days."

"I think you should. I think you've a holiday coming to you, putting in a New Year's Day like yesterday. But if you'll be in the office next Wednesday we can settle everything then."

"You weren't going before that?"

"If I was, I'll wait." He said it with so significant and friendly a smile that Jocelyn felt her pulses respond again to some breath-taking emotion.

"Shall I say goodby to your mother?" she asked. "To Norma?"

"No, because I hope it isn't goodby. I'll explain to them that you are very considerately clearing the tracks for Sandy, and I'll see you, positively, on Wednesday."

"Wednesday, then."

"They are having such a powwow in there," he said, with an annoyed glance in the direction of his mother's bedroom door, "that I suppose the cooler we keep the whole thing, the less complicated, the better for everyone. It's all worked out very differently from what I thought it would. I wish to goodness I could be more with the kid. I liked the way—it sort of broke me up the way she came over to me this morning! Lord," he said with a weary sigh, "what a mess!"

Silence hung for a moment between them; they looked at each other almost in inquiry. What was not being said? Then they both laughed.

"Incidentally," Philip said, ending the pause, "if it interests you, I thought I would just mention that Mrs. Verrinder's kindly plans to move in here with Bill and Diana do not seem to appeal to me."

Jocelyn laughed outright. But afterward, when she was packing her bags, when she was leaving Hill Acres and on her way to Sausalito, she did not smile at the memory of this and of other things he had said.

Instead they gave her a strange feeling of richness, of warmness at her heart. Her last talk with Philip, rather than making her feel cut away from the Fordyce interests, had seemed to draw her nearer to them. He was the most important member of the group, after all. He was Norma's official guardian and had the last word in everything that concerned her, no matter how her mother, grandmother, how she herself, and Sandy, and fondly interested friends might argue and plan. And he had included Jocelyn in his problem. "We'll pop her into school," he had said, "and see where that gets us." And the pronouns had meant Jocelyn and himself, his expression had left her in no doubt of that.

HE FELT now that Jocelyn was his adviser and conspirator where Norma was concerned. "We can't get along without you," he had said. "This isn't goodby. You've a holiday coming to you." And then at the end those few words about Mrs. Verrinder, mischievously added, with Philip's own careless air of dominating a conversation or a situation, of not caring very much what anyone thought of him or the varied predicaments in which he found himself. It was a hard manner to define; Jocelyn found it infinitely fascinating. There was something generous, definitely male, pre-eminently sophisticated about it.

She thought about him a great deal, and analyzed and reanalyzed the talk they had had in the hall, wringing every possible iota of meaning and significance out of it. Her aunt, meeting her enthusiastically at the side doorway of Maple Den, observed that she had never seen Jocelyn looking better.

"The change," said Aunt Nell, "has done you good."

"Something," said Jocelyn joyfully, "has done me good!"

She caught up the nearest baby and kissed him, burying her face in his soft warm little neck. And when her aunt heard her chattering and laughing with the other girls, it seemed to her that sober little Jocelyn, who had always been a rather pathetic and lonely figure among them, was the gayest of them all.

(To be continued next week)

The Sound of Silk

Continued from page 10

Headlines grew more sinister, armies were on the march and diplomats stood on their heads, but Dan Bagby didn't care, for New York was living up to his expectations.

"Break out a desk for me," he told Murray. "Five chapters to go and then I'll want that job."

Murray held up one finger. "First month. Well, she's a nice kid. But listen, Dan, are you scared of 'em except when you've got no chance with 'em?"

But no, Joana was just his bonus for service overseas. "What you are," he told her, "is the sound of silk."

"While Doris," she smiled, "is the sound of ice on steel." For Doris had disliked her on sight when Dan introduced them at Foley's, and then had remembered her, "You're a model, aren't you? I didn't recognize you with your dress on." She referred to her thereafter as "Your pantie-girdle ad, darling," and once said kindly to Joana, "You bring out the uncle in Dan—it's his best side, affectionate but no menace at all."

The gang at Foley's was strong for Joana—and had learned not to be hopeful. George Kemp, a snooty Madison Avenue photographer, had made some color shots of her that would hang in a salon, and said that Hollywood needed her urgently. "Be sure you show her to Bill Meriden next time he's in town," George said.

Doris happened to hear that and was startled. "You wouldn't, Dan! Why, yes, she's probably very pretty advertising step-ins, but that's exhibitionism, not acting."

And now you began to hear about Sweet Marjoram everywhere. Max Hurwitt's publicity outlets were effective, including Doris. "It's going to be the hit of the decade and you might just say so, darling, and see that other people say so." Doris glistened with the excitement of a new step upward. She patted his chin. "Your job is to make sure Bill Meriden sees the opening." With the clarity of a man who couldn't respect his emotions, he saw that he probably would.

SHE never talked about the Navy. It was just there. It was there more oppressively as the reluctant spring came up, but they had a good time. After dinner in Hell's Kitchen there was a soft breeze through an open window, and the low murmur of the city, and a play of colored lights from street signs on the walls. No packed suitcase, no pressure, no deadline, no threat of war—just a glass of the Spanish brandy he had bought her and Joana memorable in a deep chair. Just a sudden realization that such a picture as this had been in his mind over thousands of miles.

"Only," Joana said suddenly, "the picture's got the wrong blonde in it. I'm a stand-in. My hair and eyes are the right color; I'm a comfortable, reminiscent blonde who will neither stimulate nor frustrate you. It's peacefully perfect—and a deadly insult."

The assault bewildered him, and Joana looked puzzled too. "You've had the habit of undemanding heartbreak for years, Dan. Now you've got a new and even safer habit—me." Her frown faded and she said sheepishly, "Forget it. I'm timid too. I've encouraged you to be the model's watchdog, to keep off men who make passes."

That made it worse, for she had turned a blinding light on Dan Bagby, woman's safest friend. Doris, the woman who couldn't be bothered; Joana, the woman who deliberately counted on not being bothered. "I see," Dan said, "that makes me a Little Rollo."

"It ought to make you slap my face. But you wouldn't slap a woman's face, would you, Dan?" Flippantly, "Not a married woman, not with all your chivalry!"

"A man has to think well of himself. How am I letting you down?"

"How easily would you take 'no' from a cabinet minister? When you're running down a story do you investigate rumors or does a word stop you?" She scowled. "You could make up your mind what you want—and take it. Try to take it anyway. Or—" slowly, "maybe what you want is to be stopped short. Maybe you wouldn't be if you didn't want to be!"

THUS, suddenly, a peaceful relationship wasn't peaceful any more, and lightness had gone out of it. He knew desperately that it had to be light. . . . But the acid worked in him, and a couple of days later an hour with Doris didn't turn out the way Doris had planned. Doris was prettily tired and plaintive after rehearsal, and it woefully developed that Nick van Nuys had predicted that Sweet Marjoram would be a flop and he must be prevented from saying so in print. There was no warning, just a sudden reckless urge to force the issue, and Dan Bagby heard himself saying, "Look, this is the end of the road. Here's where we get off. Unless . . ."

Daintily amused, "Darling, we won't ever get off. But unless what?"

"Unless what Nick prints is our taxi trip to the city hall." He had her in his arms and was kissing her. "Doris, we've got—" but she pulled away, her delicate forehead fretful and distaste in her voice. "Darling, you're so dreadfully stuffy when you try to be ardent."

It was a lethal word. And at once it was clear what the end was to be. He felt lost but free, and he went out, and Doris was wailing, "Dan, you mustn't go! You've got to—oh, how stupid to try to be male and demanding at a time like this!"

Things happen fast in New York! In three minutes it had become certain that an old adoration was over—but it was also certain that Little Rollo had failed again. No, Uncle Rollo—a girl's best friend is her uncle. And, scornfully, where was Uncle Rollo going? Oh, sure, to Hell's Kitchen where another woman knew that she could depend on him not to be stuffy and ardent. But Hell's Kitchen had changed too and Joana was remote, not talkative, preoccupied. She wanted to smell the sea and they ended up at the Battery. He should have remembered dock lights and steamer whistles in other harbors and how he had looked forward to these. But he didn't, he only looked at Joana's profile against the dark. Looked at that profile and realized that things happened fast. She was leaning on the iron guardrail, staring out over the water. Toward Brooklyn. Toward the Navy Yard!

Why, a husband who would leave Joana alone was the damnedest fool alive! The thought was a storm warning—and a hurricane hit him. He hated Bob with an uprush of savage jealousy. He began to tremble and said hoarsely, "Let's get out of here!" Joana glanced at him, took his arm, dropped his arm, looked disturbed. He sat away from her in the taxi. Back at her apartment, he knew that he must not look at her. But he did look at her—and had her in his arms, was kissing her, and understood that the spring had been preparing just this. Joana broke away. She was white,

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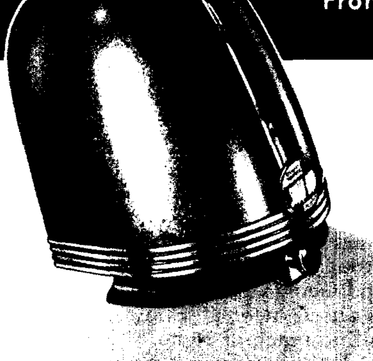

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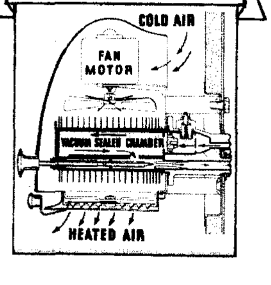

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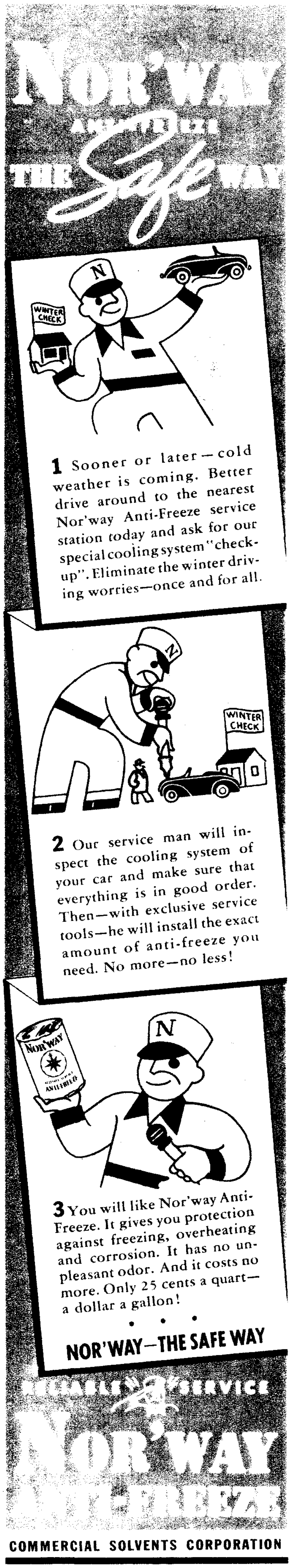
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she was red, she was startled, severe—smiling.

"Why, Dan, you cad, you cur! You despoiler of the home!" Laughter shone in her eyes. "That's what I've been advising you to do to Doris."

"I did," he said. "Earlier in the evening. She told me not to be ardent."

Joana said, "Oh!" paused, said, "Oh!" more softly. "I told you what to do and you did it!" Anger flowed in her cheeks. "But if you're ardent in Hell's Kitchen maybe you'll have better luck?" It wasn't anger, it was fury. "Look, Dan, I'm willing to be taken to dinner as a stand-in but you can't make love to Doris by way of me." She blazed at him, "Oh, why did you have to tell me?"

Her nearness was a defiance—but the photograph of an ensign was both prohibition and frustration. He said, desperately, "We talk too much. One of us has to remember your husband."

Instantaneously he had brought out the ice in another woman. "So, sure enough, one of us did! That's what uncles are for. It's even what husbands are for. To be remembered in the nick of time. Good night, choir boy."

She was entitled to that, and all the next day he was entitled to realize that the spring had sprung a trap on him, to hate a man who must be first in her thoughts, to tell himself every three minutes that no matter how many kinds of fools he had to be, he need not be the kind who fell in love with another man's wife. On that high moral plane he was miserable in Foley's when she came in after work, led him down the length of the bar, and said, "Dan, we're being dreadful fools—we mustn't go on being fools—"

Exactly. Only there was no way for him not to be a fool. Painfully, feeling less like a choir boy than a boy scout, he said, "Feel sorry for a born fool, Joana. It was foolish to forget the Navy. I'm sorry I did."

She had been earnest and almost tremulous, but instantly she wasn't. "You see, Dan, you don't apologize for kissing a woman. In fact, you don't apologize. Oh!" she turned away, "go apologize to Doris!"

SHE joined the gang at the other end of the bar and Nick van Nuys was saying he had seats for a prize fight and how about it? Joana said, "I'd love to but my husband might object. My husband is a missionary in China." That brought a roar of appreciative laughter, and George Kemp said, "Your husband is an engineer at Boulder Dam—that's within reach of Reno." Somebody else said, "Once he was a flyer in Spain," and Nick said, "Once he was a very good gag, Joana."

Joana laughed, taking Nick's arm, and let her eyes find Dan's, the length of the bar away, and said clearly, "He was totally unnecessary, I think. Let's go."

It happened like that, in half a second, and what he had thought of as a poignant love affair was after all, he saw at last, just the joke of the year, of the century. He saw himself in the clear light that Joana had been seeing him in all spring—the king of fools, the man who could be stopped by a word, by a mere gag, by a girl's flippant defense against any casual advance. She hadn't been daring him last night, she had been laughing at him—and quite right. It was an open question whether he could survive this.

Murray Brown came in, and Dan said, "I'll stick to my game. I've got one chapter more to go. Get out your salesmen and give me three weeks."

Murray studied him. "Right on schedule—two months to the day." He took a piece of paper from his pocket. It had "Bagby" written on it. "Thirty-two dollars in the Joana Marsh pool and I drew you." He pounded the bar. "Anybody want a drink on Monmouth? I've hired a correspondent."

That was news the boys had to treat with respect. They knew he knew his game—and now he knew it too. A man had to think well of himself. Women might scare him but wars didn't, so he could be off to the wars again—and in a few months he could start thinking that New York must look wonderful now.

He drove himself at the book. He had long conferences with Murray. He got his outfit together and his passport in order. Doris phoned fretfully, "You've never neglected me before, darling, and this isn't a nice time to neglect me." So he didn't neglect her, for she was a pretty wench he had once thought highly of, a wench you could wholeheartedly admire, for she knew what she wanted and was sure to get it. Doris would not be stopped.

Then Sweet Marjoram was off to Boston for the tryout and there wasn't even Doris to occupy his spare moments. There weren't spare moments, in fact, and who said he would have tried to fill them with Joana if there had been? He saw her in passage from here to there sometimes, usually on Nick's arm, and maybe she looked a little slimmer and certainly from this new angle she looked harder. She had a cool, friendly smile for him—and a horse laugh back of it for the man who looked chivalrous and loved safety. One day she was buying drinks at Foley's, for Murray had raised her pay and given her a new title. Which was perfectly splendid. "You're on your way up too," Dan said, and Joana said negligently, "How far is up?" and he said, "New York is the town where things move fast," and she said, "Up fast and down faster."

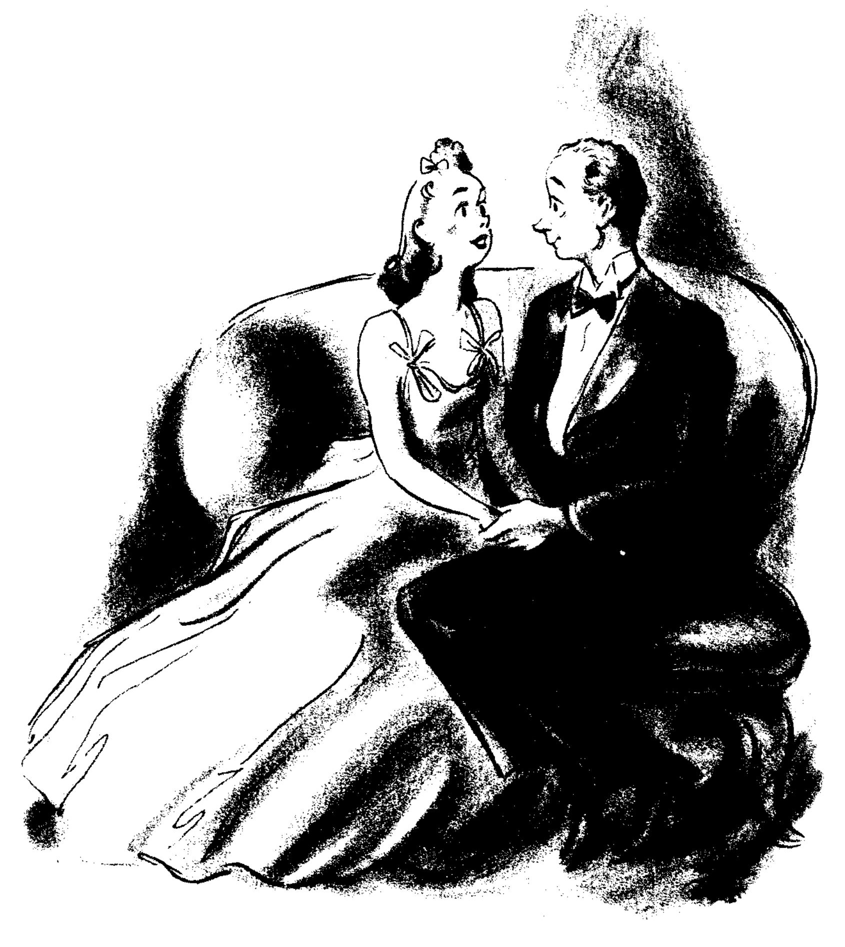
Then, under cover of the bar's joviality, she said, quietly, "Dan, at first it was just a joke—I didn't care what you thought. Then after a while I wouldn't have told you for the world if you wouldn't find out for yourself. That was pretty foolish."

"You see," he said, "you don't apologize for making the fool show his folly. In fact, you don't apologize. Pride is a queer thing, but it's nice to keep."

She was aloof again. "Well, we've all got our pride, even us wives in name only!"

Tempo increased, New York got more nightmarish, Dan felt nothing except a great lust to get out of it. Nick went to Boston to the opening of Doris' show and, coming back, reported, "Kraske missed the boat. They rewrite it every night but they couldn't save it if they had Doris do a strip tease." A couple of days later Doris phoned from Boston, "They say Bill Meriden is coming to town, darling, so I don't know what to do, but of course you do." A few days after that he walked out of Grant & Grant's office with the book delivered and an advance in his pocket. His sailing was arranged.

MERIDEN was set to give parties for all his friends, and he had lots of friends. There had to be a party for Dan, because of those old days on the Globe. Dan said he didn't want a party, he was off to the wars, and Bill said make it a bon voyage party, then, so it was a series of them. Dan remembered to be helpful and said, "Don't get too involved to look in on Sweet Marjoram on Monday." Bill nodded, "That could even be business—who knows? Maybe Doris has learned to act. Let's give her a party. Let's hire the Randon and give a barn dance. No, we'll buy an acre of the Toulouse and join the floor show." Word went round that this was going to be something, and Dan managed to get Doris on the wire and tell her he'd done his good deed. Her squeal of delight came back, "I'll love you forever! So I'm off to Hollywood—where are you going? Some say Yugoslavia, some say the South Pole." A helpful man, this



"It would please father no end if you asked him for his consent—of course, you don't have to pay any attention to him"

CARL ROSE

Bagby; he tied all loose ends before getting out of town.

There remained only one loose end, Sweet Marjoram. It should have been one last bit of triumphant New York to remember in Europe. But it didn't turn out that way. Before the end of the first act, it was clear that there was something wrong with the smash hit of the decade, and something wrong with Dan Bagby. What was wrong with Sweet Marjoram was that it was just a pleasant little play. A first-night audience was as polite as could be and gave everybody all the breaks but simply did not warm up. Murray said, "It'll run a month." The right epitaph.

And Dan? Moving under Max Hurwitt's crafty lights, Doris had once been all the unsatisfied desire in the world, but now she was just a pretty woman working hard. For years that silvery laughter had been longing unfulfilled but it roused no longing now—he was listening for a different laughter. Presently he heard it—and had heard it through the brief weeks of promise. He searched the darkened theater and saw Joana turn to someone whose face he couldn't make out, turn and whisper and laugh again. . . .

The crowd in Doris' dressing room after the last curtain was a novelty. Her friends had never before had to pretend enthusiasm, and this pretense would have seemed extravagant for Hamlet. Doris' hard work hadn't stopped. She was gay, derisive, nonchalant; she had exactly the right blend of humor, fatalism and scorn. And at exactly the right moment, when the crowd was thinning, she started them all off to the Toulouse in a series of taxis that turned out to leave her and Dan alone in the last one.

She said, "I need someone to be sweet to me, darling," and drew his arm round her and laid her head on his shoulder. "How right you are to get out of New York! How right I am to go to Hollywood! When I come back they won't ask me to save flops for them. Flops? I wouldn't mind a resounding flop. It's this tepid little anticlimax I can't stand." He felt an aloof, fatalistic sympathy for Doris. She was not used to anticlimax—and he was. She was not at home with tepidity—he had to be.

THE Toulouse assailed them with blinding light and deafening noise. It was hardly credible outside of a movie, and maybe Bill had designed it himself. A big area had been set aside for Bill and was crowded with the regiments of his friends, and no doubt Bill himself would manage to get there before the place closed. Dan's mind skidded in a confusion of house photographers snapping flash bulbs at Doris while she clung to him, minor celebrities being seen with one another, floor-show girls rushing off the floor, Bill's guests rushing toward the floor, Bill's drawing account bubbling away in vintage champagne.

He danced with Doris and she said, "Why doesn't Bill come?" She said it oftener as time went on. "Pretty soon it won't be such a good joke." The next moment he was coming. There was no crash of drums, no massed spotlights, no chorus drawn up in a diagonal line—but there should have been. Down the long vista of the Toulouse came Bill Meriden, waving to a million friends. And on his arm was . . . Joana! After a while you saw that Nick van Nuys was bringing up the rear.

Doris gasped. "But this was my party!"

Nick caught sight of them and left that regal procession to come straight across, holding out his hand to Dan. "Me too," Nick said. "Scratch my entry and let's form a club—those who tried and failed. I'm the innocent who introduced them day before yesterday. It was a case of contract at first sight."

"What do you mean?" Doris asked.

"Bill came East to pass another Meriden miracle and here it is. He took one look at her and saw her on celluloid. The million-dollar hunch—it never misses."

Doris' hand tightened on Dan's arm. "Don't get a foot away from me," she whispered, and the procession reached a given point, Bill a whirring dynamo, Joana so radiant that she blurred in your eyes. Everything blurred—Bill talking like one of his publicity men, kissing Doris, welcoming New York to his party, while flash bulbs winked at Joana and you could feel the story going out on the wires. It was a Hollywood effect—and no anticlimax.

Bill was the act, the applause off stage, and the voice from the loud-speaker. "There's gold in Hollywood's best hunch. Can't you see that profile in the moonlight? Can't you imagine how technicolor would love that dress?"

Without trying! It was one of Great-Aunt Harriet's blue and white evening gowns, and Great-Aunt Harriet had known how to gratify the senses.

DAINTY bewilderment showed on Doris' forehead. "But won't the Hays office interfere, Bill?"

"Interfere with what?"

"Will they let Joana run around in scanties?"

Joana smiled. "I used to be a model. Doris thinks models are comic."

"Not comic, dear, just sweet. And obviously successful. But is there some idea you can act?"

"I've wondered about that." Blue eyes brimming with innocence gazed at Doris. "It can't be awfully hard."

Bill was soaring on wings of hunch. "Act?" It became a public address. "I can walk down Forty-second Street and pick up actors by the score. What I can't get is women who make clothes live. What I can't get is women who remind you that there is beauty in the world—and longing—and young love!" Close-up of a great producer in a moment of inspiration. "What Hollywood needs is the girl who can be every man's lost and hopeless love. The girl who can give him back the days when he still dreamed, who can be the voice of his youth, who can wake the note of a violin in his heart—"

Dan said, "The sound of silk." Joana scowled at him, sudden, bitter intensity.

The direction of Bill's oratory changed and he was clapping Max Hurwitt on the shoulder. "Get Doris a play, Max—give the girl a decent chance. Sweet Marjoram stinks. You can't make a play out of three epigrams and a whim. Build her up. Some day I'll want her in Hollywood."

Dan looked away, for it wouldn't be nice to see that hit Doris. At that moment the chorus ran off the floor, an orchestra began to sob, and Bill, quite heedless of overtones, swept Doris off to dance. Through a welter of light and noise Dan became aware that he had been left comparatively alone with Joana. Agitation seized him. The whole evening was incredible, impossible, unreal—and too real to be borne. There was nothing to say, there was everything to say and it was too late to say anything.

"New York is where things happen fast," he said, hardly meaning to. "Just a while ago you were looking for a job with Murray Brown."

"You helped me get it. Now you've helped me get a fine new job. The right job for a corset ad. You certainly know how to be a girl's best friend."

"I didn't help—it turns out that you're the one who has what's needed. You're a success story on the big time. Bill's hunch would appreciate the Sampson Service Sheers pose at a glance."

"I haven't had to call on it—Bill's re-

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sponses don't need stimulation." She said that with the disdain he would not be permitted to forget. Then she softened and he wasn't to forget *that* she could soften. "None of this was planned—what was planned was altogether different. Hollywood! What am I doing with a job in Hollywood?—I'd have laughed at anyone who suggested it. I wanted to quit being a model, quit showing my knees and being laughed at. I wanted a nice job on a magazine. What are you doing, fleeing back to Europe? You wanted to stay in New York—you wanted to have a good time—you wanted to see your friends."

"I lost the light touch," he said under strain. "How do I know what I wanted?"

"Yes," Joana said, and was looking at him.

"The sound of silk misfired on me," he answered that undeluded gaze. "Why, if you can't get what you want, it's wise to take what you can get. If I can't have New York, there's always Europe."

A kind of weariness had come into her face. "So we both get out of New York. Only one of us needs to go. You don't have to, Dan. Once neither of us did."

"Why," he said at an extremity of self-contempt, "it puts me in my role. I'm best at looking back with regret. I have a talent for mourning lost love affairs. Bill's hunch about the violin note in a man's heart. That's your talent—mine is telling myself that if I'd got the breaks things would have been otherwise. I can believe things were going right till they went wrong. I can tell myself that about you—whenever I'm not remembering how safe you found me."

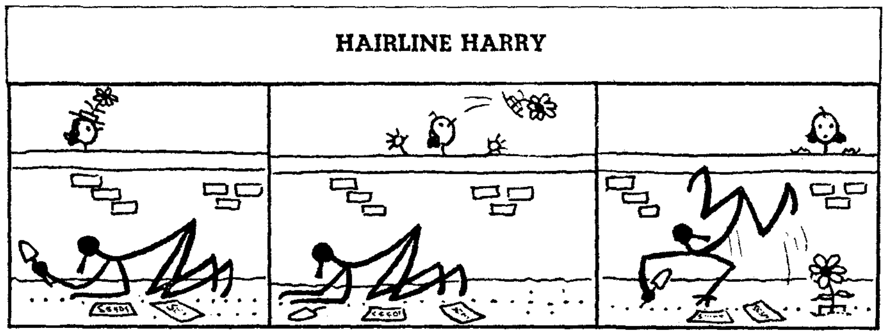
"That's what you can't forgive me, isn't it?" Joana put out a hand, withdrew it, looked wearier. "You dug that pit with your own hands, my dear, and the whole question was whether you'd jump across it. You didn't. And that's a final answer to lots of things."

"My gift for the light touch—and for seeing jokes too late."

"No, your gift for fooling yourself—but not fooling me." Softness dropped from her. The hardest materials took the highest polish. "I was right all along about what you wanted. Well, you can get it now. Tonight has balked Doris—you'll find the rest is easy. All you have to do is try. It's quite simple. That's all you ever had to do."

SHE went out among Bill Meriden's tables, and Great-Aunt Harriet's skirt was meant for technicolor. There was a vast need to tell her that she too could be wrong, could be mistaken about him—but let it go, run as hard as he might he could never catch up with New York. Music ended with a crash, Murray Brown was coming up from one direction, and the crowd surged back from the floor. In a moment Doris had a hand on his arm, her shoulder was touching his, and she was whispering, "Let's not stay here any longer, darling; let's go away." Her eyes found his. "Let's be alone somewhere—take me home." There was discouragement in those violet depths and, what was just as novel, invitation too. "I've been mistaken too long, darling. That doesn't matter, now I know it's a mistake."

HAIRLINE HARRY



ALAN FOSTER

Joana was always right. And Doris was counting on the well-proved thing. Counting on perfect courtesy, the unpassionate chivalry of an old adoration. She knew Dan Bagby quite as undeludedly as Joana did. Well, why not? He had never let Doris down. He felt fatality closing over him—a dry and tepid conviction that you got what you were fitted for.

"Hurry!" she whispered, clinging and wistful. "Take me out of here, Dan, anywhere you want to. You want to, don't you?"

HE HAD wanted to for years and years. Trancelike, the perfect uncle, he stepped toward her. But what he clearly heard himself saying was "No!" Stunned, he looked at her. He had said it. And what Joana had said was: "It's quite simple." It was as simple as possible. "Oh, hell—" he began to shout, "where's Murray Brown?"

"If you've started jumping, he's over by that table looking bored." Astonishingly it was Joana who had answered him, and she must have heard that scene ending, but he couldn't wait. The crowd was thick but he broke through it and Murray stopped looking bored, for Dan said, "Cancel my passage—I've lost my job." He turned back, back to Hell's Kitchen, back to New York, back to Hollywood if necessary—but there was a confused uproar and Bill Meriden was red-faced and bellowing. The great director seemed to have a slight touch of hemorrhage of the brain.

"Doris!" Bill yelled. "Doris, do you want to go to Hollywood?"

Doris had never missed a cue. At once she was a diamond sparkling in a spotlight, centered, the proved laughter chiming. "I've never given it a thought, Bill. Possibly. It might be amusing. Between shows. Try asking me."

Bill tugged at his collar. He grabbed a half-filled glass of champagne. "I'll say it with a contract."

"Make it a good contract, darling. I've never understudied a miracle. I don't know if I can be the note of a violin. What changed your plans, Bill? Doesn't your girdle ad in technicolor want to go?"

Bill's hands were frenzied. "It doesn't happen!" he roared. "It didn't happen—I'm having hallucinations. Sure she wants to go. But she can't go. Why?" His voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "Ask me why! Because her husband won't let her!"

It was Nick van Nuys' voice that rose above the uproar: "I think you could make it funnier than that, Joana!"

Joana's face was crumpling. She said, very clearly, as if down the bar at Foley's, "My husband is a foreign correspondent." She was crying. She picked up her skirt and was off through the crowd—fast.

Dan started fast. But he swung back to Nick, "Before you print it, get the facts right," he said. "A former correspondent." He had, in time, recovered the light touch. Out of earshot but not out of sight, down the vast room, Great-Aunt Harriet's skirt glimmered. It was moving away through the crowd. But not too fast.

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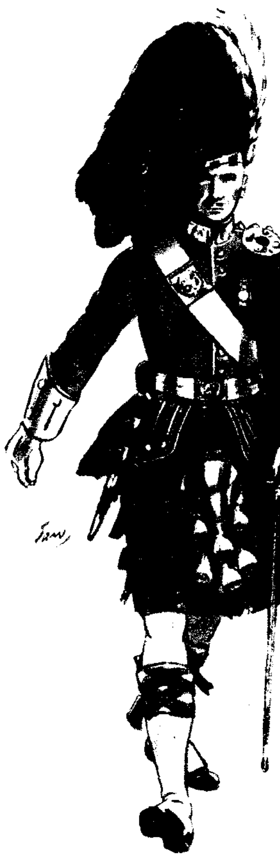
Sevastopol Lucknow South Africa, 1879 Modder River
Paardeberg South Africa, 1899-1902 Mons Le Cateau
Marne, 1914, '18 Ypres, 1915, '17, '18 Loos
Somme, 1916, '18 Arras, 1917, '18 Cambrai, 1917, '18
Doiran, 1917, 1918 Gaza



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Dewar's
"White Label"
The Medal SCOTCH of the World
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

A Sandhog's Life

Continued from page 32

High-pressure air is shot into it and after about five minutes we're ready to go to work. But not many men can stand it.

It isn't a question of courage: it's a question of something nature gives you, and even the doctors can't tell you what that is. The ordinary air we breathe in the street is 14.7 pounds to the square inch. Sometimes we have to work at fifty-pound pressure and that's tough for the best of us. You can work only a few minutes at a time when the pressure is that high. And even after years of it, it is apt to get you—but good.

I was hanging around union headquarters one day when a foreman came in and said, "Got a job for you over in the Passaic River. They're building a bridge. It's twenty dollars a shift, high-pressure work."

"For twenty dollars a shift I don't care how high it is," I told him.

He needed nine men and he had trouble getting them. The boys had heard of the job and didn't like it. But he got his gang all right—all pals of mine. We went over to Passaic. They were building a caisson for the bridge. They do it like this: They drop a huge cylindrical affair into the river. By keeping the pressure high in it, that keeps the water and the muck from filling it up. We go down by ladder inside this thing that looks like a ship's funnel. Near the top there is an air lock. So the nine of us got into the air lock and Baldy, Pee Wee and I played a couple of hands of blackjack. Blackjack is the sandhogs' game, and whisky is the sandhogs' drink. We played a couple of hands and they each won two dollars from me. But it didn't do them any good. Within ten minutes Pee Wee and Baldy were dead. So were the others.

We got down all right and the nine of us started to work digging the muck away so the funnel-like thing would sink farther into the bed of the river to be filled with concrete later on. It was hard work because the temperature was 147 degrees. You'd think it would be cool at 130 feet below the surface of the river but that isn't the case. We work in compressed air and when you compress anything that heats it. So when you compress air to fifty pounds to the square inch where normally it is only 14.7 pounds you generate a hell of a lot of heat. We didn't wear anything but boots and shorts.

A Bad Spot for the Bends

Suddenly something happened. The whole enormous funnel started to move, to lean. The river and the muck started to come up over our ankles, our knees, and we knew that something had gone wrong with the air. A valve had jammed or something like that. I leaped up the ladder. Someone had his arms around my waist. I got up about six rungs of the ladder with him hanging onto me and the ladder rungs were burning hot. The river and the muck reached for us fast now and I felt the arms leave my waist.

I got up a dozen rungs more and another dozen and hung there. I shouted down below, but I could only hear the river snarling and the muck making a sucking noise. The muck and the river and my eight pals were all one now, swirling around, and I hung there. I went up a few more rungs and my arms ached and my legs felt as though there were needles inside trying to get out. The air pressure had dropped suddenly. But inside me the pressure was still high.

I'd had the bends before. I hoped they'd get me out before it got too tough. If it got too tough my legs would double up sharply and I'd drop from that ladder down into the muck and the river.

Something above had jammed and they couldn't open the trap door leading from the air lock below. I hung there three hours and it wasn't fun thinking of Pee Wee and Baldy and the others. Then they got me out and I drank eight cups of hot mud. It isn't really mud though it looks like it and tastes like it. It's French chicory and it's made as thick as possible.

I went back on the job and worked four days. After the fourth day I didn't feel too good. I drove home from Passaic with a couple of the boys.

I said, "I feel lousy."

One of them laughed and he said, "We'll drop in for a couple of shots. That'll fix you up."

So we drove to a place up on Eighty-sixth Street in New York City and had a couple of shots. I had three bottles of beer and that usually makes me feel good. Instead, it made me feel worse. So I said, "I'm going home."

Delayed Reaction

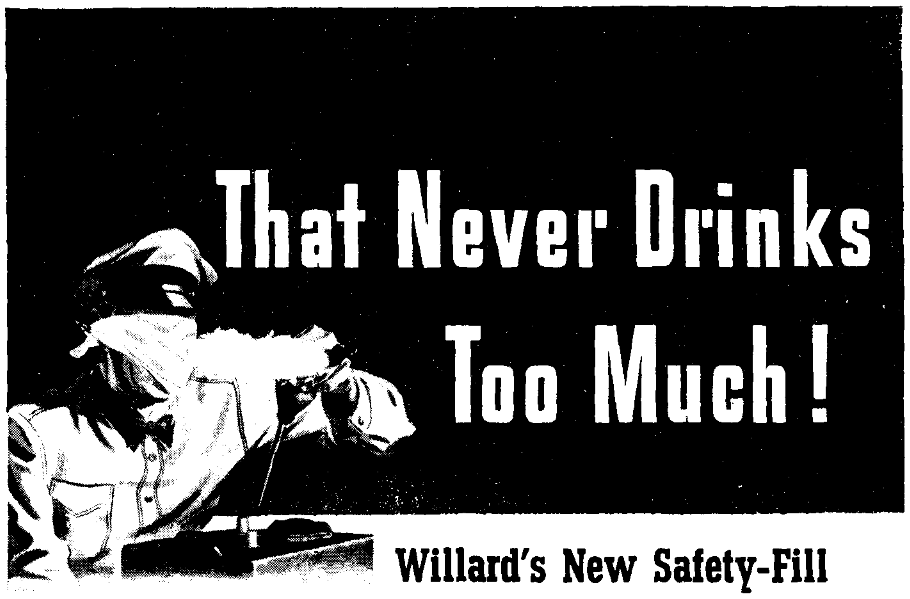
I left the boys and got in the car. I was nearly across the Queensborough Bridge when it hit me. I was getting paid back for those three hours four days before. My legs suddenly stiffened and so did my arms. I could see and think but I couldn't move and my foot was on the accelerator. I was moving fast but I couldn't take my foot off the gas. I couldn't steer the car. Everything was paralyzed from the neck down and I knew that something would grab my stomach and tie it into knots. That's what the bends feel like.

By a miracle I didn't hit anyone. The car continued straight and I tried to think my foot off the gas. I was leaning straight back and now my head had been forced back too. I looked like a dead man driving that car. At the end of the bridge a young cop got a look as I went by. He made a leap for the running board. The cop leaned over and turned the wheel. Then for a moment the pressure on my right leg relaxed and I got my foot off the gas. We came to a stop. The cop saw my badge. We all wear big badges on our belts at all times. The badge says, "This man is a compressed-air worker. In case of accident do not take him to a hospital but to the nearest air lock."

I had relaxed a bit now and I could talk. I told the cop I wanted to get home. They know what to do at home in mild cases of the bends and I figured this was a mild case. I got home and my mother kept pouring scalding-hot water into the tub and gradually the stiffness left me. I would be all right. My pal from next door, Johnny Dorich, was with me. He's a sandhog and he knew what to do.

Then it started again. This time my stomach seemed to jump against my skin and it felt as though I'd swallowed a ball of fire. Now I knew this was no slight case. I leaped out of the tub knowing that I'd be unconscious in a minute or so. My car is six years old but Johnny Dorich drove it five miles in four minutes to the water front where they have a special air lock for decompressing sandhogs and divers who get the bends. They threw me into the lock and shot the air into it. I came to a couple of hours later and a doctor was giving me an injection.

There is no pain in the world comparable to the bends. I was screaming with agony and I couldn't help it. I kept



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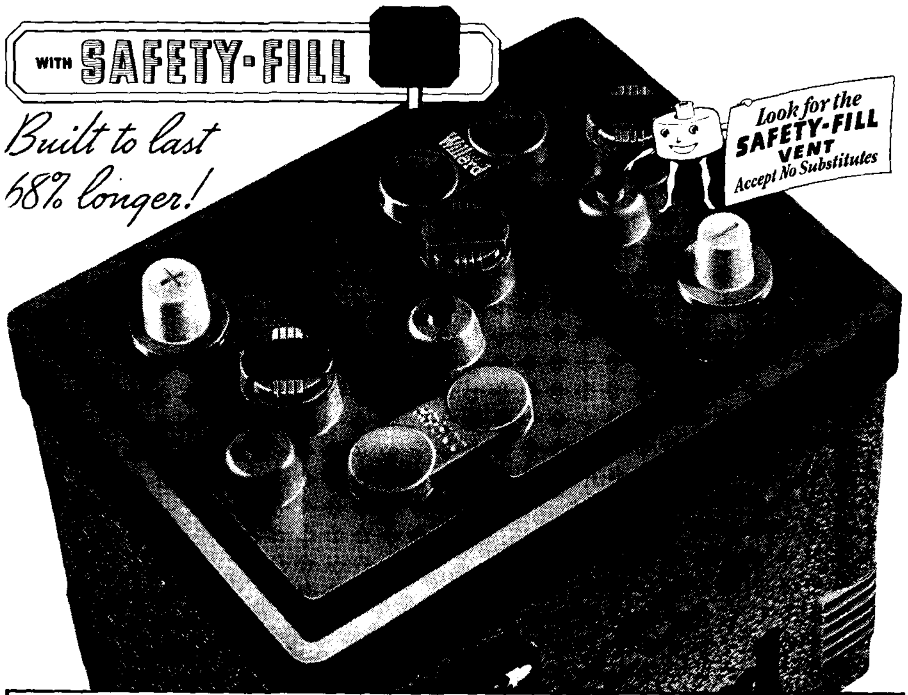
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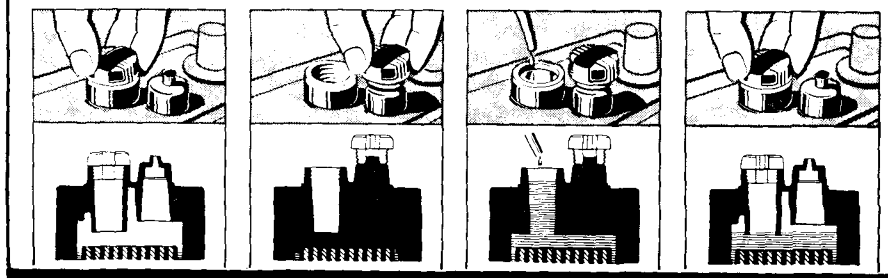
Look for the SAFETY-FILL VENT Accept No Substitutes

HOW WILLARD SAFETY-FILL WORKS



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The new 1940
TOASTMASTER
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Waffle Service

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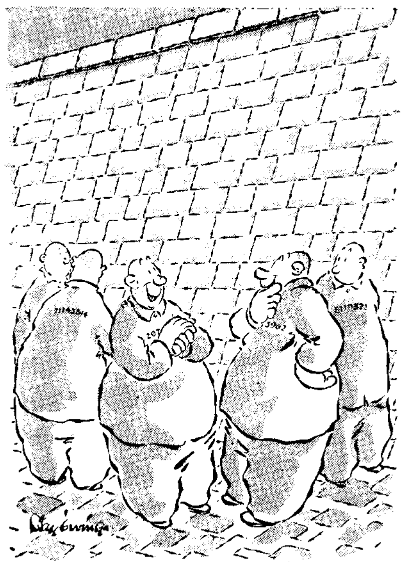
passing out and coming to and it got so I hoped I'd never come to again. Then after nine hours of it I went limp. Everything was all right again. I could go to work tomorrow. But it was Sunday so I didn't have to go to work.

The bends and the blind staggers aren't the only things we catch in the tunnel. Sometimes we get the blocks. You might have a cold and not know it until you get into the air lock. Then they turn the air on and you just about go out of your mind. If you have a cold the passage between your ears is stopped up. When the ordinary air tries to force its way through there it's all right—nothing happens. But when the high air tries to force its way through, you think your head is going to burst.

Then there's the itch. When you get the itch you feel as though a million ants were crawling over you. It's from gas. Sometimes it'll stick to your skin and you'll start to itch. It's like having three cases of poison ivy at once. But luckily there's a cure for it. Just dive into a hot bath and in ten minutes you're all right.

That's what being a sandhog means. I've had the bends twenty times and each time I swear I'll quit the racket. But I always go back. Why? God knows. Maybe it's because the 1,500 sandhogs in the country are the 1,500 greatest guys in the world. I know everyone of those 1,500 and there isn't a rat among them. Even our foremen are great guys. They've got to be.



"Mmm . . . no, it couldn't have been Joliet! I've never been there. Was you ever in San Quentin?"

JAY IRVING

The boys tell me that the first sandhogs came from England. Maybe that's why we use the old apprentice system in our trade like they do in trades in England. A man starts in our business as a mucker. All he does is shovel muck, and that's just what it is, into the muck cars. In the old days donkeys drove these muck cars like they do in coal mines now. When the job was over they'd take the donkeys out of the tunnel and they'd die right away. You can't decompress a donkey. Now they use electric cars. Well, a mucker isn't much more than a laborer except that he can stand the air.

After two or three years of this he'll become an assistant miner and then a miner. He's the backbone of the tunnel builders. The engineers are important and so are the foremen but the miner is the one who builds the tunnel. The shield at the end of the tunnel may be seventy-five feet high. In it there are four openings, and platforms and beams supporting the men who stand by the openings. They work from there mostly with drills. You never know what you'll hit a hundred feet down. It might be a rock ledge; it might be soft mud or it might be quicksand. If it's quicksand, that's bad. You have to sink a thick iron shield over it and then pour in cement.

After a man is a miner a while he may become an ironman. I'm an assistant iron foreman now. We worry about the hydraulic jacks that push the big shield ahead and things like that. Of course, if there's no ironwork to be done we just pitch in with the miners. Then, after that a man can become a foreman. He's got to know everything there is to be a foreman. Take a gang of twelve on a small job or a gang of thirty-six on a big job—well, the life of every man depends on that foreman. Suppose a rat hustles across the floor of the tunnel. Rats hate compressed air. They blow right up and die when they get into the air. But they hate gas worse. They can smell gas better than we can. If a smart foreman sees a couple of rats scurrying for cover he'll order the men to get out as fast as they can.

When I say that sandhogs are the greatest gang in the world I mean this. I broke in when I was nineteen and after my first day's work I went to the hospital for five days. The foreman came to see me every day. Then I went back to work and he worked me like a dog. What of it? Sandhogs can take it better than any other gang of men in the world.

Less Work—More Pay

It's very tough work, especially at first. My first job was in that damn' East River. Everything was new to me. For instance, did you ever stand fifty feet under the surface of the river, wash your hands in the river and not drown? I did. Only the pressure of the air kept the river back. We stood there on the bottom and although we had a shaft on two sides the end of the tunnel was open. There was the river staring us in the face but kept back by 52 pounds of pressure. That would keep the Atlantic Ocean at bay. I reached out and washed my hands in the river and I said, "This is a hell of a fine life."

It's a fine life because we get paid well too. Why, minimum pay for a sandhog is twelve dollars a day and that's not tin. The most we ever work is six hours. Funny thing about working in the tunnels—the less you work the more you get paid. We get paid not by the hour or by the day but by the pressure. We may go in there and the pressure will be 28 pounds per square inch. They'll have to raise the pressure a few pounds and maybe we don't even know it. We know it when we get our checks though. The higher the pressure the higher the pay.

I mentioned that our game is blackjack. You see, after we finish work we sit in the air lock for an hour or so getting decompressed before we come out; we call that getting leaked out. If the pressure we've been working under is thirty-five pounds we stay three quarters of an hour; if it's forty pounds we stay there an hour and if it's fifty pounds it takes two hours to get those air bubbles out of us.

So we get to know one another pretty well. And to kill the time we play blackjack. I had only been working a week when I learned a lesson about gambling. It was payday. We were getting $125 a week then. I got in the game and in half an hour had lost my week's pay. Then I pledged my next week's pay and lost that in another half-hour. The foreman won it all. Then he handed me my hundred and twenty-five and he bawled me out.

"This is just to teach you a lesson," he hollered at me. "Wait until you can play this game before you start losing two weeks' pay. If I find you gambling big again I'll break your neck."

MILLIONS SWING TO OLD DRUM TOP QUALITY AT A PRICE THAT'S RIGHT

"I HAD TO GO FISHING to find out what a great drink Old Drum is! Yes, sir, when Bob brought out his bottle of Old Drum, I discovered the whiskey I'd always been looking for. It's really smooth and mellow, with a swell flavor . . . at a price that hits me right!"

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HAPPY SMILES TELL the story of Old Drum's phenomenal success! . . . tell more than any words the pleasure folks get from that famous Old Drum flavor! Try Old Drum yourself . . . neat or in a highball. See how s-m-o-o-t-h it is . . . how mellow . . . how downright good it tastes! We believe you, too, will join in the swing to Old Drum, the thrifty taste favorite!

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SPUDS ARE JUST RIGHT

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Wade Down South

Continued from page 11

scorned Nave but had whaled into him with a bit of wallboarding in his fury. Then the Bill Terry of football coaches gave his version of this world-shaking occurrence, which the Southern California alumni magazine later charged was a "new low" in sportsmanship:

"It took me almost twenty minutes to get by the doorman when I went over to congratulate Howard Jones. While I was still hunting for him, somebody yelled at me to shake hands with Nave. Well, I wasn't interested. I wanted to see Jones and get back to my boys, who had played a wonderful game against superior odds and had taken the defeat hard. I was low about it myself, so I didn't stop. Besides, I didn't know it was customary to go over to the players of the opposing team and congratulate them and I couldn't see any point in singling out one player. Perhaps I thought Kreuger, the end, deserved as much credit as Nave. Coming right down to it, I *do* think so."

As for Carl Snavely—

This is as near to an apology as Wade had ever bothered with because he is a forthright man who speaks out in public when the mood strikes him. His feud with Carl Snavely, the dead-pan coach at Cornell who was formerly at North Carolina, is an open secret in the Tar Heel State. Wade sarcastically refers to Snavely as the "Miracle Man," a title given to Snavely by the press when his North Carolina teams were going great guns. Duke walloped North Carolina, 25-0 in 1935, when it was understood that a win for the Snavely team would bring them a bid to the Rose Bowl.

In his postgame bleat, Snavely accused Duke of scouting his team with pictures. Wade was burned to a small ember. He admitted using pictures but added that his folks could only be amateurs in contrast with Mr. Snavely, who had received wide publicity over introducing the cinema into his coaching methods.

Snavely replied that he had used pictures only of games in which his own team played and wasn't snooping over the countryside like some he could mention. He also claimed that Duke had flagrantly and illegally held the North Carolina ends and thus broken up the Tar Heels' passing attack.

At that juncture old settlers began taking their ancient fowling pieces off the mantel and giving them a lick of attention, for the state was split wide open and the authorities feared the night riders would begin galloping at any moment. Wade had found a man he wholeheartedly disliked. His revenge came when Snavely returned to Durham after his appointment to Cornell and was present at a banquet. Wade, sitting on the dais, began squirming the minute he saw Snavely and it is a matter of record that Snavely was the only celebrity in the room not called upon to be recognized. Next year when he was down at the time of the same banquet, Snavely didn't attend. He wasn't invited.

In addition to his other bits of frankness, Wade has made no bones about his opinion of football in the Southwest, thinking it gives off odors.

"How many intersectional games do they win?" he asks sourly. He thinks the wide-open broncobusters from the plains are fine when they are playing teams who use the same game, but are smacked around at a great rate when they come up against a real defense. The one exception he makes is the Texas Christian team of last year. "They're learning," he comments. "They had an all-round team."

On professional football he is even harder, calling such nonsense a form of hippodroming. He feels that a good college team could lick a good pro team right in the middle of the year. "It isn't only a question of spirit and morale," he says, "but of quality. Figure this out for me: the college men make a fetish of good condition and yet it is almost impossible for the best men in the big games to go more than a quarter at top speed. The pros, who pay much less attention to condition, can go through a tough game without taking a second breath. That proves to me the pros are not as tough as they try to make out."

His relations with other coaches range from mild to mere tolerance. He thinks Bob Neyland of Tennessee is the best man in the country, although they get along with difficulty. It's a tough country down here and they play for keeps. When Tennessee beat Duke in 1936 on a last-minute return of a punt, Wade complained that his team had been forced to walk far off the playing field and rest in a close, steam-heated room between halves. "We were tired out when we got there and then nearly suffocated until we got the windows opened."

His critics say that Wade is old-fashioned and that his teams are lacking in color and are poor things to watch. He lays great store by the punt, taking over that notion from Fielding Yost, "football's greatest mind," and it will be a long time before football forgets the performance of Eric Tipton against Pitt last year, but the records show that Duke is an offensive threat when they have men to carry the ball. Wade uses the unbalanced line, single wing back. His reverse, a simple maneuver, is a killer when he has a speedster on the wing. Wade's teams frequently pass and buck from behind their own goal lines and they can put on a rousing passing attack when conditions are right. The cardinal sin on a Wade team is for the quarterback to call for a "fair catch" or to let the ball roll. He was properly scornful of the Pitt team for handling Tipton's boots in that way.

"Why do they play back there if they aren't going to do anything about it?" he wanted to know.

When Duke Beat Pitt

Among the strange rumors that always seem to follow Wade were the hints last fall that Pitt had actually thrown the game to Duke because Wade was thinking of quitting as active coach and wanted Jock Sutherland as his successor. That fantastic hogwash was a trifle bumped around when Sutherland declared the Duke victory was "flukish" and later wrote Wade a very tart note complaining about a penalty his team had suffered for reporting late at the beginning of the second half and protesting about the cramped dressing room which was so small that several of the Pitt players had to "stand outside in the snow during intermission."

What they will do for fights down there when they finally get the dressing rooms large enough is not known, but where Wade operates there will be a scrap. When Pitt came out late at the half, Wade bellowed for the penalty and got it. He plays to win and has little time for moral victories. He believes that football builds characters but only if the teams are winners.

"What good did it ever do anybody to get kicked around?" he asks. "I have no patience with schools that insist on playing out of their class and getting one bad beating after another."

Wade's players are certain he is the best coach in America but they don't warm up to him. Except on the playing field he has no relations with his athletes. "If you get too friendly, you lay yourself open to charges of partiality. That ruins a team."

From the records he is forty-eight years old but from a quick glance one might think him sixty. He is gray and he shows the strain of the long years as a big-time coach. Taking it as a twelve-month job, Wade never lets up. He feels that not only would a great coach like Percy Haughton be lost if he returned to modern football but that a present-day mentor can lose his hold if he lets down even for a season.

An Old-Timer at the Rose Bowl

As a guard at Brown, he played in the Rose Bowl in 1916 against Washington State, the first year the big game was held. Brown had Fritz Pollard, the great Negro back, that year, but lost by 14-0. Wade led Alabama into the Bowl three times, winning from Washington, 20-19, in 1926, after being behind 12-0 at the half, in probably the most exciting game the postseason classic has seen. Johnny Mack Brown, the present movie star, was the Alabama hero that day. Alabama came out again next year and was tied by Stanford, 7-7. In 1931 Wade showed up again with his Alabamans and walloped Washington State, 24-0. Alabama's invitation for the Bowl bid that year was in Wade's hands three months in advance, being held in abeyance until the team came through its schedule safely.

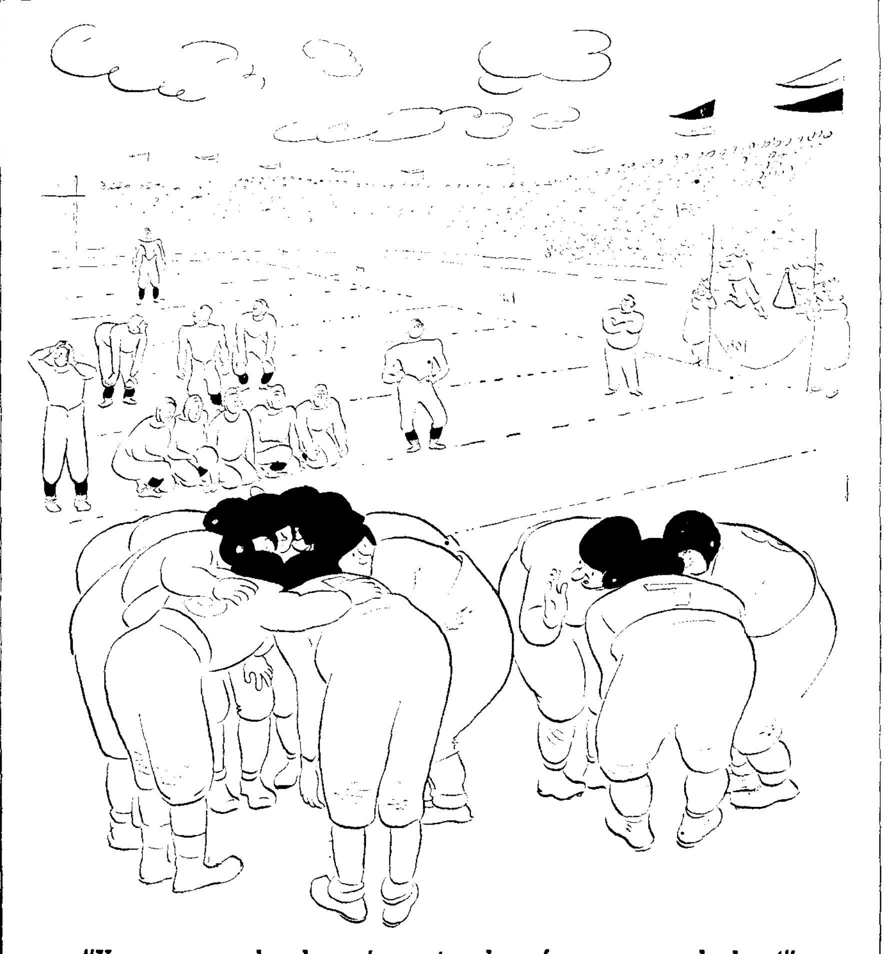
Wade's scorn for sunny California probably arises from the fact that the Los Angeles boys will never be convinced that good football can be played in the South. On all his previous trips his teams were regarded as underdogs and it was no better last year when Duke was held on the short end of 2-1 bets. The odds seemed a bit screwy when Duke bottled up the strong Southern California attack and finally went ahead in the fourth quarter on Tony Ruffa's place kick. When the Trojans recovered a fumble on the Duke 10-yard line late in the period and were promptly bumped back on their rears after four futile drives at the line, it seemed Duke's day. Then came the spectacular passes and the great heart burst and Wade put up his hands and cried: "Never again!"

But that just means never again until the next time. If Duke gets a bid this year, they'll be out there. They'll be out there so fast that every chamber of commerce in Texas will be in a froth because Wade waves away their welcoming gestures with a haughty air. Last year seven thousand citizens of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, stood on the station platform with their posies in hand—while the train went right on through, being two hours late and not bothering to halt as scheduled. The kindly folk of Lubbock, Texas, were asked to restrain themselves while the boys were in the vicinity.

"It's tough enough going out there to meet a good team without arriving a wreck," says Wade. "Nobody ever got backslapped into winning anything."

In truth, Wade is a sensitive man who experiences the pangs of hell every Saturday during the football season. When Howard Jones neglected to call up and utter the usual words of welcome when Duke landed in California last year, Wade was bitterly hurt. If he is a tough guy in his profession it is because he knows that all the sweet virtues ever invented will do him no good with the alumni and the public unless he produces a winner.

American football has come to be serious business and there is a good possibility that when the history of the pastime is written, Wallace Wade will be sitting up there on a pedestal, posing as the Spirit of Sport. The old boy may do a lot of strange things but he almost never forgets to bring home the hog meat. What do you want in the way of a football coach, anyhow—Sir Galahad?



"You guys go ahead—we've got a play of our own worked out"

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Best of all, the Plan is guaranteed by a company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. If you want to retire some day, and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries. You can have all the joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

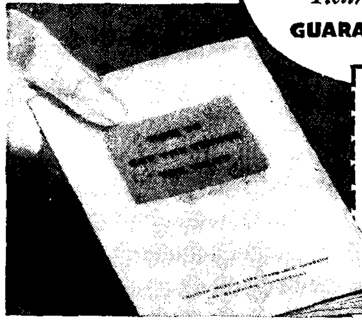
The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $150 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at ages 55, 60, 65, or 70. Similar Plans are available to women.

What does it cost? We can tell you the exact cost as soon as we know your present age, how much income you want and how soon you plan to retire. In the long run, the Plan usually costs nothing, because in most cases you get your money back—and more—at retirement age.

Send for Free Booklet

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the interesting illustrated booklet shown below. It tells all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Plan. Send for your copy now. The coupon is for your convenience.

ESTABLISHED 1851
PHOENIX MUTUAL
Retirement Income Plan
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE



Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company
379 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Please send me by mail, without obligation, your book describing the
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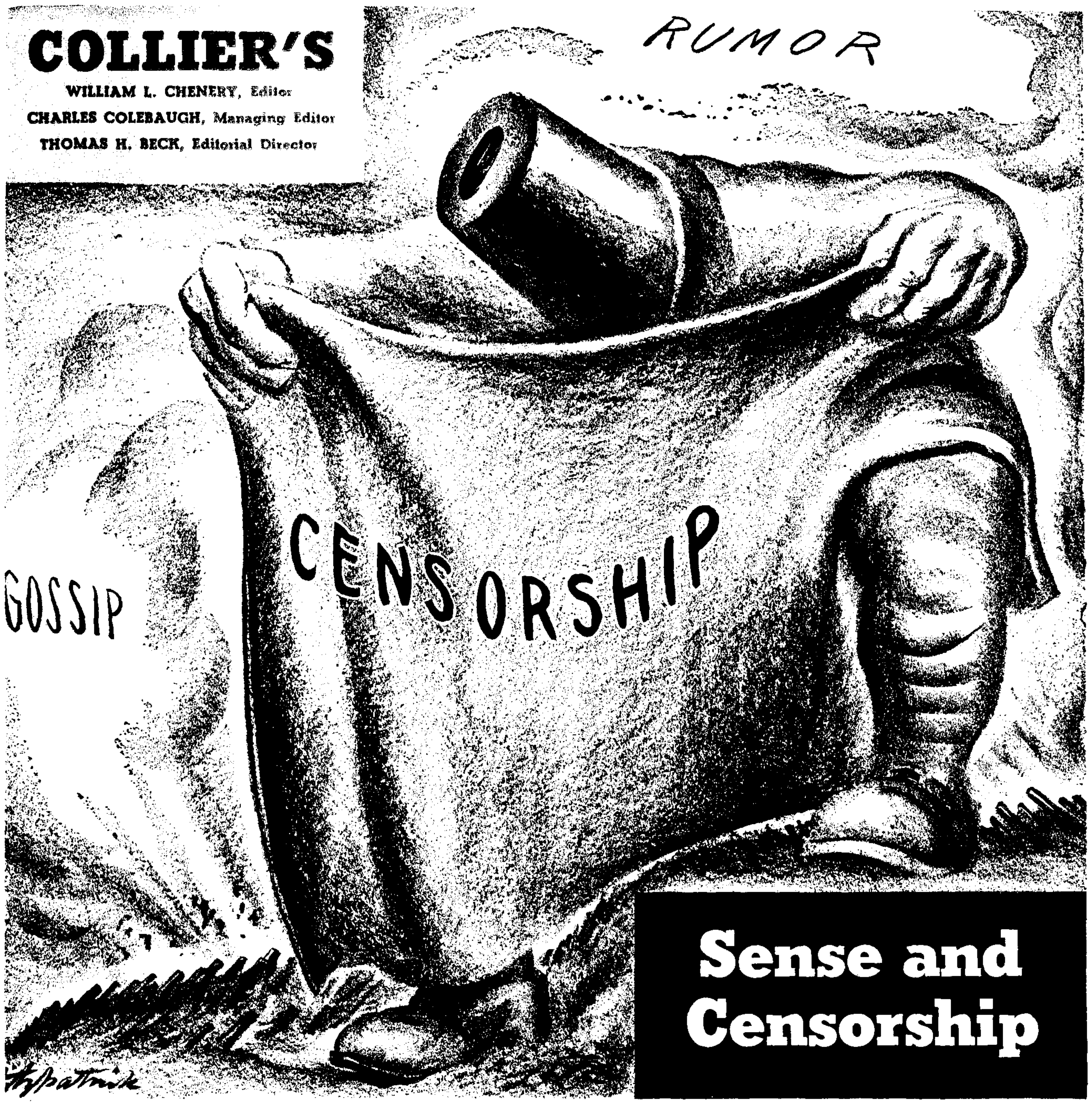


Sense and Censorship

THE British-French-Polish war against Germany brought forth hurried demands, notably from Dorothy Thompson and Elliott Roosevelt, for some sort of official control of foreign propaganda broadcast in this country.

We thought Dean Carl W. Ackerman of the Columbia School of Journalism made the best retort to these demands:

> The people of this country are not boobs. They have sound common sense and are able to reach honest American conclusions after they have listened to or read news dispatches and comments, considered the facts, and applied discriminating judgment to the facts and opinions as presented by the different sides in this European war.

To which we can only add that public officials, when they try to regulate such things, make themselves foolish oftener than not. Practically every time the Federal Communications Commission interferes with radio programs it puts its foot in its mouth. The British and French supercensorships, clapped on as soon as war was declared, drew howls of protest from press, readers and listeners, because these censors seemed to be trying to conceal the fact that a war actually was going on.

All the regulation American radio needs in peacetime is the regulation that comes from discretion in the matter of clipping pompous bores who call themselves news interpreters and clutter up the air waves, and from a mass refusal by listeners to tune in such bores.

How about censorship in wartime, in case we should be dragged into another European war, which, God forbid, might happen? There are some obvious truths on this general subject; and here are a few of them:

For one, there has to be secrecy about specific troop shifts, and about attack or campaign plans.

But how about things that have already happened—battles won or lost, plans carried out or gone haywire, weaknesses discovered and cured? The enemy knows about those things. He will tell of them in ways to make them work for him. What excuse can there be for failing to put out your own version of the episode to compete with the enemy's version, in this propaganda-ridden world of today?

Another of these important truths is that war always brings into prominence a horde of characters who linger in innocuous desuetude during peacetime, and that most of these characters badly underestimate the people's capacity for hearing the truth without losing their heads. Democracies, for some reason, breed especially large numbers of these antidemocratic souls. The people in times of stress have to keep these persons firmly under control, in order to avoid being fitted out with blinders and ear plugs so efficient that the people won't know what goes on at all.

Still another truth is that unwise censorship stimulates gossip and rumor—which are more dangerous to the nation than the most disagreeable facts.

And lastly—if the military censors in some war overdo their job, they may cause the home folks to lose interest in the war and get tired of paying taxes and going short on sugar to keep the war in progress; and what a disaster that would be for the military!

Treat Yourself to a Baby

NOW and then you hear husbands and wives say: "Why should we have a baby in these times? Wars, panics, revolutions—no security anywhere—no telling what kind of world the child will grow up in if it grows up at all . . . who in their right minds would bring new life into the world nowadays?"

People who peddle this line of talk obviously get quite a kick out of it. It makes them feel hardheaded, tough-minded, most romantically lost-generation. We'd like to do a little dissecting of this talk.

Let's consider a man who is now 100 years old. When his parents had him, assuming he was born in this country, the panic of 1837 was still going high, wide and unhandsome, with a lot of people beating their breasts and wailing that the United States' sun was setting.

A man now 90 years of age was born while the echoes of 1848, "year of revolutions" in Europe, were still volleying over here with many a thinker thinking it wouldn't be long before both Europe and the United States would fall victims to those times' varieties of Communism.

A person now 80 years old came into the world shortly before the Civil War, when most Americans could see the war coming, some fearing it would change the country beyond recognition and others hoping it would. A man now 70 was born while reconstruction was wreaking its horrors in the South and while the North was gripped by postwar unrest and the profoundest gloom.

And so it goes. A boy now 10, of course, was born just as the great depression was setting in; one now aged 20 entered the world just as it was coming out of the worst war in history.

Looking back over the last 100 years—or the last 5,000—you can pick hardly a year when people could feel 100% safe in having children.

Yet they went on having them. Very few people ever stopped, looked and listened. They just went ahead and had the babies. And the babies went ahead and grew up, and the gloom and doom merchants are still waiting around for the world to go completely to the dogs. It's pretty far gone now, but it has been farther gone.

Our notion is go ahead and have the baby if you want a baby—and of course if you're truly and properly married—and forget about the future. The future will take care of itself; or at any rate it always has. And it probably won't turn out to be as black as it looks. It almost never does. Certainly mass race suicide, meaning fewer brains and bodies to cope with the future, won't help to keep the future from turning sour on all mankind.

The thing to do, we believe, is to trust life—to trust it not blindly or foolishly, but as an expert swimmer trusts the water or as a trained horseman trusts a good horse.

SUCCESS STORY OF THE YEAR

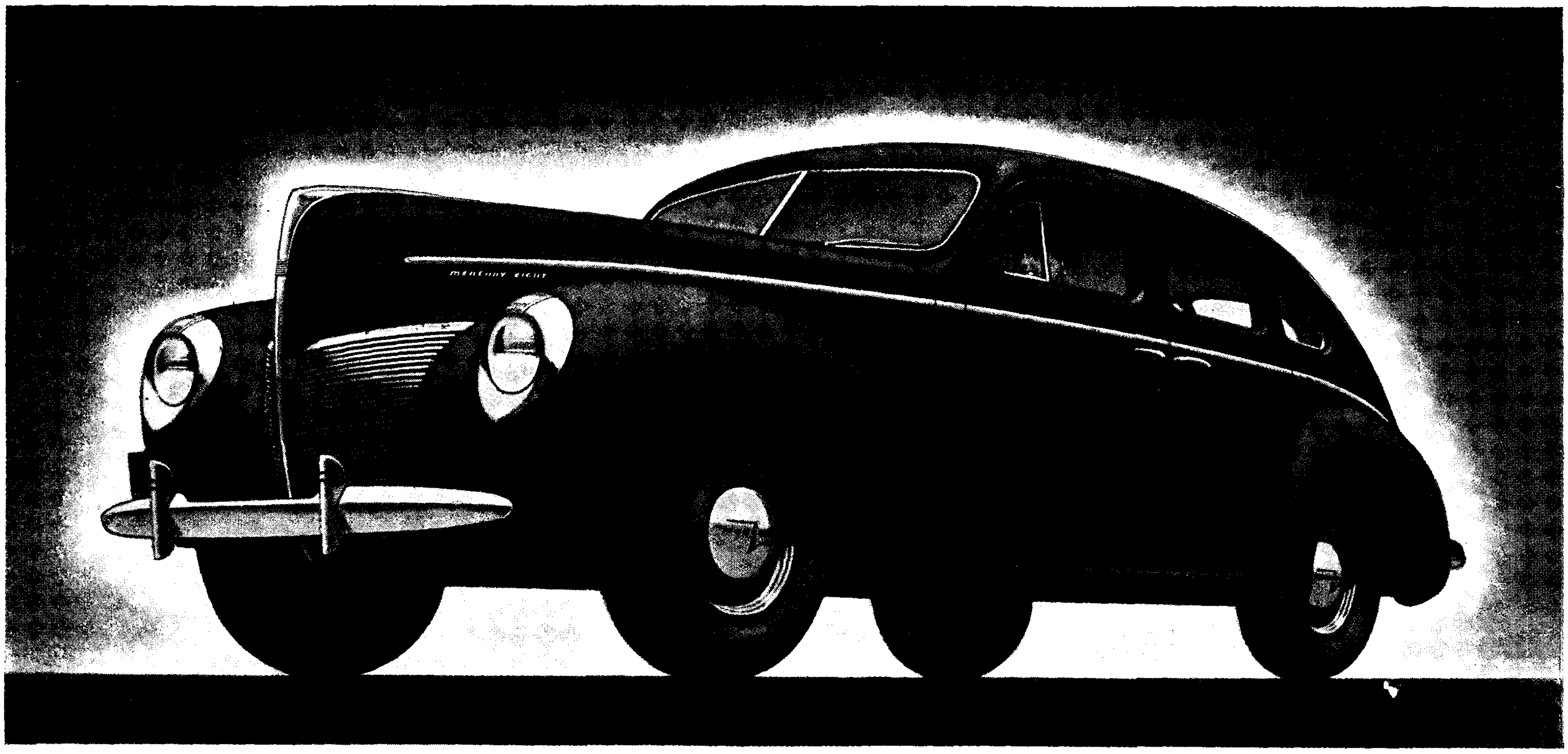
THE NEW MERCURY 8

Once in many years comes a new car that shoots into public favor like a comet from the very moment of its introduction. Such a car is the now famous Mercury 8. In a single year it has captured motor-minded America with performance so brilliant it must be experienced to be believed.

The new Mercury 8 for 1940 more than fulfils its first-year promise. There is smart new beauty in its streamlined styling . . . a score of ultra-modern refinements that add luxury, comfort and even greater quiet to the thrilling Mercury Ride . . . and again the big V-type, 8-cylinder engine offers the amazing economy that has brought unsolicited praise from so many Mercury owners.

An easy-acting Finger-Tip Gearshift on the steering column, new Controlled All-Weather Ventilation, Sealed-Beam Headlamps, and an improved version of the Levelized Ride are among the important new features of this remarkable car.

You have read about the Mercury 8. Perhaps you have heard your friends discuss it. But by all means, if you really want to know motor cars, see and drive the 1940 car at your Mercury dealer's!



BEAUTY YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN — THE 1940 MERCURY 8 TOWN SEDAN

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW MERCURY 8 FOR 1940

Finger-Tip Gearshift—*mounted on steering column.*

Controlled Ventilation—*all-weather comfort.*

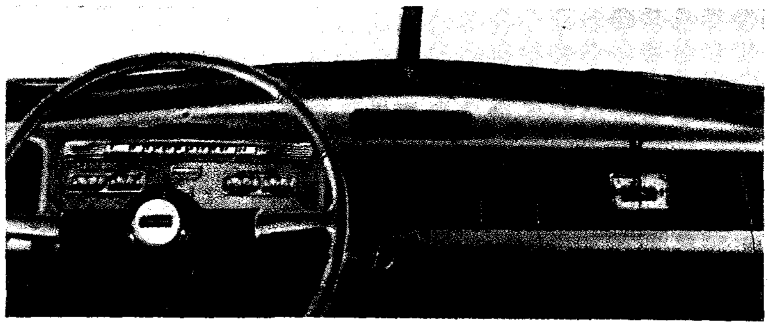
95-hp V-type, 8-cylinder Engine—*smooth, powerful, supremely efficient. (Owners report up to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline.)*

Wide, Roomy Bodies—*seat six in comfort.*

Big Hydraulic Brakes—*quick, straight stops. New brake drums for quieter operation.*

New Sealed-Beam Headlamps—*for greater comfort and safety in night driving.*

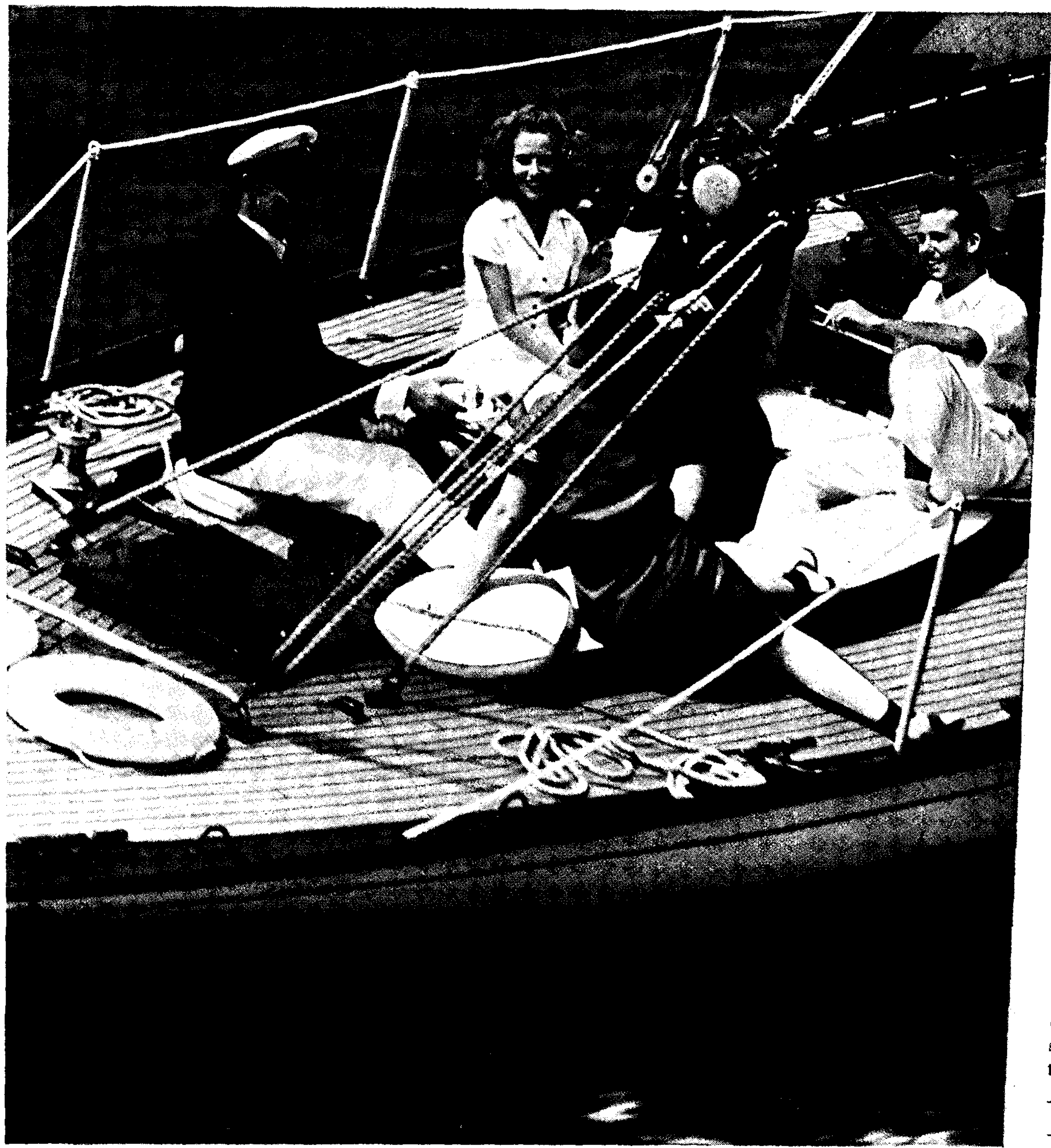
New Blue and Silver Tone Interiors—*eight beautiful body colors.*



Famous Yachtsman calls Camels—"The best cigarette buy"

"THEY BURN LONGER, COOLER, AND THAT'S IMPORTANT"

SAYS JOHN S. DICKERSON, JR.



Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

NATURALLY, a cigarette noted for its generous content of better tobacco gives you better cigarette value, doesn't it? Especially when that same brand smokes longer, slower—gives *more* smoking—than the average of all the other 15 brands compared in laboratory tests! Yes, there *is* such a cigarette. Its name is Camel. Full details are told at right—the results of recent searching tests by impartial scientists. These tests confirm what many smokers have long observed for themselves. For instance, "Jack" Dickerson (*above, left*), prominent in yachting circles of the Eastern seaboard, says: "Yacht racing is one hobby of mine and you might call Camel cigarettes another. I turned to Camels because they burn longer, smoke milder. They go farther—give extra smoking and always have a fresh, appealing flavor." You get real cigarette contentment with Camels. They are mellow, fragrant with the aroma of choice tobaccos in a matchless blend. Turn to Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, for more pleasure, more smoking.

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Cigarettes were compared recently...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Penny for penny your
best cigarette buy

Camels—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*